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ALTHOUGH Secondary Punishments have been the subject of much theoretical discussion, as well as practical experiment for many years, it is curious to remark how slowly any distinct conclusion is arrived at; and that to the bulk of the community even the system now actually existing in this country is comparatively unknown. When Sir George Grey on the 8th of

March last gave an exposition of that system, in his place in parliament, a leading member of the House of Commons, second to none in intelligence and industry, complained that the information was perfectly new, and ought to have been communicated in a more tangible and detailed shape; and was surprised at being told that every statement he had heard was taken from official or public documents, already printed and in circulation. It is still more startling perhaps to learn that, on a very recent examination of one of our provincial prisons, it was ascertained that every prisoner in it under sentence of transportation fully expected that he would not have to leave the country; and undoubtedly this belief is entertained by the great majority of our criminal population.

It may be, that such ignorance on the part of the public at large is nothing more than was to have been expected. To many persons the contemplation of physical suffering and moral evil is so distressing, the difficulty of doing any good is found to be so great, and the best results so unsatisfactory, that they eagerly turn away from the repulsive subject and leave its consideration to others. Those, again, who have been urged by their sense of public or private duty to give the matter some attention, are in no small degree perplexed by the variety of systems, and the changes which have taken place. If the fundamental principles on which secondary punishments are based are few, yet the manner in which these principles may be applied, and the forms and gradations of punishment, admit of endless variety and combination. So many experiments have been made, that it is difficult for people in general to have an accurate knowledge, which of them have been fairly tried and have failed,—which have failed because they have *not* been fairly tried,—and which are now being adopted as affording the best hope of success. It is, however, undoubtedly to be wished that the public generally, most of all the lower orders, were aware of the fate which now awaits a convicted criminal. The importance of the question ought indeed to come home to every individual who thinks at all upon the solemn obligations of humanity on one side, and of justice and policy on the other. In Great Britain alone more than three thousand criminals are annually sentenced to transportation. In dealing with such a mass of crime, we are evidently engaged in a task of no ordinary magnitude; and on the judicious prosecution of which the gravest interests of the nation, domestic and colonial, are involved. It is our intention, therefore, to give an outline of the principles laid down by Lord John Russell's government as the basis of the system of transportation which they have adopted, and to subjoin some account of the measures now in progress for carrying them into effect.

The system of transportation and assignment of convicts was in force until 1840; and had been tried chiefly in New South Wales. Under its operation, the colony was found to have sunk into so deplorable a state of demoralisation, that the principle of assignment was in consequence abandoned, and the stream of transportation directed elsewhere. The next two years were a period of transition from one system to another. Then Sir Robert Peel's government came into power; and in 1843 established at Van Diemen's Land the 'probation' system. Under this arrangement, those convicts whose sentences did not exceed seven years, after working out their time, as before, or a certain portion of it, at hard labour in the hulks, were allowed to return, and be set at liberty in this country: the remainder were removed to Van Diemen's Land, where they were subjected to confinement and compulsory labour, and where, finally, unless again punished for gross misconduct, they attained freedom, either conditionally or absolutely. In 1846 the probation system was found to have been attended with such shocking consequences, that it was deemed absolutely necessary to suspend for two years transportation to Van Diemen's Land. While the government were attempting to devise some other way of disposing of our annual supply of offenders, Sir Robert Peel's ministry went out of office; and their successors were called upon at very short notice to review the whole question, and to grapple with its difficulties.

So appalling was the exposure of the effects produced in the Australian colonies by our system of transportation, that those on whom the chief responsibility rested hesitated respecting its renewal; and it became necessary gravely to consider, whether it was desirable or even justifiable that it should be resumed. Was it the practice which was defective, — or was the principle unsound? On what grounds, it was asked, does England assume the singular privilege of establishing colonies to be deluged and drowned with the flood of her own wickedness? What right has any country to turn even a wilderness into a school of sin, — to create, even at the Antipodes, huge nurseries of depravity, — to pollute a young nation from its very birth, and to saturate with its own corruption the sources whence countless generations are to spring? These doubts are not to be removed by showing that the colonies may have no right to remonstrate: it signifies little whether they oppose or are participators in the guilt — if guilt it be. The questions will be asked, and the answers must be given, with reference to higher and more enduring considerations than the pleasure or the profit of England, or the material prosperity of her colonies.

On the other hand, there were not wanting arguments and facts to show that to retain offenders in the scene of their crimes and subject to the influence of their old associates, is to replunge them in wickedness, and expose society to increased and alarming dangers; and that expatriation is as necessary for the reformation of the one, as for the security of the other. The nation, too, without any very nice regard to ethical reasoning, evinced an evident determination not to permit transportation to be entirely given up; while, on that understanding, it was willing to grant to the executive power a wide latitude in their efforts so to deal with the convict population,—as to enforce punishment and removal from this country, and, at the same time, find some remedy for the evils against God and man with which transportation, as hitherto conducted, had been attended.

The end of Criminal Law is the prevention of crime, by disabling, deterring, or reforming. Disabling can be carried out to but a small extent; deterring has been every where the means principally relied upon—but has every where comparatively failed; reforming has hardly been tried at all. On considering the results of our experience, it will appear, we think, that as far as the difficulties of punishment and expatriation are difficulties of administration, they may probably be overcome. The real and ultimate dilemma (see the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1847, No. 173.) is, what to do with our criminals when the time has arrived for setting them at liberty? This arises from the fact that their dispositions are still criminal; and, therefore, instead of being attracted to a life of industry by the rewards of labour, they return to a life of vice,—they prey upon and demoralise the community. If by any means something of reformation can be accomplished, the difficulty is removed. We do not mean complete reformation in the full sense of the word, but an alteration of ideas and feelings far more common; some notion of duty, a remembrance of suffering, a hope of being somewhat better, a desire to rise above the life of a criminal,—all combining to produce a wiser and a better state of mind; one, in which an offender, were he but removed from old scenes and associations, with plenty of work and good wages, and exposed to no unusual temptations, would generally take to honest pursuits, and become absorbed into the virtuous community around him, without doing them any appreciable injury. Before we argue from former experience, and pronounce this a vain hope, let us remember that, in a vast number of the prisons in England, reformation was and is impossible; that corruption was and is as certainly engendered there as ague in the Pontine Marshes; that under the old assignment system

no reformation was attempted,—amendment met with no reward, vice with no discouragement; that under the probation system, the convict was made in every respect a worse man at the close than at the commencement of his sentence; and that with a most unhappy ingenuity we have hitherto contrived to avoid setting our prisoners at liberty in our colonies, there to earn their own bread,—until we had completed their demoralisation. Without being over sanguine, we may boldly say that there is nothing in *these* failures to destroy hope; nor to make it unreasonable to try, fully, fairly, and patiently, whether it be not possible to effect the necessary reformation among our criminals. None are more interested in the success of our present experiment than those who dread an accumulation of convicts at home, and who stand upon the right of this country to transport her felons to foreign lands. If, contrary to our hope and belief, these wretched beings should prove irreclaimable, we shall have to bear our burden as we may. If we cannot make them fit to be sent abroad, we must keep them at home. We may talk loudly of the imperial rights of the Mother Country, but neither God nor man will long permit us to promote our own good by the destruction of others, nor to exercise the monstrous privilege of turning a colony into a pesthouse of moral disease.

The reformation then of the offender, at least to the extent we have indicated, is a main characteristic of the present system. We do not say it can be reckoned upon with such certainty as to dispense with the other means and objects comprised in punishment,—because they also must ever enter into the basis of all penal legislation. But we cannot assign to reformation a secondary place. No other object should be allowed to contradict it; and it may justly claim a greater share of attention, because the difficulties which surround it are greater.

The plan which the present Government have finally determined on pursuing towards convicts sentenced to transportation, consists of four distinct parts; in each of which it is intended to combine punishment with reformation. 1st. Separate confinement. 2d. Compulsory labour in England, or within such a moderate distance from home as shall be consistent with exact supervision. 3d. Deportation to a distant colony. 4th. Partial restraint in the colony. These stages comprise every sort of punishment which has ever been included in the idea of transportation; and each is so to be carried into effect, as to embrace every agency which a Government can direct towards the amendment of criminals, and to exclude, as far as man can exclude, the operation of corrupting influences.

We proceed to notice each of these stages of punishment in their order, beginning with confinement on what is termed the Separate System. For the information of our general readers, we may here explain the distinction between the separate and the solitary systems. The prisoner has in each case a cell to himself: but the aim of the latter system is to cut him off from all human intercourse, even with his keepers;—of the former, merely to prevent him from communicating with his fellow prisoners. The latter withholds occupation, and in some instances even exercise and light; the former seeks to cultivate the mental and bodily faculties, and to counteract, by frequent intercourse with the chaplain, schoolmaster, trades' instructors, and other officers of the prison, the depressing effects of solitude. Hitherto, the master evil of imprisonment has arisen from the aggregation of criminals. Whenever these unhappy beings are associated together, a moral fermentation seems to take place in the whole mass; vice is engendered with incredible quickness and painful intensity; the leaven of guilt leavens the whole lump; the less depraved are soon deteriorated to the level of the worst, and forms of wickedness before unheard of gradually appear. To a man exposed to this noxious influence amendment is impossible: a convict's own expression was, 'it is no use trying to repent here.' The precepts of religion fall unheeded on the heart; relaxation leads to more audacious guilt, and an increase of severity to hardness and desperation. From the universal perception of this evil, there has proceeded a variety of attempts to remedy it. The solitary system and the silent system have both been tried; but they call for no remark, as they have been abandoned, or are falling fast into disrepute.

But the classification system, with various modifications, still retains its ground, and is extensively used in England—not so much on account of its fancied efficacy when compared with the separate system, as on account of its presumed cheapness. Accordingly, a number of persons still contend that the principle of classification, if not so perfect as that of separation, is yet sufficiently good for the purpose, and, therefore, for reasons of economy, ought to be adopted. Unfortunately the country has gone to a very great expense in building prisons adapted to this principle. When about thirty years ago attention was much directed to the improvement of our gaols, it was believed, and on high authority, that classification would effect every thing that could be desired in the way of reformatory punishment; and persons who had been witnesses of the horrors of the old system were so impressed with the comparative superiority of classification, that they did not anticipate the possibility of any further im-

provement. Such being the deliberate opinion of those who guided the public mind, the principle of classification was made the basis of the act 4 Geo. 4. c. 64., which was passed in 1823, and under the powers of which a vast number of our modern gaols have been erected. The expenditure has been so enormous, that it is natural there should be an extreme indisposition to review the question. Consequently, classification still continues to be tried in every way and under all conditions, and finds numerous if not disinterested advocates. But considerations of economy must not be allowed to mislead us as to facts, nor may we shut our eyes against the truth. We are constrained to believe that classification, however careful and minute, excepting of course the mere separation of the sexes, has always been, and must always be, insufficient to meet the evil; and that to hope by classification to remedy the mischiefs springing from aggregation of criminals, is a pure delusion. The practicability of useful classification necessarily depends upon our having some test by which we can ascertain the moral condition of prisoners, and so divide them into classes accordingly. But such a test cannot be found. The sentence is no test, the crime is no test. An untried debtor may be more demoralised and polluted than a convicted murderer, and ten thousand times more injurious to his associates. While these difficulties remain, and until we can by intuition ascertain the motives and dispositions of others, classification not only will fail partially, but will fail wholly, to effect the object for which it is resorted to.

The futility of attempts at classification is so universally agreed upon among all competent observers, that we feel we need not go over the ground, already* carefully traversed by Mr. Field; nor reproduce the testimony of MM. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, after examining the prison discipline of the United States,—nor the equivalent statement of the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1832—nor that of the Surveyor General of prisons, Colonel Jebb, in his report of 1847. Instead of being surprised at such instances of systematic contamination as Captain O'Brien met with in the gaol at Coventry,

* We would refer those who entertain any doubt on this point, to the second and third chapters of Mr. Field's valuable work. Indeed Mr. Field has collected so many facts and weighty opinions on the various questions connected with imprisonment, and illustrated them so well by his own experience at Reading Gaol, that we can strongly recommend his book to the notice of our readers. In whatever respects we may differ from Captain Maconochie and Mr. Pearson, we beg to assure them also, that we are very thankful to them for the interest they manifest in the solution of these painful problems.

in Nottingham town prison, and Boston prison, and which he has exposed in the last Report of the Prison Inspectors, we are satisfied that, so far from being exceptional cases, they must constantly and inevitably occur whenever classification is in use.

It is really unnecessary, at the present day, to accumulate evidence on the utter inefficiency of classification; while it is indisputable that the separate system can be open to none of these disadvantages. It presents a solution of the great problem of combining concentration with separation. By concentration, the power is obtained of enforcing efficient discipline, of giving industrial teaching, intellectual education, and religious instruction; by separation, the evils of aggregation are entirely avoided, mutual demoralisation is rendered impossible, and the necessary prison regulations may be carried into effect without frequent and irritating punishment — without creating fresh temptations to disobedience, and a new catalogue of offences.

The separate system is not only a better system than classification in preventing evil, but the punishment is far more severe. Besides the restraint of imprisonment, there is the additional suffering occasioned by solitude, which to criminals is peculiarly distasteful. ‘The reformatory character of such a gaol (says *Ignotus*) is, to such persons, an object of real terror.’ The principle of classification has been so generally surrendered, that the argument has of late been confined to raising objections against the working of the separate system. The first is of a negative kind; it is affirmed that the separate system is not reformatory. This is to misstate the case. It is not contended that any mode of imprisonment is, in itself, reformatory. If a bad man could be converted into a good man by the simple expedient of shutting him up in a cell by himself, criminal legislation would indeed be an easy task. The utmost that is claimed for the system of separation is, that it is an auxiliary agency, and that it renders reformation possible. It breaks off evil habits and evil associations. It combines labour and moral teaching. It prepares the way for the only direct reformatory agency which it is given to human beings to use towards each other — instruction in religion by good men, worthy to be its representatives, and whose lives are a witness to its truth and power.

It is almost superfluous to argue, that the ground in which the seed of good is to be sown, ought to be, in some degree, prepared for its reception. For this purpose, it is a great advantage that we are able to remove the prisoner from daily temptation and encouragement in evil; that, by solitude, we can sober the mind from the intoxicating excitement of a vicious life; and, by

moderate diet, lower the tone of the physical frame, and subdue the violence of the animal appetites. In such a condition, the man becomes susceptible to moral and religious impressions; even real penitence may be felt. It is quite possible that the repentance may be short, and weak against future temptations; but still it is of unspeakable importance. How shall we hope to realise the end, if we despise the beginning? Is the flame to be kindled, if we, by our perverse legislation, systematically quench the smoking flax? Instead of turning back to count the cost of the first step, shall we not rather go on with the good work?

The more positive objections to the system, as practised in the model prison at Pentonville, are the comforts enjoyed, under it, by the prisoners, compared with the privations of the honest labourer; while, somewhat in contradiction to this allegation, its restraints are at the same time denounced, for being so severe as to break down the body and mind, and lead to disease and insanity. It is the less necessary to go at any length into these objections at present, since this part of the case has been effectually disposed of in a recent Number (163.) of the 'Quarterly Review.' But we must say a word or two for ourselves.

We are shown the picture of the Dorsetshire peasant, ground down by ceaseless labour, with insufficient food, scanty clothing, little fuel, a miserable cottage, and a half-starved family: contrasted with this is the Pentonville prisoner—in a comfortable cell, with plenty of food, abundance of clothing, artificial warmth and ventilation, medical attendance, easy work, and a schoolmaster to teach him. The unanswerable reply to all such objections is the statement of the fact,—and that it is a fact is proved by actual experiment,—that all these aids are absolutely required, to enable the prisoner to bear his punishment. The point to be ascertained was this:—a man being under confinement in air of a certain temperature, and having to perform a certain amount of work, what is the smallest quantity of food, which will support him in health? To decide this question, a series of experiments was undertaken, and five different diets were in succession adopted.

Under the first dietary, which was the lowest, no less than 80 per cent. of the prisoners suffered a serious loss of weight and strength. The second dietary was then tried, by which the prisoners received an increased quantity of bread: under its operation the debility and lassitude continued; but the loss of weight was not so great as before, and the percentage of the prisoners affected by it was reduced to 43. Under the third dietary, the meat was increased, and the bread diminished back to the quantity allowed in the first dietary: the result of this

was to increase the strength; but the men again fell off in weight, and continued to do so, until the loss amounted to $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per man on 86 per cent. of the whole number. The fourth dietary, giving an increased allowance of potatoes, was then adopted, and it reduced the per-centage from 86 to 22. And the fifth dietary,—the one now in use,—by the addition of a small quantity of bread, brought the average loss of weight per man to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. on 16 per cent.* Further experiments led to the confirmation of this scale as the smallest average quantity of food on which the prisoners could be maintained in health; although they pointed out some curious modifications which might be introduced with reference to the age and stature of individuals. It is important, also, to remark, that, on an average of 423 prisoners, 37 required extra diet†, even under the fullest allowance of food to which we have alluded.

Now, if it be admitted that a prisoner is sentenced to imprisonment, and not to the loss of health, and that these are the results of actual experiments made under the direction of such eminent men as Brodie and Ferguson,—we do not see what room is left for argument, or for asserting that the prisoner is too well fed. The amount of his physical comforts has been carefully adjusted to his capacity of endurance: if diminished, he is found to droop, and the powers of life to fade away. So far from the food and accommodation of a prisoner being justly an object of envy to the free peasant, the punishment of imprisonment is shown in this respect to be carried to its maximum; and only to stop short of destroying health. The disparity, which prevails between the dietaries of different prisons, and which may be estimated by the difference in their cost, proves nothing except local mismanagement. ‘In one county gaol,’ (say Mr. Field) ‘it amounts to within a fraction of 8*l.*: in another, it does not exceed 4*l.*’

The principal ailments which require watching in Pentonville, as well as in all other prisons, are tubercular scrofula and consumption, and mental derangement. It is difficult to draw any comparison which can be relied on between the condition of Pentonville prisoners with regard to mental and bodily health, and that of other prisoners, or of criminals at liberty. So far as the statistical returns go, the results are much in favour of Pentonville; but it should be remembered that the persons confined there, though criminals, were *selected* criminals, and a large proportion of them came from the country. It is

* Fifth Report of Pentonville Commissioners, p. 13.

† Report of Surveyor-General, 1847, p. 121.

remarkable, also, what apparently trivial precautions reduced the ratio of disease. The fine dust remaining in the cells at night was supposed to have increased the cases of consumption. After proper precautions had been taken to remove it, the ratio, per 1000 of deaths from consumption, fell from 11·47 to 4·36. The deaths in Pentonville in 1847 were only 14 in 1000. In the Metropolitan District in the same year the deaths of males between the ages of twenty and forty years were 13·35 in 1000.

That the tendency of *prolonged* separate confinement is to affect the mind cannot be denied; and it is a very important feature in the punishment. Its softening power is irresistible. As wax before the sun, so does the firmest mind yield at last to this terrible solvent. But we cannot admit that this is an evil. To expect that a mind long abandoned to every bad propensity, fixed into habits, and hardened by the ordinary punishments, should be effectually acted upon, except by a sharp and searching instrument, seems to us the vainest of all vain hopes. An inveterate disease requires powerful medicines, and resists the gentler. It is something to have at our command a curative process, which tames the wildest and subdues the most stubborn. No doubt the application to the human mind of an agent of such force implies an awful responsibility, and demands the extremest care. It is too valuable to be thrown aside,—and it is too penetrating to be trusted in the hands of men of cruel, or careless, or prejudiced, or unobservant minds. It must be used with discretion and watched with jealousy. Longer trial may be expected to point out more clearly the time at which this species of imprisonment should cease. Present experience seems to show that the majority of prisoners may undergo separate imprisonment for eighteen months without mental injury, although there is a loss of physical power; but that no moral improvement takes place after fifteen months. In so serious a question, the authorities lean to the side of caution; and the general opinion is, that twelve months should not be exceeded except under very particular circumstances, and even then that great watchfulness would be necessary. The period will very much depend upon the contrivances that can be devised for meeting exceptional cases, and for diminishing the feeling of solitariness without infringing on the principle of separation. But whatever changes may be made in the details, the experiment itself has now been in operation at Pentonville during a period of six years. And, it has demonstrated the practicability, under the separate system, of subjecting prisoners for the space of twelve months to the severest imprisonment which the mind and body can bear, without permanent injury; of enforcing discipline without much

punishment; of effectually administering industrial, intellectual, and religious instruction; of stopping the progress of demoralisation, and of rendering reformation possible. These are most important advantages, and have not been accomplished by any other system of imprisonment whatsoever.

The question of expense is then the only point, on which a claim of superiority can be raised for the system of classification. It is the point to which, we confess, we attach the least importance. We are far from wishing to be the advocates of any useless expense, or to maintain that extravagance is likely to produce efficiency; but we contend, that after having cut off all unnecessary expenditure, the relative value of the system must depend upon its efficiency, and not upon its cheapness. If the system is at all effectual in preventing crime; or if, by it, we can so operate on the minds of our convicts as to dispose them to support themselves in a distant land, it may justly be pronounced cheap. Nothing is so expensive as crime — nothing so extravagant as a goal where prisoners are associated together, be the arrangements ever so economical. Every such prison is a normal school of depravity, where thieves are educated at the public expense to pillage the community.

The gross cost of a prisoner in separate confinement, *exclusive of the value of his earnings*, has varied from 20*l.* to 35*l.* per annum,—the interest of the cost of the construction of the prison being about 6*l.* per cell: in ordinary prisons, the annual cost of a prisoner is from 18*l.* to 20*l.* Comparing the net cost in two well-managed prisons of either kind, it does not appear that there is an annual difference of 5*l.* per man; the only points of difference being the interest on the cost of the prison, and some additional expense for a larger number of chaplains, schoolmasters, and trades' instructors. Now is it worth while to spend 5*l.* a year for even the chance of reclaiming an offender? — or, in order to save 5*l.* a year, shall we insure the conversion of every novice in crime into a systematic depredator? It is quite certain that, so long as a man is a thief, he is supported at the public expense, whether he is in or out of prison, whether in England or Van Diemen's land. If we could ascertain what this amounts to, we should have some idea concerning the money value of a good system,—and the real economy of any method which should, at some period of his life, transfer the cost of the criminal from the public to himself. This inquiry can only be answered approximately. The value of the property taken by 500 Pentonville prisoners, as estimated at their trials, was above 10,000*l.**, or an average of 20*l.* per man:

* Sixth Report of the Pentonville Commissioners, p. 28.

and this sum only represents the destruction to property by one felony,—the last, but not therefore the worst, of a series of crimes. The number of convictions for felonies in the metropolitan district in 1848 was 3137, and the value of the property lost was 44,666*l.**; in addition to all those robberies, which do *not* come under the notice of the police. How many these may be, it is quite impossible to say; but in forgery, a peculiarly dangerous career of crime, and which is systematically prosecuted by the bank, the proportion of convictions to offences was only 1 in 103.† The municipal council in Liverpool, in 1836, estimated the annual loss by crime in that town at 700,000*l.*‡ The number of known thieves in the metropolis alone is 6000.§ In England and Wales, the number of persons living wholly, exclusive of those living partially, by depredation, is estimated at 40,000.|| The prison population varies from 12,000 to 20,000.¶ The average career of impunity to common thieves is about six years.** During which time, their daily expenditure appears incredible. A thief gives the following description of what takes place at a lodging house for tramps:—‘They all lived well, never ate any broken meat, had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk; not one spent less than three shillings a day, many a great deal more.’†† As they obtain from the receivers of stolen goods only from one-eighth to one-third of the value of the property stolen, we cannot place the loss to the community at less than from ten to twelve shillings a day. In other words, a thief costs the community about 150*l.* a year while at liberty. In prison this may be reduced to from 20*l.* to 30*l.* But, if reformation be not effected, one or other of these charges must continue during the remainder of his life. After allowing for inaccuracies in these calculations, sufficient remains to prove, that, whatever be the cost of the convict during the time that he is under the control of the government, the system which eventually succeeds in making him support himself, is beyond all question the most economical. Reformation is cheap at any price.

The last argument we shall notice, is the one which assumes that the reformation of criminals is not to be expected; and that therefore all expenditure for that purpose is only so much money thrown away. Without dwelling on any reasons for persevering in this attempt drawn from considerations of duty, we would treat the question rather as a matter of fact to be ascertained.

* Criminal Returns, Metropolitan Police, p. 38.

† Report of the Constabulary Force Commissioners, 1839, p. 8.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 402.

§ *Ib.*, p. 12.

|| *Ib.*, p. 311.

¶ *Ib.*, p. 128.

** *Ib.*, p. 12.

†† *Ib.*, p. 44.

So long as gaols in England afford only the means of classifying prisoners, and that indifferently, we admit at once that reformation is, generally speaking, hopeless. For the success of some well known individuals has been due to the singular combination in them of two or three most rare and heavenly qualities; whereas in legislative schemes we must adapt our arrangements to the ordinary machinery at our command. The statistics of our gaols show that not above five per cent. of the prisoners have been led to crime by the pressure of poverty alone.* Its origin is to be found in the habit of spending rather than in the difficulty of acquiring. The presence of temptation is more powerful to attract to crime, than the recollection or anticipation of suffering to deter. Notwithstanding which, our practice has been to sentence offenders to be confined for *short* periods in gaols;—from whence they issue, more corrupted than on their entrance, without a shilling to buy food, without a chance of employment, with their characters gone, with no one to turn to but their former companions in guilt, with no other alternative than that of death by starvation or a life of robbery. And then, because they choose life, we call their penitence hypocrisy and their reformation an impossibility!

The evidence of Mr. T. Wright before the Committee of the House of Lords on Criminal Law, is very striking. He had been in the habit for nine years of visiting prisoners in Salford House of Correction at Manchester, and obtaining employment for them on discharge; and he states, from his own experience, that in his '*humble opinion, fourteen out of twenty would never return to prisons if some one took them by the hand, and spoke kindly to them, and found them situations and supply of food for some time. In the last two years, provided a man comes out of prison to-morrow morning, if I should happen to be at home, I take care that that man wants nothing. I perhaps may give him 5s., and sometimes I give him even more than that, to keep him out of running into temptation again.*'

Their conduct, in such a prison as all prisons ought to be, may be seen in the following return of the Pentonville prisoners for two years.

	1846.	1847.
Deaths, pardons, medical and special cases - -	12	17
Sent to Port Philip with conditional pardons - -	349	173
Sent to Millbank, as being only tolerably well conducted - - - - -	17	4
Sent to the Hulks and Millbank, as <i>incorrigible</i> - -	8	6
Total number removed from Pentonville - -	386	200

* Sixth Report of Pentonville Commissioners, 1848, p. 4.

Only 14 men incorrigible out of 586.

Their conduct on board ship may be ascertained from the reports of the surgeon superintendants of the ships in which they have been sent out. It will be recollected that heretofore the association of convicts on board ship had been invariably demoralising in the highest degree, and their conduct outrageous. Now what has been the case with Pentonville prisoners during the voyage? Up to the end of 1847, eight ships had been sent out with prisoners from Pentonville: and in every one of these eight instances the conduct of the convicts is stated to have been excellent, uniformly well-behaved and orderly.

Their conduct when landed in Australia is, however, the great touchstone. At first they were sent to Van Diemen's land, which at that time was as bad a place as could have been found. The failure of the probation system was at its climax; and from the falling off in the demand for labour, there was no opening for fresh arrivals. Consequently, some of them, almost unavoidably, relapsed into vicious habits: the remainder were sent on to Port Philip. From the concluding observations in the Report upon those left in Van Diemen's Land, it appears that, 'of the inferior classes of Pentonville prisoners, only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. misconducted themselves in such a manner as to expose them to any penalty whatever; from which it may be reasonably inferred that the offences of the exiles have been less.'—*Report of the Commissioners of Pentonville*, 1848, p. 34.

On the 20th April, 1848, the exact number of men and boys landed at Port Philip, was as follows:—

From Pentonville	-	-	-	-	-	799
„ Millbank	-	-	-	-	-	202
„ Parkhurst	-	-	-	-	-	367
						<hr/>
						1368*

Of course in so large a number there will have been many temporarily, and some permanently, ill-conducted: but the statement concerning them in the Chaplain's Report, taken from the Report of the Pentonville Commissioners just quoted, is very encouraging. Mr. Charles Cooper, who went out in the *Joseph Somes* with 248 men, to Port Philip, towards the close of 1847, wrote to the commissioners of Pentonville to the same effect two months after his arrival. We regret that we have not space for the details. The Deputy Assistant Commissary General, writing to Earl Grey from Port Philip on the 10th May, 1848, urges the

* Mr. Latrobe to Sir C. FitzRoy, 20th April, 1848.

propriety of placing, for a time, the new arrivals under more restraint in a country, where temptations of every kind surround them; but adds:—‘After watching narrowly the conduct of the men already landed, now amounting to upwards of 1600, I am confident that exiles may be rendered a very safe and very useful people.’ The authorities in Western Australia have received, from time to time, prisoners from Pentonville, and boys from Parkhurst; and have very recently asked for an increased number.

We have treated this question of separate confinement at some length, because, in our judgment, it is the basis of the whole system. Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham; Mr. Clay, the Chaplain at Preston; and almost all persons who have any practical knowledge on the subject, are as confident as Mr. Field, that it is an indispensable condition to all improvement. The following points respecting it appear to us to be established. We have the power of inflicting upon felons the severest known sort of imprisonment, for a period of twelve months, without detriment to mind or body. Along with this, we can subject them to such moral influences, that, at the end of the twelve months, we are able to put a great majority of them in intercourse with each other without mutual injury; and that, even in the trying situation of a convict ship, (a much severer test than being thrown together in regular hard labour on shore,) they will conduct themselves with decency, order, and propriety. Finally, under these improved conditions, a very large proportion of them are willingly received in our colonies; and, when there, lead an honest, industrious, and useful life, supporting themselves, and contributing to the prosperity of their adopted country.

We now turn to the second stage of punishment,—the period of compulsory labour. A year’s imprisonment, however severe, ending in simple expatriation, is not a sufficient punishment in the more aggravated felonies, with the view of either deterring or reforming. It is therefore to be followed up by compulsory labour for whatever length of time may be requisite to fill up the measure of the sentence. Now, it is admitted, in the first place, that, in order to enable prisoners to bear *prolonged* punishment, they must be associated together. Labour in association seems also to afford the means of carrying on an essential part of the process of reformation, which is in abeyance while the prisoner is in separate confinement. Moral and religious impressions may be made, and penitence felt, and good resolutions formed in a cell; but these can only grow or be confirmed by practice. They must be braced and hardened by exposure to actual temptations;—

temptations strong enough to exercise them, not too strong to overpower them. When the convict is finally set at liberty, his freedom will bring many a difficulty with it; and good resolutions will yield to strong temptations, unless the conscience has been trained, by actual conflict, to overcome weak ones. This peculiar discipline may be best applied by a well-administered system of associated compulsory labour. Moreover, the profit upon combined labour is so large as to be of importance. Labour in separation is, of course, of little value. It may be as much as 10*l.* a year, or as little as 2*l.*, according to circumstances. But, in association, Colonel Jebb considers that the value of each man's labour, when favourably directed, will be worth 2*s.* a day*,—more than enough to defray the whole current cost of the establishment.

For many years our gaol system was as great a failure in its attempts at setting prisoners to work in company, as in its attempts at reformation. The buildings were unsuitable, the supervision faulty, the religious instruction inadequate, the discipline either blindly severe and vindictive, or weakly lenient; while the prisoners were not subjected to previous probation and seclusion. But these, again, are evils of administration, not of principle. In nearly all cases they may be removed; in many they have already been greatly diminished. At Norfolk Island, where evil had reigned more fearfully than on any other spot in the known world, the reduction of the numbers from 2000 to 500, and the appointment of an efficient superintendent, secured at least decency and subordination. In Van Diemen's Land, where the probationary gangs were little superior to the Norfolk Island men, similar reforms were introduced with the same effect. When once the annual supply of convicts had been cut off, and the establishments weeded of inefficient officers, the changes were followed by a diminution of grave offences, and by order, regularity, and steady work; although, from other causes, moral improvement could not be looked for. And, to show what economy there is in any system by which good conduct can be obtained, Sir William Denison was able to reduce his military strength from 1400 to 650 men, and render a whole regiment available for service in India.

We have also had experience of the labour of convicts associated together on board the hulks. This is confessedly the worst part of the whole system. We trust, the time is approaching when floating prisons will be finally abandoned, and convicts placed in buildings on shore, where individual separation at night

* Surveyor-General's Report, 1847, p. 189.

may be strictly carried into effect, as is now done at Portland. A ship is necessarily a bad prison; and the expense of repairing these old vessels is enormous.

At home we have two hulk establishments, — one at Woolwich, and the other at Portsmouth. In the former there are about 850 men, distributed among an old seventy-four gun ship, two frigates, and a hospital ship: in the latter there are about 900 men, occupying two seventy-fours and a hospital ship; in addition to which is a hulk appropriated to the reception of incurable invalids, and fitted to hold 400 men; so that altogether there is accommodation for 2150 convicts, of whom the greater part work in the dockyards. Although we believe that many of the provincial, and even some of the metropolitan prisons, present prominent points of a far worse character than are discoverable in the hulks in respect of damaging intercourse and mitigated punishment; yet, to a great extent, there are evils existing in the hulks, inseparable from their construction — because the men are brought into too close contact, and effective supervision by the officers cannot, at all times, be maintained. The lower gun decks and the orlop decks are given up to the prisoners. A gallery runs fore and aft amidships on each deck, and is divided from the wards, or bays, by iron bars, forming a secure railing on either side. From these railings to the ship's sides extend the bays, which are separated from each other by bulk-heads, and, in general, each embraces two port-holes. In the day-time the hammocks are removed, and tables are put up, where the prisoners take their meals in messes of about fifteen men. Order and decorum are preserved, and intercourse between the prisoners is permitted. No great mischief can take place at these times; nor, indeed, is it in the broad light of day, when the officers' eye is upon them, that they prepare schemes of villany; besides, they are then occupied by external objects. But darkness brings them comparative security from observation. As the hammocks are slung in the usual manner to the upper beams, in lines parallel to the galleries where the warders patrol, those prisoners alone who are immediately adjacent to the railings can be seen. Night, therefore, is the time for evil communication between these evil spirits, with the invariable and acknowledged effect of mutual deterioration. So long as separation at night is wanting, no discipline can prevent this mischief, no school teaching can lessen it, no chaplain's preaching can countervail it. Happily, the Government has announced that this species of imprisonment is a temporary expedient; only to continue until some other system can be established free from those objections which, in the hulks, are so

patent and so powerful. At Gibraltar there are two hulks, containing about 300 men each, and a convict barrack on shore containing 300 more,—in all 900 men,—chiefly employed in ordnance and naval works. At Bermuda there are four frigates and a hospital ship, with accommodation for 1750 men employed in the dock-yard, and on the fortifications, and other ordnance works. It is, we believe, in contemplation to build a prison on shore, sufficient to contain the whole number.

When convicts are working in dockyards in gangs, and accompanied by armed sentries, there must necessarily be a waste both of power and time: They cannot well be employed as handicraftsmen, and are chiefly occupied in the removal of heavy weights, anchors, masts, timbers, and stones. But there is an essential difficulty in applying compulsory labour to work which cannot be measured; where it is, therefore, done by the day, and not by the task or piece. It is impossible to obtain exertion from convicts in such cases, because there exists no test of their labour, according to which reward can be given or punishment inflicted. The value of their labour, when employed on day work, is not therefore much; though probably equal to the cost of their maintenance. Until of late years, the condition of the hulks was a discredit to the country. Owing to the crowded state of the ships, there was neither separation nor classification — there was no adequate moral superintendence, the expenditure on moral and religious instruction being less than one-ninth of what it is at Pentonville for the same number of men. The work was dull, continuous, and devoid of any stimulus; the discipline was conducted on the old principle of appealing to fear only. But a better system has been introduced; and, though not so good as it ought to be, and though much remains to be done, a great change has already taken place.

‘The efforts that for several years have been made to improve the discipline of the convicts employed on the public works at Bermuda and Gibraltar, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which they have taken place, have been attended with a degree of success sufficient to justify the expectation, that employment of this description may become a very useful part of the punishment of the majority of offenders. Already, under the system which has been adopted at Gibraltar and Bermuda, notwithstanding the want of proper buildings, and the difficulty, under the disadvantage of insufficient space, of applying adequate means of moral instruction, the good order, and the industry of the convicts, have become very remarkable.’ — *Earl Grey to Sir W. Denison, 27th April, 1848.*

All experience, however, of compulsory labour by criminals shows,—that the attempt to enforce discipline and *hard labour* by punishment alone, leads to a great deterioration in the moral

condition of the men, and to an incredibly small quantity of work, —and that additional punishment only increases both evils. Some *reward* is absolutely necessary as a stimulus; and, if possible, it should combine immediate gratification with prospective advantage. It was with this view that the method of task work was introduced. Sir G. Grey, in the letter (1847), in which he explained his views upon the whole question, dwelt strongly on the recommendation and experience of Captain Maconochie and Colonel Reid, late Governor of Bermuda. A certain amount of work was called a day's work; and a scale was carefully framed, according to which a convict might, in one day, by hard work, complete one and a half or one and three quarters day's work. He was always obliged to remain the full time upon the ground; but whatever surplus beyond a day's work had been performed, was placed to his credit. This extra work went either in diminution of his period of sentence; or a value was put upon it, and he was allowed to take out one-half or one-third in luxuries, such as bread and cheese, sugar, or tobacco. The effect of this apparently trivial regulation is quite extraordinary. It would be ludicrous, were it not deeply painful from the serious consequences, to note the extreme importance attached by the convict officers to the allowance of a little tobacco. The desire of obtaining this luxury had formerly led in Van Diemen's Land, not only to great irregularity and to 'an enormous amount of punishment,' but, in the opinion of Mr. Hampton, the Comptroller-General of Convicts, to the commission of the most dreadful crimes. The temptation to indulge in it was 'so great as altogether to overpower the fear of punishment.' The chief difficulties, indeed, at Norfolk Island were stated to be 'the absence of hope and a strong desire for tobacco.' But by the introduction of task work this propensity was turned from the wrong into the right channel, with singularly good effect. Sir W. Denison reports that the change was highly satisfactory, and —telling most beneficially upon the conduct and discipline of the men. 'The amount of work has, in the greater proportion of cases, increased from one-third to one-half, and in some has been doubled. It has the very best effects on discipline; the men are now diligent and active all day, and remain at the works every evening as late as the overseers will permit them, returning to the station by moonlight without a grumble.' — *Report from Mr. Grant, Jericho Station, May 18. 1848.* Another superintendent, Mr. Lapham, is disappointed with the amount of work executed, but adds that, — 'with respect to the effect of the present task-system upon the general conduct and discipline of the men, I think it would be difficult for me to furnish a too

‘favourable report; as, since its adoption, they have assumed a ‘totally different character.’—*Report from Mr. Willis, Glenorchy Road Station, May 20. 1848.* At Bermuda, Captain Nelson, of the Royal Engineers, giving the results of nearly six years’ experience, says; ‘The *day-work* plan amounted to no more than ‘an experiment of *how little* could be done for any assigned ‘amount, and it was one incessant’ source, of annoyance to all ‘parties. These men were put on *piece-work* with the happiest ‘effect; for, very slight as their remuneration was, yet, as they ‘were allowed to have no other money than what they thus earned ‘in their possession, even the small portion of that trifle that was ‘given them for immediate expenditure, was relatively of great ‘importance to them. One-third of their own earnings was paid ‘them weekly, and they were at liberty to expend this in tea, ‘bread and cheese, &c.; the rest was put by as a stock in hand; ‘sufficient to maintain them on their liberation for a few weeks. ‘In the mean time, in a distressing climate, and on less than a ‘seaman’s rations, they were for years in the constant habit of ‘comparatively willing industry, for a very insignificant sum; ‘their labour in the mean time far *more than reimbursing Go-* ‘*vernment* for the expenses of their punishment. Expert ‘masons occasionally made double time—we never had to ‘complain of want of exertion; and the wheelers were never ‘out of a trot the whole day. The excavators worked in gangs, ‘at large portions of work, sufficient to keep them employed ‘for seven or eight days; they kept one another at work, and ‘we never had occasion to speak to them.’—*Professional Papers, Royal Engineers, vol. iv.*

The value of a convict’s labour at Gibraltar or Bermuda, on an average of four years, after paying for the cost of passage, maintenance, and superintendence, is above 10*l.* a year.

The moral improvement of the convicts, during this stage of their punishment, has hitherto been too little attended to; or, rather it has not been attempted, except under circumstances which rendered success impossible. In our hulks, a most pernicious economy, and the absence of all classification, forbade hope. Under the assignment system of New South Wales, the dispersion of the convicts over the colony removed them from all religious influences. When they were concentrated in gangs in Van Diemen’s Land, it was impossible to procure there a sufficient number of suitable religious instructors. The religious agency was inferior in numbers and character to what it ought to have been, to have given a reasonable hope of success. Many of this class are said to have been disposed to make themselves conspicuous by loudly denouncing the evils of the system, rather

than by the steady discharge of their duty to bring good out of evil. If religious teachers were sent out from England, it only afforded another instance of the impossibility of making the machinery of a great system work harmoniously, when the controlling powers are half the world apart. Unseemly differences arose between high ecclesiastical dignitaries; and the Bishop of Tasmania refused to grant ordination to the persons who had been selected by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and had been sent out by Lord Stanley under the recommendation of the Archbishop of Canterbury! As yet, therefore, the experiment of applying the great agency of religious instruction, to convicts after leaving prison, cannot be said to have been tried at all; and the experience of the very recent changes in our hulks must rather be considered as encouraging, than as affording much actual proof.

One very prevalent error on this point is, to confound public worship with religious teaching; and to assume that everything necessary for the prisoners' reformation is done, when two services on the Sunday are secured. Failure in such cases is often quoted as proving the inutility of religious instruction; whereas it only proves that its absence is a fatal error, and is not to be supplied by the mere performance of divine worship. 'No one who has not personally inquired into the subject can form any just idea of the profound ignorance which envelops at first the understanding of *certainly two-thirds* of those who come under instruction in this place, not excepting those who have been taught to read and write tolerably in indifferent schools; but *their ignorance of Christianity**, in particular, is still more deplorable; so that terms used in ordinary pulpit discourses convey no distinct idea to their minds; and the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel are altogether unknown, or so confused in their minds as if they heard of them only through some distant and obscure tradition. I often ask men how they came to be so ignorant in religion, when, as farm-labourers or domestic servants, they had gone pretty regularly to church. The answer uniformly is, "I did not understand the minister."—*Fourth Report of the Commissioners of Pentonville — Chaplain's*

* A recent sermon by Mr. Denham — 'The Expostulation of the Neglected' — makes a strong appeal in behalf of the claims of our Ragged Schools, when brought in competition with missions to the heathen. Mr. Demain, the excellent chaplain of Hertford Gaol, out of 463 prisoners, whom he examined during the year 1847, found 22½ per cent. ignorant of the name of Christ. In 1848, as many as 127, or about a fourth, were in the same predicament. And this within twenty miles of London!

Report. ‘In some gaols a formal worship in the chapel, unaccompanied by explanations of Scripture or interpretation of the meaning of common Biblical words, is all that is given to the prisoner. Men and women, who out of gaol attend no place of worship, and have not been brought up in the knowledge of the Gospel, finding themselves in the prison chapel, and hearing words to them quite new and entirely beyond their comprehension; leave the place with their minds uninfluenced by what they have heard — their reason and their conscience unaffected by the lessons they may have listened to, but which they do not understand.’ — *Captain O'Brien. Fourteenth Report of Inspectors of Prisons.*

Before, then, we sit down hopelessly under the burden, and acknowledge that men, whom we cannot reclaim, must be controlled and maintained at the country's expense, either in or out of prison, we ought at least to make a rational attempt to apply the mighty power of religion to their hearts. The expense will be 2*l.* a year for each criminal — not more; and this, while we are making a profit on their labour in some places of 10*l.* per annum. We must have schoolmasters and chaplains, men of Christian patience and wisdom; — who will, in the trying conditions of their calling, know how to make the gentle agency of our holy religion work in harmony with the stern exactions of a rigid penal discipline; and who will rely more on their week-day than on their Sunday ministrations, for bringing good out of evil, and reaching the distempered heart. There must be opportunity for adequate individual intercourse between the convict and his spiritual teacher; for, as the Rev. Mr. Kingsford, the chaplain at Gibraltar, most truly observes, ‘I know from experience that one conversation with a susceptible and penetrable mind will go further towards creating the wish to do well, than ten sermons, however well adapted.’ Let this system then be tried, — leaning neither on dry formalities nor on credulous fanaticism: — neither by extravagant remunerations; tempting men to engage in this sacred calling for the sake of its emoluments; nor by a more foolish economy, driving from it those whose hearts are in the work, by refusing to the labourer his just hire. In this case it is our firm conviction that our gaols, our hulks, and our penal settlements, will cease ere long to be our shame and our sin, as they have hitherto been.

There is a strong feeling throughout the country, we are well aware, against the employment of criminals in gangs on public works. But it must be recollected that every stage in prison discipline is a choice of evils. So considered, we think, we are justified in assuming as probable, what further experience, we

trust, will enable us to prove,—that, in proper localities, and under proper superintendence, the second stage of punishment, viz., compulsory labour, may be continued for any length of time to which criminals are usually sentenced, without injury to their physical or moral condition, indeed with a possibility of great improvement to the latter; and this without any cost to the country, beyond the first outlay for providing the requisite buildings. In certain places even this may be repaid by the value of the labour.

The third stage of punishment brings the convict to a distant colony. Whatever right, in the abstract, the mother country may possess of transferring her criminals to another land,—it is one which no wise statesman will exercise, except with great caution and with extreme tenderness for the wishes of our colonial dependencies. There is, however, good reason for hoping that we can so improve the article which we seek to export, as to render it worth taking: and that, though it would do harm if kept at home, it may do good abroad;—in the same way, that the contents of a London sewer, which might poison the metropolis, would fertilise a field. It appears that such a number of our colonies are already willing to receive our criminal population, as will enable the Crown to disperse them over a wide area, and thus avoid the danger of too great an accumulation in any one spot.

The cost to the country of the deportation of convicts promises to be much reduced by an important regulation adopted by Earl Grey. The regulation in question has been made practicable by the introduction of task work; and by the consequent ability and disposition of the convicts to earn something for themselves. A portion of their earnings is laid by for them against the time when the period of their detention shall have expired: and a useful fund is thus created, from which they are now required to defray the expense of their removal to the place of their future abode, and, if married, half the cost of the passage of their wives and families. The expense of their own removal has been fixed at the uniform sum of 15*l.*, whatever be the colony to which they are sent.

The last point of consideration is the proper disposal of the convicts when arrived at the foreign land. A considerable proportion may, of course, be immediately placed in freedom; but a large number will remain, on whom, for the sake of themselves and of the colony, some restraint will still be necessary. The decision taken by the Government, after great deliberation, is to give them tickets of leave. There are, however, persons who still advocate the assignment system, or some

modification of it. We notice this, because there seems a tendency at present, especially in people strongly impressed with the evils of the probation system as tried in Van Diemen's Land, to fly back to old errors, — the vices of which are less vividly present to their minds, and therefore appear, but are not in reality, of less magnitude. Some, by the expression 'modification,' really mean, we believe, an abandonment of the principle of assignment. Now the principle of assignment is, that the work or service of the convict shall be assigned by the Government to some private individual. It was slavery, in so far as the natural right of a man to his own labour was taken from him, and given to an individual not chosen by himself. The system, however, fell, not because of a cry against 'white slavery;' but because it produced the peculiar evils, which have ever followed the acquisition by one man of this particular right over another. These evils are neglect and tyranny. It is beyond the power of Government to obviate or to palliate them. The only remedy is to convert the slave into a servant; and thus place some means of redress in his own hands; — the right of seeking another master being far more effectual for his protection, than any power in the Government of inflicting punishment. Our system of apprenticeship is the nearest approach we have to assignment, and is often adduced as an evidence of its practicability. But apprenticeship exists, because the apprentice is really under the protection of some relative; and the pervading influence of hundreds of thousands of parents, whose children are apprentices, keeps the practice and the general tone of feeling right. If the apprentice is friendless, then the inherent danger of the principle immediately appears: And the sufferings of parish apprentices, even in England, have often given a significant intimation of the character it would assume in the distant solitary sheep-farms of Australia — where the arm of the law does not reach, and the voice of public opinion is unheard. So long as the principle of assignment is maintained, under whatever modification, the condition of the convict must depend on the temper and the occupation of his master; that is, on chance. The objection is, not that the suffering is unequal, — because that must be the case in every system of punishment; — but that it is inequality and uncertainty carried to the maximum. It is worse than a lottery; for such is the perverse working of the system, that the blanks generally fall to the comparatively innocent, and the prizes to the vicious man. There is but one cure for this, — to give the convict the right of choosing his own master. In every thing else the Government may, without mischief, exercise its control; but liberty of choice is essential.

Liberty of choice necessarily includes the power of giving his services to the highest bidder, and so obtaining the full value of his labour. One of the great evils of the assignment system was, that, while it professed to make the criminal work without higher pay than the mere cost of his subsistence, it did so, in reality, only with those who were deficient in mechanical ability; — the ignorant, but not generally vicious, offenders from rural districts. Whereas the most depraved of all the convicts — the skilful town-bred mechanics — had to be bribed by high wages, and every species of criminal indulgence, to exert their skill. Their ingenuity being mostly useless in the country, they were taken by masters living in towns; so that they fell exactly into the locality which they would have chosen for themselves, and received the same wages as if they had been in possession of tickets of leave. On the supposition, that liberty of choice is comprehended in the phrase ‘a modified system of assignment,’ our objection to the proposal is at an end; for this constitutes the real difference between the system of assignment and tickets of leave. A man with a ticket of leave is restricted to a certain district, placed under the notice of the police, and subjected to the summary jurisdiction of magistrates; but, within the district allotted to him, he has full right to earn his own subsistence in any way he may prefer. If he is in possession of superior mechanical skill, this is an advantage of which, under the former as well as under the present system, it has not been found practicable, even if it were thought expedient, to deprive him. He is very far, however, from being in the position of a free emigrant; and has no more liberty than is necessary to preserve a healthy relation between him and his employer, — to prevent the one from sinking into a slave, and the other from degenerating into a tyrant. In case a criminal, when placed in this situation, either will not, or cannot, repress his propensity to crime, he is quite unfit to be assigned; he is, indeed, unfit for any thing but the seclusion of a prison and the restraint of hard labour; and to that condition will he infallibly return through the ordinary operation of the laws.

It is but too certain, that among our criminals there are some who are hopelessly incorrigible. Whether they are to be deemed moral lunatics, — or that their organisation is peculiarly susceptible of evil impressions and open to temptations, — or that there is in certain habits a course of training so mischievous as utterly to pervert the moral nature of men, and make them believe a lie and take wrong for right, — we will not presume to say. But in practice we do find men, on whom punishment and kindness are thrown away alike; and who are equally inaccessible to the pre-

cepts of religion, its hopes and fears. Liberty to them is merely the liberty of indulging their vicious propensities; and punishment only hardens them in ferocious obduracy. Fortunately, the number of these men is small; but the existence of such a class seems to point out the propriety of some special arrangement for them. Not that we would for a moment dream of sending them to an ultra-penal settlement; where an attempt might be made at working out some terrible equation between punishment and guilt. An obstinate offender should rather be removed to some place of seclusion, where those unhappy persons who cannot with safety to the community be left at large, may be securely restrained. Society ought to recollect that it has neither an interest nor the right, uselessly to aggravate the cheerless despondency of a life of labour and confinement, by irritating punishments and excessive toil.

In considering the condition of a convict sent with a ticket of leave to a colony, we must not overlook, how this may be affected by the mode in which female convicts are to be dealt with. The number of female convicts varies from one-seventh to one-eighth of that of males*; and the disposal of them is a matter of great difficulty. In the case of females, imprisonment on the separate system and removal to a distant colony are found to be a more severe punishment than in the case of men;—as indeed we should naturally have anticipated from their more impressive organisation. Then, the second stage of punishment is inadmissible in the case of women; for we cannot put them to *hard labour*. Every attempt at associating them together, even under classification, has, as yet, only made them worse than before. It would seem, therefore, that the amount of penitentiary discipline, to which it may be necessary that women should be subjected under a sentence of transportation, ought to be inflicted under careful superintendence at home; and that they ought never to be sent out to the colonies except as holders of tickets of leave. In which case, female penitentiaries in the colony would only be required for those, who might misconduct themselves after their arrival.

The only chance of reformation among females, seems to lie in placing them in the situation for which nature has intended them, and in calling forth the feelings of a wife and mother; which, though dormant, are rarely extinguished in the female breast. Mr. Hampton informs us that 'the general good conduct of female convicts in Van Diemen's land *after marriage*,

* In England and Wales the number of males sentenced to transportation in 1848, was 2884, and of females, 367.

‘is almost incredible.’ Of this characteristic every advantage should be taken; and we find that the Government are now sending out the wives and families of those convicts who have received tickets of leave or conditional pardons. In some instances, the whole cost has been defrayed by this country; but where it is practicable, part of the expense is borne by the convicts themselves. It is one of the stipulations in these cases, that the married convict shall agree to repay half the cost of sending his wife and family to the colony, unless that amount be contributed by their friends or by their parishes in England: power being given by the act 11 & 12 Vict. c. 110. to parishes to assist in this emigration, and to charge the expense upon the rates. Whenever this can be carried into effect, it will be an unmixed benefit to all parties. The disruption of the domestic relation has a pernicious effect upon the wives of transported convicts. They frequently become reckless and degraded, and, along with their children, are an expense and a nuisance to the parish. So that it is of moment on this account also, that these ties should be re-united as soon as possible — independent of the further security obtained over the man, when he has recovered a partner and a home. It has been objected that this is an immigration of a corrupt female population; but the disparity of the sexes is an evil of such magnitude, that no measure can be called a bad one which tends to reduce it. We must also not undervalue the providential principle of purification, which society contains in itself, and which arises out of the instincts of the legitimate parental connexion. It is almost impossible to eradicate the instinctive wish of parents to see their children not only more prosperous, but morally better than themselves. It is a great mistake to suppose that criminals are destitute of all good and kindly feelings, or of fondness for or pride in their children. Instances will occur to many of our readers of a vicious mother training her daughters in purity, with a most sedulous care; and this is not confined to any particular rank in life. ‘I have met with very few instances of criminals trained to thieving by their own parents. I believe the case of married parents so bringing up their children for crime and infamy is rare, even amongst the lowest of the poor. Total neglect, or total inability, to discharge the proper duties of parents, low neighbourhoods, vile lodging-houses, and the training which they get in the streets, are quite enough to account for excess of crime amongst the offspring of the poor in our large towns. The feelings of nature are the last to leave the fallen, and these are to be found amongst the vilest of mankind, more than is generally thought.’

— *Sixth Report of the Commissioners of Pentonville— Chaplain's Report.*

The final precaution taken by the Government is, to prevent the emigration to any one spot being too exclusively of a tainted character. Happily, the same circumstances which render a colony a suitable place for convicts, make it also desired by free emigrants; and this tendency on their part may be encouraged and regulated by the joint efforts of the mother country and of the colony. Parliament has already voted 10,000*l.* to promote emigration to the Australian colonies. Occasional assistance from the same quarter, the Colonial Land Sales' Fund, and the repayment of their passage money by the convicts, will form sufficient means, if judiciously distributed, to secure this important point.

If we compare the number of convicts annually sent from England either with the entire population of New South Wales or with the annual number of free emigrants, we find that there is now no reason to apprehend a recurrence of former evils. In New South Wales, when it was strictly a penal settlement, the convicts formed a very large portion of the community. In Van Diemen's Land they were one half. What a very different proportion, under the most unfavourable circumstances, they are likely to form of the future population of New South Wales, may be clearly seen from the census taken in March, 1846. At that time, the population, which in 1841 had been 130,856, amounted in the whole to 189,609; — being an increase of nearly 45 per cent. in five years, or an annual increase of one eleventh. During these years there was little immigration, except from Van Diemen's Land to Port Philip. But since the completion of the census, owing to the prosperity of the colony and the judicious management of the Land Sales' Fund, a large immigration has set in; the number of emigrants from this country to New South Wales, which in 1846 was under 400, having increased in 1847 to 4610, and in 1848 to 12,287. Where free immigrants are augmenting with such extraordinary rapidity, the effect of introducing even a considerable body of convicts will not be material. When we bear in mind that some improvement in the convicts has already been effected, and that the present proportion of the tainted to the virtuous portion of the population is decreasing every year, we may be justified in believing that the colony is no longer in danger of being swamped by an influx of criminals.

The disparity of the sexes is too serious a consideration to be omitted: — especially as, in New South Wales, the proportion of males to females in the country districts was, at one time, as 5 to 3 among the free settlers, and no less than 17 to 1 among the

convicts. This disproportion, we are glad to see, is steadily diminishing. The census tables of March, 1846, are conclusive on the three important points,—the actual proportion of the two sexes; the comparative ratio of increase in each; and, what is of most consequence, the actual numbers of each sex in the younger part of the population.

The proportion of males to females in the total population is as 3 to 2.

	Males.	Females.
The increase per cent. in the five years ending		
March, 1846, was	31.46	71.81
The population <i>under 21 years of age</i> , is	40.071	39.779*

We may add, that the tendency of free emigration is to correct the existing inequality; the free single female emigrants in 1848 having exceeded the males by 257: so that this dreadful evil of penal colonies seems at last nearly removed from New South Wales, and in a few years will disappear altogether.

Into the difficult and deeply-interesting questions connected with juvenile delinquency we cannot here enter. It is generally admitted, that the worst thing that can be done with a young offender is to sentence him to imprisonment—and especially to imprisonment for a short period. Unhappily, no other alternative is at present given. When a lad is in prison,—even in a well-managed one,—all the strong propensities of a boy's nature are turned in the wrong direction. The leading characteristic of a young criminal is the love of fame; the pride of being treated as a man, and of bearing his punishment like a man; of being commended by men—and of being as wicked as a man. It is very painful to witness a boy—young in years, perhaps not very old in vice,—glorying in his crime, in having a cell to himself, in having a man to wait upon him and bring him his dinner, in being troublesome, in insulting the chaplain, in getting an approving nod from some eminent offender; vainer far of his nickname of 'Jack Sheppard' than Nelson of his peerage; a martyr in the cause of evil, and proud of being so. These feelings are unquestionably fostered in most gaols; and they are more effectually counteracted by the restraint and discipline of a school, than by the punishment of a prison. The proper nature of such a school has been the subject of a variety of interesting experiments, both in this country and abroad. Education is, of course, the basis of every useful experiment of this kind; and, in argument, it is invariably admitted that moral training is the most essential part of education. But, in practice, both

* Report of the Land and Emigration Commissioners, 1848, p. 69.

school teachers and school visitors are drawn aside from moral teaching to the more brilliant results of intellectual cultivation; and the teacher is usually most commended whose boys are farthest advanced in knowledge. So long as this error prevails throughout the country, we shall find that our boys are what has been imagined well educated, rather than well conducted; and education will continue to be no barrier against crime. The chaplain at Pentonville reports, that, out of 1000 prisoners, only 155 have never attended any school,—171 have attended Sunday and dame schools—and 674 have attended the usual private, national, and parochial schools.* Out of between 1100 and 1200 boys, at Parkhurst, only some 36 may have never been to school at all. The schools, therefore, which are to be checks on crime in future, must plainly be different schools from these.

We must, however, leave these questions, and show what becomes of the 250 juvenile convicts who are annually thrown upon the hands of Government.

It was to receive this class of criminals that the Parkhurst prison was built; which, with its detached buildings of bright brick, interspersed with cheerful verdure, looking peaceable and smiling, meets, not unpleasantly, the eye of a tourist in the Isle of Wight. But those who seek deeper sources of interest, and to whom nothing is so bright as the spectacle of a young mind turning from bad to good, and cleansing itself from the stains of early pollution, will be more gratified by an examination of the interior. The institution is not so much a prison as a great penal school; where the object is rather to promote intellectual, moral, and industrial education, than to inflict any direct punishment. It is composed of three distinct classes—the probationary, the junior, and the general—occupying different buildings. The boys are from ten to eighteen years old; and all, on their first arrival, are placed in the first or probationary class. They are kept in separate cells, where they have their

* There are some valuable hints to be drawn from the experience of the Bridgnorth Union School, under the able guidance of Mr. Wolryche Whitmore of Dudmaston, La Colonie Agricole at Mettray, and the Glasgow Training School. The Farm School of the Philanthropic Society at Redhill is opening under the most favourable auspices: and it engages to watch the working of its differences, where it differs, from both Mettray and Parkhurst. We understand that the Wesleyan body are going to expend 30,000*l.* in establishing a school in Westminster, in which the principle of moral training will be paramount; and that some members of the Church of England have purchased Highbury College, for above 12,000*l.*, to be converted to the same purpose. These two last-named institutions will also be normal schools for teachers.

meals; they are submitted to a rigid discipline, both in the school-room and on the drill-ground; and in the course of four months are brought into perfect subjection. Having been thus broken in, and become thoroughly obedient, they are passed according to age into either of the other classes,—those of fifteen years old into the 'general class, those below that age into the junior class; where they remain, usually about two years and a half, until embarked for Australia. The probationary class consists of about 140 boys, the junior of about 200, and the general of about 375. Trades are taught in the two latter classes; chiefly shoemaking, tailoring, and smith's work. There is, besides, a farm squad, or division, who cultivate about thirty acres of land, and are instructed in the use of agricultural implements, and the general routine of farm management. Many of them acquire an insight into the rudiments of Agricultural chemistry. Their schooling is well cared for; reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught, as a matter of course; and considerable pains are taken, we believe, in imparting just views of morality based upon scriptural truths. Punishment and sickness are rare; though not pampered, they are well clothed and well fed,—well treated and on the whole well behaved. They know that their land of freedom is a colony; and they long for the time when they shall quit Parkhurst for the convict ship.

We find from the Reports relating to Parkhurst, presented to parliament last year, that 396 boys were discharged in 1847 in the following manner:—

Sent to Port Philip and Western Australia	-	-	349
Removed to the Philanthropic Asylum and the Refuge for the Destitute	-	-	22
Restored to their friends	-	-	16
Removed to other prisons	-	-	4
Died	-	-	5

396

Some of these Parkhurst boys have of course turned out ill. Undoubtedly, sufficient attention has not, in all cases, been given to provide employment and control at the critical moment, when they were first released from the restraint and confinement of the convict ship. Discredit has thus been thrown upon the whole number; more especially as transportation is an existing party question in the colonies:—so that every fact on either side which at all bears upon it has been laid hold of, and generally much exaggerated.

The official reports, however, of the conduct of the Park-

hurst boys, both on board ship and afterwards, and the desire evinced in some places to receive them, lead us to hope that a large proportion of them will have turned out satisfactorily. The statement of Dr. Robertson, the surgeon of the ship *Maitland*, is supported by that of Mr. Hampton, the comptroller-general. Mr. Symons reports equally in their favour; and Mr. Andrews, surgeon of the ship *Marion*, says: 'The Parkhurst boys are 'excellent.' On the other hand, the Deputy-Assistant Commissary General at Port Philip, in the letter to Earl Grey of the 10th May, 1848, which, as we have already seen, speaks of the prisoners from Pentonville with some degree of confidence, expresses more uncertainty concerning the Parkhurst boys. But, we must remember, that at that time, there was a total want of precaution, at this critical period. In Western Australia a better system, it appears, had been adopted with them after their landing, and according to the evidence of Captain Hall, with corresponding success. Sixty boys had been sent there; of these, the elder ones were allowed to hire themselves out, the younger were apprenticed. The important consideration for the public is the fact,—that in Western Australia *alone*, has there been any care taken about the disposal of the boys—and that in that colony they have done well.

The best arrangements for managing criminals will, however, fail, as far as reformation is the object, unless adequate means be provided for carrying punishment into effect without crowding prisoners together. It becomes essential, therefore, to adjust the prison accommodation to the annual supply. In the year 1848, the number of male convicts in England and Wales sentenced to transportation amounted to 2884. The returns from Scotland have not yet come under our notice; but, judging from the average of the last five years, we may assume them at 400. In round numbers, then, 3300 male convicts were sentenced in Great Britain in the course of last year to transportation. Many, however, being physically unable to undergo the punishment, were returned to the prisons to which they had been originally committed; there to remain until eventually, after the lapse of some considerable time,—two or three years—they should be released by the exercise of the royal clemency. Other circumstances have combined to diminish the number of convicts actually received by the Crown, as government prisoners;—that is to say, prisoners supported out of the consolidated fund, and managed under the authority of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. So that only 2622 (including 282 juvenile convicts under seventeen years) entered Millbank Prison,—the great central dépôt—to which all are sent in the first instance,

preparatory to distribution among those places of detention where the first period of their punishment is to be passed. That this number may not be increased in future years, nobody can pretend to say. General causes would certainly have this tendency. On the other hand, a contrary effect will be produced by an act passed this session (12 Vict. c. 41.); which abolishes transportation for simple larceny, and for felonies made punishable as simple larceny, except in respect to larceny committed after one previous conviction for felony or after two previous summary convictions. This act, it has been assumed, may at first cause a diminution of 400 or 500 annually; though a certain proportion of these, it must be remembered, will fall back into crime, and eventually return as convicts for transportation. Another cause is also diminishing the number of sentences of transportation. The abolition of capital punishment for various crimes has had the effect of lowering the standard of punishment generally. The numbers sentenced to transportation in 1847 were only the same as in the preceding year—although the convictions had increased 18·7 per cent. In the quinquennial periods ending in 1842 and 1847, the convictions are within a fraction of the same amount; but the numbers sentenced to transportation are 15 per cent. less in the latter than in the former period.*

On the whole, therefore, we may conclude that, for some time to come, 2000 adult, and 250 juvenile convicts, will be about the numbers to be dealt with by the executive government in the course of any one year. Of the adults, Pentonville prison will hold 500; Millbank has been organised to receive 700 in a probationary class, as well as to serve as a *dépôt* for the moving masses. Further accommodation is found in provincial prisons which happen to have cells adapted to the purpose; the magistrates agreeing to let to the State those which are not required for their local wants, at the fixed annual rent of 6*l.* per cell, for an indefinite period, terminable on notice from either party. In these prisons the separate system is uniformly pursued, under the supervision of the authorities resident on the spot. This plan has been followed in the prisons at Wakefield, Leeds, Leicester, Preston, Northampton, Reading, and Bath; and the number of cells thus hired by the Government is 746. So that 1946 separate cells are now available for the detention of convicts; and very soon a further number, in some of the country prisons now nearly completed upon the Pentonville plan, will likewise be placed, on the same terms,

* Criminal Tables, 1848, prepared by Mr. Redgrave, of the Home Office, p. 7.

at the disposal of the Government. The time, therefore, is near at hand, when the State will be enabled to carry into full effect that probationary portion of every adult convict's punishment,—one year's separate confinement,—which is the keystone of the system.

At the conclusion of the probationary year, the most promising of the seven years' men are selected, and sent, with tickets of leave, to such parts of the Australian colonies as require them most. Those convicts, whose state of health has permanently incapacitated them for transportation or for undergoing the ordinary fatigue of common work in the colonies or at home, are placed in the invalid hulk at Portsmouth; where they remain until the expiration of their sentences, or until they are pardoned. All the others enter upon their several periods of penal labour at Portland, or in the hulks at Portsmouth, Woolwich, Gibraltar, and Bermuda. If they do not misconduct themselves while subjected to this stage of punishment, they are considered as eligible for tickets of leave when they have passed one-half of the term of their sentences, either in separate confinement or on the public works;—sentences for life being reckoned, for this purpose, at twenty-four years. Those whose conduct is exemplary may receive this indulgence at a still earlier period, according to a fixed scale; the minimum period of detention in prison and on the public works for a convict sentenced to seven years' transportation being two years. On the whole, it is calculated, that the average period to be passed by prisoners in their second stage of punishment, viz., penal labour, will be three years. Provision, therefore, must be made for the constant employment of 6,000 men on public works. This will be furnished as follows:—

At Woolwich	-	-	-	-	850
„ Portsmouth	-	-	-	-	900
„ Ditto, in the Invalid Hulk	-	-	-	-	400
„ Portland, now able to hold nearly 800, but eventually to contain	-	-	-	-	1200
„ Gibraltar	-	-	-	-	900
„ Bermuda	-	-	-	-	1750
					<hr/> 6000

Considerable embarrassment has been occasioned by the sudden and great increase in the numbers of convicts from Ireland during the last two years. The average annual number had formerly been about 600; but in the last year it had risen to 2698. The consequence of this has been to crowd the prisons to excess; and though additional depots have been provided to a great extent, an inconveniently large number has

been thrown upon the hands of Government. Of these many have been sent to Bermuda; and some hundreds, after a considerable term of imprisonment, have been removed with tickets of leave to the colonies. The greater part of these men are not criminals in the usual sense of the word; but have been driven into crime by the pressure of famine in that unhappy country, and under the excitement of agitation. Under these circumstances, there is less to fear, therefore, from them, and more to hope, than in the case of ordinary convicts.

On a review, then, of the present system of transportation, — and availing ourselves of the additional information afforded by the experience of the last two years — we are confirmed in the opinion we have already expressed, that all the changes made have been in the right direction. We wanted to check crime by *severe* punishment, and we have secured every sort of punishment which was formerly inflicted, — imprisonment, hard labour, and expatriation, — and they are now indissolubly combined: the first so severe in character as to reach the point at which the powers of human endurance fail; and the second so conducted that there is no necessary limit to it, except the duration of the sentence. We wanted a *certain* punishment; since transportation, as formerly managed, had its prizes as well as blanks — and the prizes generally fell to the most vicious. We have now a fixed amount of suffering which must be endured by all, but which may be indefinitely prolonged by misconduct. We wanted an *equal* punishment; and we have reduced inequality to the lowest point, — the inequality of individual constitutions and positions, physically, mentally, morally, and socially: and these we no longer aggravate by superadding the excessive inequality arising out of assignment. We wanted a system of transportation which should rid our country of its criminals. Formerly all the seven years' convicts, forming one-half of the whole number, were, at the end of about four years, turned loose again upon society in England: now all but those disqualified by sickness or infirmity are sent to a distant land.

So much for transportation as a punishment, — as a means of protecting society against criminals by terror, restraint, removal: now let us look at it, with regard to reformation. Once a convict ship conveyed to the mind the deepest impression of every thing that was depraved and dangerous; now a superintendent, having landed 292 convicts, can say, that 300 emigrants would not have behaved so well — that the black box was in the hold, the irons out of sight, and that he would be happy to take out 300 more such, without a guard. Once a criminal described the fatal pollution of a penal settlement in

these memorable words, which drew tears from a judge; and which we trust will never be forgotten:—‘Let a man be what he will, when he comes here he is soon as bad as the rest—a man’s heart is taken from him—and there is given to him the heart of a beast.’ Now the desk of the chaplain at Pentonville is filled with letters from the convicts to him, full of gratitude and thanks, and kind wishes, and promises of steadiness, and exhortations, with money for their relatives, and good reports of each other. Formerly our system of transportation produced in New South Wales such a state of crime, that, when the veil was raised by Sir W. Molesworth’s committee in 1837, the people of England stood aghast at the sight of the monster they had created; and, for very shame, the system was abandoned. At Van Diemen’s Land a trial of three years was sufficient to bring the next system to a stand-still; and transportation was a second time stopped. Now we have been able to resume transportation to New South Wales, and to recall more than half the garrison from Van Diemen’s Land. Formerly every mail brought remonstrances against the continued importation of convicts. Now New South Wales is willing to receive them; at Port Philip people go 250 miles to hire a Pentonville man; and Western Australia asks for an additional number.

We well know how many sunken and dangerous rocks are hid under this smooth surface,—how quickly neglect or mismanagement would renew all the former difficulties—again compel us to suspend transportation and to accumulate our felons at home. But so far as our experience goes, the result has been as successful as the nature of the case would allow us to expect; and we earnestly trust that ministers will not by any opposition be induced to turn back. The principles laid down in these late measures are not the worse because they are not merely the production of a suggestive mind. They have been learned, indeed almost forced upon us, in the hard school of experience;—and they are likely to last the longer. Neither is it a question of political parties; nor does it depend upon the fate of ministries. But in all questions such as this, which presents only a choice between painful alternatives, there is much difficulty in prevailing upon the public to adhere to any one plan. It is so easy to find fault. In these cases any tyro can raise an obstacle which the wisest statesman can only imperfectly remove. Then come the men with one idea. One thinks of nothing but the annual vote; another protests against demoralising New South Wales; a third takes Van Diemen’s Land under his guardianship; a fourth warns us from New Zealand; a fifth does battle for Port Philip; a sixth stands in the gap for the

Cape; a seventh is zealous against an accumulation in the Hulks; and all are determined that convicts shall not remain in England. Where our only safety lies in a compromise, we are met by the assertion of extreme opinions; where inaction is confessedly most dangerous, we are advised in prudence to sit still. How perpetually are we reminded of James the Second's style of argument. 'He asserted a proposition; and, as often as wiser people ventured respectfully to show that it was erroneous, he asserted it again, in exactly the same words, and conceived that, by doing so, he at once disposed of all objections.' In the same spirit, we are prepared for being told again and again, that Pentonville is three times as costly as any other prison, that it is worth while to travel forty miles to see a reformed criminal, and that we must go back to the assignment system.

One thing is clear. Either our convicts must be kept at home, or they must be sent abroad; and they cannot be sent abroad if the hesitation of our colonies to receive them is stimulated into resistance by declamation at home. We may not again, after our eyes have been opened by the lessons we have learned in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, repeat the frightful experiments of purely penal colonies; neither may we refuse due weight to a deliberate and general expression of the wish of any of our dependencies. We must satisfy them that we will not arbitrarily overbear their sense of what is right, and their perception of their own interest. We must appeal to these feelings, and enlist them on our side, if we would hope to establish a system of transportation which shall last. Happily in this instance (is it ever otherwise?) our highest duty is also our wisest policy. We have a living mass of crime pressing upon us at home, corrupting the community and consuming its substance. While, if we endeavour to remove it in the way we have hitherto done, every colony rises against us; and the evil of a temporary suspension of transportation, which we have already felt more than once, may, by incautious measures, become a chronic disease. In this dilemma, urged by a sense of our Christian duty, we are asked at last to attempt to purify and elevate our criminal population. In some degree we have already done so; and there is good reason to believe that, by extended and persevering efforts, we may do so to a very great extent. Our colonies, treated with just consideration, now appear prepared to examine the question dispassionately. In case the early stages of our new penal system should succeed in reforming our criminals up to a certain point, there can be little doubt, we think, of the success of the latter stages. Criminals, whose presence might still have constituted a formidable social danger in their

former home, may under these circumstances be safely admitted by countries in the condition of our colonies — where they would be rapidly absorbed into a new and industrious population, without provoking either scandal or alarm.

- ART. II.—1. *Lectures on Shakspeare.* By H. N. HUDSON.
• 2d Edition. New York, 1848.
2. *Macbeth de Shakespeare en 5 actes et en vers.* Par M. EMILE DESCHAMPS. Paris, 1848.
3. *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art and its Relation to Calderon and Goethe.* Translated from the German of HERMAN ULRICI. Chapman Brothers, 1846.
4. *An Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakspeare.* By W. J. BIRCH, M. A. Mitchell, 1848.
5. *Etudes sur le Seizième Siècle. Etudes sur l'Antiquité.* Par PHIL. CHASLES. W. Jeffs, 1847.
6. *History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspeare.* By CHARLES KNIGHT. 1847.

IN the quiet town of Stratford upon Avon stands a house of antique structure though of humble architectural pretensions, before whose door several generations have passed and repassed, filled with deep reverence for the birthplace of England's greatest poet. One feeling has animated that long line of men; one feeling persistent through strange varieties of taste and language, varieties not less remarkable than the fashions of their changing costume, from the slashed doublet of our ancestors to the horse-collared and swallow-tailed disguise of the present day. Many houses of far more imposing aspect have crumbled into dust; new houses built upon their sites have also vanished, and even their successors are in decay; yet still *that* house remains, the goal of a thousand pilgrimages. Many great names have likewise risen in our literature, names once proudly borne and loudly echoed — risen, and fallen into silence — but still the name of Shakspeare shines with undimmed lustre. If passing clouds have for a moment hidden it, the moment after, it was as bright as ever.

The history of European Taste is written in the history of Shakspearian criticism; and it would be a most entertaining and profitable book which should display these fluctuations of opinion, by taking Shakspeare's reputation as a text. The subject divides itself into three epochs. The first is, that of the poet's own age, in which criticism was perverted by classical prejudices.

The second, that of the ascendancy of what is called French Taste. The last, that of the ascendancy of German Taste. We propose to take a rapid survey of the principles which regulated all three; but before entering on it, we wish to bring forward a few considerations which seem to us to have been too much neglected by all these critics.

It must have been remarked by every one that criticisms on Shakspeare have been generally vitiated by the application of arbitrary principles, drawn from the Greek and the French drama; or else, through want of comprehensiveness, have sunk to the mere consideration of isolated passages and particular topics: While almost all attempts at enlarged and philosophic criticism have been unsatisfactory, in consequence of the critic not having distinctly set before him the aim and purpose of the poet. Much of this has arisen from a misconception of the office of criticism. Critics are not the Legislators, but the Judges and Police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them. Every one admits that there could have been no Aristotle till there had been a Homer; but this admission is not carried far enough: it does not recognise the fact that the appearance of every truly original poet may probably originate new laws—which will need a new Aristotle. For what really is the meaning of ‘Rules of Art?’ Are rules anything absolute in themselves, and binding upon all generations?—or, are they not rather the conclusions which from time to time experience appears to have warranted, with respect to the best methods of attaining the artist’s aim?

Before anything, therefore, can be settled about the rules of an Art, the *object* of the Art must be first distinctly ascertained. In the case of Shakspeare we are not aware of any critic having borne this in mind throughout, with the completeness and correctness which the case requires. Shakspeare was a *Dramatic* poet; but of all the numerous disquisitions on his genius, there have been none which, properly speaking, treat his works as dramas. As a poet, as a thinker, and as a delineator of character he has been praised and described with nice discrimination. But as a *dramatic* poet, as the writer of dramas, scarcely any one has descended from generalities to point out his characteristic excellence. It is certain, however, that plays are not to be judged simply as poems. The drama is a branch of art peculiar in itself, aiming at peculiar effects, and achieving its effects by peculiar means. A drama is poetry applied to the purposes of the stage: and many a poem which may be exquisite in the closet would be unendurable on the stage. Architecture is not more the application of symmetry to the purposes of habitation, than

the drama is the application of poetry to the purposes of the theatre. And as in architecture, we cannot regard beauty irrespective of utility, so neither in a drama will mere poetry succeed.

What then is the first purpose of a dramatist—the very condition at least, under which he works? *To interest and amuse an audience.* Let no one exclaim against this as a prosaic or degrading supposition. Prosaic or not, the fact is undeniable: People do go to the theatre for amusement. Whatever higher aims the dramatic poet may have in view, unless he amuses and sustains attention, he has failed. This is vividly shadowed out in the *Theater Prolog* to Faust, wherein the manager and the poet typify the two elements of a drama: popular amusement and poetic beauty. The *means* are passion, character, poetry, and story, so combined as to rivet the attention of an audience; and while rivetting their attention, stirring and exalting the soul by that *παθημάτων καθαρσις* which belongs to art. For art is not *mere* amusement; but something which, *through* amusement, leads us into higher regions, and calls finer faculties into play. The purpose of the dramatist is this: Appealing to the vulgar instincts of curiosity, appealing to our delight in sensuous impressions, appealing to that sympathy which man feels for man, he seeks, while fixing our attention, at the same time to fill our fancy with images of exquisite beauty, and leave in us the abiding influence of great thoughts and noble aspirations.

To disregard the Stage in treating of the art of Shakspeare, is as if a man were to point out the mechanism of a watch, without any reference to its powers of indicating time. He may call upon us to admire the ingenuity and complexity of its mechanism, its wheel within wheel, and chain upon chain; he may point out the splendour of the diamond on which it turns; but after all we ask, does it keep time? Though it should be studded with diamonds, still it is a bad watch if it does not keep time. So with a drama. It may be poetical, it may have nice discrimination of character, it may be bright with gems—but it is a bad play if it fail to amuse an audience. Amusement is the preliminary condition; if that fail all fails. Vainly may critics agree on the merits of a tragedy, on its truth, its originality, its ‘correctness’ according to the rules; if not a heart beats, if not an eye is wet with tears, the audience, in shameless defiance of Aristotle, will be cold — perhaps will yawn. Academies may lay down rules, but they cannot sway audiences; no audience ever wept academic tears.

It is not difficult to write rounded periods about the aim of tragedy being the purification of the passions, and about the

stage being a secular pulpit from which great poets have delivered their lessons to mankind. But let us be frank. A direct question demands a direct answer. Did you ever in the whole course of your life 'book two front seats in the boxes,' or shield your wife from the crush at the pit door, under the impression that your passions were to be purified, and next Sunday's sermon anticipated? Did you not, on the contrary, book those places under the reasonable expectation of being amused — of having your eye dazzled by splendid scenery, your ear caressed by harmonious verse, your heart moved by the exhibition of passion? If you had not been amused, would you not have hissed? Moreover, remembering Shakspeare's position — at once the poet and the manager of a company, — ask yourself this other question: What did Shakspeare think of, when he sat down to write a play? You will answer, if you answer honestly, — 'To fill the Globe theatre:' and you know, he could only fill it by amusing the public.

To obviate misconception, we may distinguish here between *theatrical* and *dramatic* excellence, for we are by no means desirous of reducing Shakspeare to the level of a mere playwright. Amusement, we have said, is primarily sought at the theatre. Now, there being low amusements as well as refined amusements, and the lower faculties being more universally energetic in man than the higher faculties, it is natural that the theatre should be furnished with plays which have no value beyond that derived from acting. A good acting play may be a miserable poem; a fine poem may be a miserable acting play; the art of the dramatist is to unite the acting qualities of the one to the more refined and enduring qualities of the other. We may illustrate this by portrait painting. As in a portrait the first requisite is correct likeness, so in a drama the first requisite is a rivetting story. The painting may be a snub, the drama may be trash; but if the one resemble its original, if the other interest an audience, the main object has been achieved. Superadd to the indispensable condition of resemblance the charms of good painting, and you have a fine portrait; endow the play with appropriate poetry, with delicate fancy and deep passion, and you have a fine drama. A Titian, should he fail to render the traits and expression of his sitter, cannot by the magic of his pencil supply that failure in the eyes of one who wished to possess the image of a person whom he loves; nor could even a Shakspeare, by the prodigality of his fancy, imagination and knowledge, prevent the weariness of an audience, should he throw that wealth away on an undramatic subject. For the purpose, indeed, of connoisseurs and students, a work of more elaborate art will have advantages over the cor-

rect portrait or the amusing play; and this has led that class of persons into an under estimate of the value both of resemblance in portrait painting, and of theatrical excellence in the drama. But if they fancy that theatrical effect is easily attained, they are mistaken. None of the powers which we most admire may be necessary to produce a good acting play: But, in proportion to the refinement of the subject, the difficulty of combining theatrical excellence with poetic treatment becomes greater,—so great indeed, that success in it is among the rarest of literary triumphs. An ordinary man can model a rude figure out of clay; but to bend the marble to the slightest caprices of the mind, to make its stubborn material plastic to the most airy and delicate conceptions, is the work only of a great artist. To take an example from the dramatic representation of Character: However much we may delight in delineations of character for their own sake, it must be remembered that the *art of the dramatist* is not shown in the mere portrayal of mental states, but in the *adaptation* of those mental states to the purposes of the drama. A character may be drawn with skill, and yet not be dramatic. All the traits which do not assist the fuller comprehension of the story are superfluous and in-artistic. Suppose jealousy be the passion of the play, as in Othello. For simple theatrical purposes the writer may confine himself almost exclusively to this passion, and only exhibit in Othello the jealous husband. It is obvious, however, that our sympathies will not be greatly stirred, unless in this jealous husband we recognise other passions and other traits of human nature; and the great problem is, so to contrive and combine these additional features, as not only to make the character *individual* and engaging, but to help forward the action and interest of the piece. An ordinary Moor in a paroxysm of jealousy would be a far less touching sight than that of the high-minded, chivalric, open, affectionate Othello. The *art of the poet* is therefore to delineate these other qualities; and the *art of the dramatist* is to make them *dramatic agents* in the development of his story. Accordingly, all that we see and hear of Othello are not simply preparations for the exhibition of his jealousy and wrath, but are circumstances skilfully adapted for bringing out the story. We thus learn both how the gentle Desdemona was justified in her love, and how Iago found him so easy a victim; so that at last we listen not only with patience, but compassion, to the noble speech, in which at the moment of executing his stern sentence on himself, he seeks to show that he was worthy of a better fate. Had Shakspeare introduced traits into this portrait which, though consistent in themselves, yet had

no bearing on the general picture, he would have ruined its dramatic interest. People do not go to the theatre to learn Moorish customs or to analyse character, but to see a drama; and a drama is not a mirror of life in all its fulness and in all its details.—It is an episode in life, and must so be circumscribed.

These introductory observations bring to a point the debated question of Shakspeare's dramatic art, and place it in some degree in a new light. That he is the greatest of our Poets is an undisputed proposition—that he is the greatest of our Dramatists has also always been admitted; yet by a strange misconception he was long accused of 'wanting art!' He has charmed the audiences of his own and of every succeeding age. Amid all the fluctuations in opinion which have from time to time diversified the aspect of our literature, there have been fluctuations in the style of criticism, but there has been no ebb in the deep and abiding reverence felt for his genius. There is indeed a vulgar error, according to which Shakspeare is supposed to have fallen into neglect, and to have been 'revived' in the last century. Though refuted by the most ample and explicit evidence, this strange notion still pertinaciously keeps its ground; for when was an error of the kind exploded by being refuted? Crushed to day, it re-appears to-morrow as vigorous as ever. We, however, need waste no ink upon the subject. The reader who has any misgivings about the *uninterrupted* success of Shakspeare, will find the fact placed beyond all cavil in Charles Knight's 'History of Opinion.' True it is, that their admiration was long extorted from the critics in defiance of their 'rules.' They felt the greatness of Shakspeare; but they did not understand it. They eulogised his genius, but they wailed over his 'irregularity.' He was nature's child, but he outraged Aristotle. While Ben Jonson and his learned contemporaries heartily admired him, they could not help thinking that he 'wanted art.' What they meant was, that he wanted learning.

The scholarly men who, on the revival of ancient literature, confounded want of learning with want of art, must at times one would think, have questioned the reasonableness of their theory, from what was passing before their eyes in the case of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson:—dramatists who might appear to have been born to represent and verify the very distinction which they overlooked. Shakspeare drew delighted audiences; and the grateful actors of the 'Globe' lived upon his plays even after his death. Thus he had 'art' enough to achieve the first and greatest object,—that of interesting his

audience, with a salient and lively interest, issuing from the human heart, and enduring therefore through all time. Would he have succeeded better in his aim as a dramatist, had he read Aristotle and imitated Euripides? The question needs no answer. 'Rare old Ben,' with all his 'ancient art,' failed to attract the crowd; and reproached the performers with their idolatry of his more successful rival. Leonard Digges tells us how people flocked to see Shakspeare:—

'O how the audience
Were ravished! With what wonder they went thence!
When some new day they would not brook a line
Of tedious though well laboured Catiline.
Sejanus too was irksome: they prized more
Honest Iago or the jealous Moor.'

And he further says of Jonson's plays,—

'Though these have shamed all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
Acted, have scarce defrayed the sea-coal fire
And door-keepers.'

Is it not absurd then to talk of 'art' which, addressing itself to public taste, will not 'defray the sea-coal fire?' The art of keeping away the public is not an art of rare and difficult accomplishment. Warburton's assertion that Shakspeare's sublimity and wit supported him in his defiance of the rules, while Ben Jonson was obliged to make up for his inferiority by borrowing all he could from art, is a very suitable foundation for the inference that—'here we see how a want of sufficient 'natural genius accidentally contributed to the refinement of the 'English stage.'

The error we are combating is, however, a very natural error. In those days so blind was the reverence felt for the classic writers, that art was not understood to be the *best means of attaining an end*: it was understood to be the *closest imitation of ancient models*. 'I have thought our poetry of the last age,' said Rymer, one of the most learned men of his day, 'as rude as our architecture. One cause thereof might be that Aristotle's *Treatise of Poetry* has been so little studied amongst us.' He would have been pronounced an ignoramus in that age, who should have ventured to dispute the necessity of following ancient models, where any thing more was to be attempted than 'splitting the ears of the groundlings.' With respect to Shakspeare himself, few, indeed, denied that he was equal, if not superior, to the ancients in beauty of imagery, in depth of insight, in the portraiture of passion, in grace, tenderness, airiness, wit, and

pathos ; But the schools, nevertheless, repeated that he ' wanted ' art ! ' In case his critics had been asked *what* art he wanted, they would unanimously have declared it was the art which they admired in the classics. Superior to the classics in the *effect* which he produced, he was supposed to be inferior in the *means* !

But unless the highest dramatic effects can be supposed to be the result of mere chance, they must have been the result of art. That ' fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line,' certainly was not true. To talk of ' nature ' and ' inspiration ' is easy enough ; but whoever looks closely into these plays, noting their numerous failures and their numberless successes, will see at once that Shakspeare was a very careful, though perhaps not a theoretical artist. Instead of blinding himself over antique books, he closely watched the tempers of mankind ; his rules were not drawn from ancient precedents, but from his own keen sense of the mode in which an audience was to be moved. What were the unities, what was the chorus, to him, who as manager, actor, and dramatist, felt the living pulse of the public from day to day ? How well, how nicely he discriminated the beatings of that pulse, his unparalleled successes have proved. Let us add that much of what amused an audience in *his* days—' conceits which clownage kept in pay '—and long poetical descriptions, will not amuse them *now* ; hence the heaviness of some of his scenes on the modern stage. This change modern critics and dramatists too frequently overlook. They fall into the very error, which they applaud Shakspeare for having avoided. They treat him as a classic,—as a model to be slavishly imitated ; until his genius has ended by consecrating as beauties the very defects which a wiser homage would have admitted to be blemishes, — spots on the sun, it is true, but still spots.

In his own day Shakspeare's triumph was complete. Even with his learned contemporaries, he had but one fault, — and that was a departure from classic models. From these models, Beaumont and Fletcher, who approached the nearest in popularity, departed as widely as himself. Then came the influence of French taste, which backed its pretensions not only by classic models, but by the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine. In spite of this taste, Shakspeare continued to hold undisputed sway over the hearts of Englishmen. No system of criticism could obscure the splendour of his genius. It was necessary, therefore, that an attempt of some kind should be made to reconcile the contradiction presented by a great poet, acknowledged to surpass the most finished artists in his effects, yet supposed all the time ' totally ignorant of art.' The reconciliation was brought

about by means of the word 'inspiration.' In this attempt we read the idolatry of Shakspeare's admirers. Homer, indeed, might occasionally nod; Æschylus be obscure; Euripides prosaic, and Virgil verbose and tautologous; for they were men.—But Shakspeare could have made mistakes only because he had not read certain classic authors: a tincture of learning would have infallibly guarded him from every error! If he wrote trash sometimes, it was to please the groundlings; while his false metaphors, disgusting images, and tedious speeches must have been 'foisted 'in by the players.' Thus Pope, in his celebrated Preface, attributes the bombast and triviality to be found in Shakspeare, wholly to the necessity of addressing a vulgar audience. And with this judgment Warburton agrees;—premising only that Shakspeare 'knew perfectly well what belonged to a true com-position,' and had once tried to reform the public taste (see *Hamlet*); but, having failed, became the favourite of the people afterwards by complying with it!

We are afraid, however, that, from an infirmity of the human mind of which there are numerous examples, Shakspeare very sincerely admired those bombastic passages, and thought them truly grand; and that he probably had the same affection for his buffoonery and conceits as inveterate punsters have for their puns. An ingenious article on 'Critical Induction' in the last number of the *Classical Museum*, exposes the rashness of emendations which proceed upon no better ground than the improbability of eminent authors writing anything bad. Faultlessness is one of the privileges of mediocrity. It is with great geniusses, Longinus says, as with great riches:—something always must be overlooked. Nor only overlooked: there will be even something in excess. We readily admit, therefore, that Shakspeare himself, were he alive, would be exceedingly amused at our making any difficulty in acknowledging his inequalities, and at our being at so much trouble to account for them, where they cannot be explained away.

The criticism which reigned from Dryden to Morgann and Coleridge is too well known to need illustration here. It was essentially French in its principles—essentially false in its application. The 'correct' school would more properly be called the 'timid' school. Its writers piqued themselves on their 'sense' and 'propriety,' and were more solicitous not to offend, than to enchant. The level they sought, accordingly soon became a dead level. With respect to Shakspeare, the most remarkable criticism which that period produced was the Preface of Dr. Johnson. If we compare its dignified tone of generous admiration and honest blame, with the feeble and often contemptuous tone

of the Remarks affixed to the separate plays, we shall recognise at once the difference between the general effect of Shakspeare's genius, and the particular effect of perverted criticism. From Ben Jonson downwards — from Sejanus to Irene — men admired Shakspeare in spite of their critical axioms ; yet this admiration never led them to suspect the truth of the axioms !

Rightly to understand this question of dramatic art, agitated by so many critics, it is necessary that we should examine what foreigners have written upon Shakspeare : and we begin with Voltaire, who had the honour of introducing our great poet to his countrymen. 'Every Englishman,' pertinently remarks Mr. C. Knight, 'from the period of Johnson, who has fancied himself absolved from the guilt of not admiring and understanding Shakspeare, has taken up a stone to cast at Voltaire. Those who speak of Voltaire as an ignorant and tasteless calumniator of Shakspeare, forget that his hostility was based upon a system of art which he conceived, and rightly so, was opposed to the system of Shakspeare.'* Voltaire's position was peculiar. He had been educated in a rigid system ; and had grown up in the belief that Racine was the very consummation of dramatic art. Yet, as a writer, he felt the yoke of classic rules press so heavily upon him, that he secretly sighed for greater freedom. We cannot read his correspondence without being struck with his uneasiness at the strictness of Parisian taste, — a strictness which actually compelled him to abandon many of his favourite conceptions. Much as his taste was shocked by such an instance of unbounded license, nevertheless that this very license enabled the poet to produce most marvellous effects, was a fact which there was no disguising. In the first ardour of his admiration he expressed himself unguardedly ; for which, in after years, he did more than sufficient penance. But to the last, although as a Frenchman he could not help being outraged at the unexampled want of *goût*, and the reckless disregard no less of *les bienséances* than of *le style noble*, — on the other hand, as a man of genius, he could not help having a hearty sympathy with the genius of Shakspeare. The Englishman was a savage, no doubt ; but he was an 'inspired' savage. In an age when Frenchmen were as much convinced as ever were the Athenians, that all foreigners were barbarians, our philosophers and poets must have been a great embarrassment to Voltaire. Praise escapes from him in a mingled transport of admiration and astonishment : admiration at such excellence, and astonishment at finding it among barbarians. It is a great mistake to suppose that the praise was not genuine ; it was far more genuine, we are persuaded, than

* History of Opinion on the Writings of Shakspeare.

the praise which he afterwards heaped upon Cato. He said indeed that Cato was a model, having 'des vers dignes de Virgile' 'et des sentiments dignes de Caton;' but he *imitated* Shakspeare — and no compliment approaches that of an imitation.

At the time Voltaire introduced the name of Shakspeare into France, the English language was almost as rare an accomplishment in Paris as Chinese is at present. The effect of his 'Lettres sur les Anglais,' joined to other concurrent influences indicative of the coming 'Anglomanie,' caused English to be studied; — and, as a natural consequence, Shakspeare was translated. And then so great and general was the admiration, that Voltaire trembled for the cause of French tragedy and good taste. His apprehensions could not but be affected in some degree by his interests; for his own great reputation as a dramatic poet was implicated in the fate of the classic drama. He endeavoured, therefore, by ridicule and contempt to stem the torrent. But it was too late. Shakspeare's spell was upon all who had studied him; it was felt that the barbarian was a Titan. Voltaire was furious; alarmed at the movement he himself had originated, he retired into the recesses of ancient prejudices, from which he thundered against 'les barbares' and 'les wélches.'

We have taken the trouble to look out from among his criticisms and correspondence for the passages in which he mentions Shakspeare; and here are some of the most significant: 'France,' he says, in a letter to the Abbé Desfontaines, dated November, 1735, 'is not the only country where tragedies are written; and our taste, or rather our custom, of bringing nothing on the stage but long conversations on love, does not delight other nations. In general, our stage is devoid of action, and deficient in subjects of exalted interest. The presence too of our petits maîtres crowding on the stage, interferes with the action; and exalted subjects are banished because our nation dares not think on them. Politics were attractive in Corneille's time, on account of the Fronde; but now-a-days no one goes to see his pieces. Had you but seen the piece of Shakspeare ("Julius Cæsar") played, as I have seen it, and pretty nearly as I have translated it, our declarations of love and our confidantes would seem miserable in comparison.' This sentence might have been written by the most *échêvelé* of the romanticists. Voltaire, no doubt, is here pleading in favour of his own translation; but lest too much stress should be laid on that circumstance, we will quote two lines from a letter only a few days previous. Shakspeare is 'le Corneille de Londres, — *grand fou d'ailleurs*, et ressemblant plus à Gilles qu'à Corneille; mais il a

'des morceaux admirables.' Thirty-three years afterwards, writing to Horace Walpole and defending himself from the charge of despising Shakspeare, he observes; 'I said, it is true, long ago, that if Shakspeare had lived in the time of Addison, he would have united to his own genius the elegance and purity which render Addison so admirable. I said that his genius was his own; his faults those of his age. In my opinion he is precisely like Lope de Vega and Calderon. His genius is fine but uncultivated; no regularity, no bienséance, no art—but mingling vulgarity with grandeur, buffoonery with sublimity: he is the Chaos of tragedy, in which there are a hundred gleams of light.' This, we believe, was his deliberate opinion; and such as we find in his careful criticisms.

In 1776, however, a man was found intrepid enough to translate Shakspeare, adroit enough to secure the subscription of royal personages, and—*ô comble d'horreur!*—barbarian enough to proclaim Shakspeare 'le dieu du théâtre!' This was too much for Voltaire; whose pretensions^f to be 'le dieu du théâtre' himself were considerable. His anger was now unappeasable: and it broke out in invectives of ludicrous vehemence. Le Tourneur, the translator, was 'un misérable,' an 'impudent imbécile,' and even 'un faquin.' The following outburst is amusing. 'Have you read two volumes by that creature (Le Tourneur) in which he wishes to make us accept Shakspeare as the sole model of true tragedy? He calls him the god of the stage! He sacrifices all the French without exception to his idol, as in days of yore they sacrificed pigs to Ceres. . . . Do you not feel an intense hate towards this impudent idiot? Will you sit down under such an affront to France? . . . The horrible part of it is that the monster has followers in France; and—as the crown of this calamity and horror—I it was who first mentioned Shakspeare; I it was who showed France the pearls I had found on this enormous dunghheap! Little did I think that I should one day help to trample on the crowns of Racine and Corneille, and to ornament with them the brows of a barbaric player.' A fortnight afterwards he resumes his wrath: 'The abomination of desecration is in the Temple of the Lord. Lekain, who is as angry as you are, tells me that almost all the young men of Paris are for Le Tourneur. I have seen the end of the reign of reason and good taste. I shall die leaving France barbarian.' To Laharpe he wrote about the same time: 'I know very well that Corneille has great faults; I have said so but too often; but they are the faults of a great man; and Rimer (Rymer) might well say that Shakspeare was nothing but a miserable ape.' His violence,

increasing under its own contortions, at last foams at the mouth. According to his next letter—‘the Gilles and Pierrots of the St. Germain Fair, fifty years ago, were Cinna and Polyeucte in comparison with the persons of that drunkard Shakspeare, whom Le Tourneur calls the god of the stage! . . . It is impossible (he says afterwards) that any man not absolutely mad could in cool judgment prefer such a Gilles as Shakspeare to Corneille and Racine. Such an infamous opinion could only spring from sordid avarice running after the guineas!!’ And there is more in the same style.

The indignation thus exhaled in familiar letters was far from being exhausted in these private channels. He addressed a remonstrance to the French Academy, in terms so violent that it was thought necessary to qualify the language before it could be read to the members. The delusion of the public was alleged to consist in an anglomania, which, not content with placing ‘du rost bif’ on French tables, dared to prefer Shakspeare to Corneille. Voltaire makes a poor appearance as a critic on this occasion. Instead of grasping the real subject, he merely notices some indecent and trivial expressions, and certain anachronisms, which were doubtless enormities in the eyes of the Forty. He opposes Boileau’s dictum to Shakspeare’s neglect of the unities. He compares the opening of ‘Bajazet’ with the opening of Romeo and Juliet:—two scenes which admirably illustrate the respective art of the two kinds of drama, but which Voltaire, overlooking the possibility of there being *more* than one kind of drama, satisfies himself with contrasting, and bids the Academy decide. ‘A Scotch judge,’ he adds, ‘who has published “Elements of Criticism,” in three vols.; in which there are some delicate and judicious reflections, has nevertheless been unfortunate enough to compare the first scene of that monstrosity, “Hamlet,” with the first scene of that chef-d’œuvre “Iphigénie.” He affirms that the beautiful verses of Arcas are not worth the reply of the sentinel, “there’s not a mouse stirring.” Yes, a soldier may indeed reply thus in the *guard room*; but *not on the stage, before the highest persons in the kingdom, who express themselves nobly, and before whom we must express ourselves in the same style.*’ This is a very significant sentence: and we beg the reader to bear it in mind. Voltaire sums up as follows: ‘Let the Academy then decide whether the nation which has produced “Iphigénie” and “Athalie” ought to abandon them for men strangling women on the stage, for porters, for witches, buffoons, and drunken priests; whether our court, so long renowned for its *politesse* and taste, ought to be converted into an alehouse; and whether the palace of a virtuous sovereign ought

'to be a place for prostitution.' The pamphlet which he published under the pseudonyme of 'Jerome Carré' must be well known to most of our readers. It is a lively examination of 'Hamlet' and of the 'Orphan' *du tendre Otway*; but it is only a variation of the eternal theme about Shakspeare's vulgarity and want of art.

Returning now to the question at issue, it is easy to perceive that it has been ill argued, on both the French and the English side; and that the *πρωτον ψευδος* of the argument has been a total forgetfulness of the differences of national taste, disposition, manners, and education. The French have not spoken more absurdly of the English drama, than the English of that of France. Both have set up an arbitrary standard. Thus, Voltaire, after giving a sarcastic account of 'Hamlet,' says: 'We cannot have a more forcible example of the difference of taste among nations. How shall we speak after this of the rules of Aristotle, and the three unities, and the *bienséances*, and the necessity of never leaving the scene empty, and that no person should go out or come in without a sensible reason! How talk after this, of the artful arrangement of the plot, and its natural development; of the expressions being simple and noble; of making princes speak with the decency which they always have, or ought to have; of never violating the rules of language! It is clear that a nation may be enchanted without giving oneself such trouble.*' This is said, of course, in irony. But if we take it seriously, much confusion will disappear: For we will venture, very seriously, to ask:—If a civilised and intelligent nation can be enchanted from age to age, in spite of the absence of certain conditions supposed to be *necessary*, does that not show the fallacy of supposing them to be necessary? Does it not prove these conditions to be *accidental*, not *essential*: to depend upon the tastes and manners of the nation, not upon the principles of dramatic art? All that Voltaire's objections amount to is this: in England, people are interested at the theatre by *dramatic* effects; in France, the people can only be delighted by effects more purely *literary*. Good: but if the public be equally interested, the object of the dramatist is equally attained; and thus both French and English tragedy are, and ought to be, respectively admired.

Not to inquire too curiously into the causes of the distinction, we may take it as a fact, that the French are more sedulous in their attention to the elegancies and graces of life, and that the English are more practical and earnest: the French have a

* Quoted by Mr. Knight in his 'History of Opinion.'

more lively fancy, the English a richer imagination. If they excel in filagree, and we in machinery, the reason must lie either in a radical difference of mental organisation, or in Pascal's alternative—that, as habit is a second nature, nature may be only a first habit. Without drawing odious comparisons concerning different kinds of merit, we must admit that the French have at all times exhibited more culture and more regard for literature as literature, than ourselves: And in the drama this has been remarkably the case. Something, no doubt, is owing to the way in which the drama originated in each country. In England it grew out of a popular amusement, and has always addressed itself to the nation at large. In France it owed its existence to the court; and has never ventured to suppose itself addressing any but highly cultivated audiences. If the *theatre* is now the property of all Frenchmen, not so the tragic drama. What the classic performances by the templars in old days to scholarly audiences were to the popular performances of 'Ralph Royster Doyster' and 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' which were open to all comers; such is the tragedy of Racine and Corneille, at the present day, to the *dramas* of the Porte St. Martin and the Ambigu Comique. The attempt to introduce Greek plays into England failed; for England, as M. Philarète Chasles says, 'a fait de son théâtre un amusement populaire, et une représentation confuse, profonde, et forte, des actions de la vie humaine.' In France, however, the scholarly attempt succeeded. Jodelle's 'Cléopâtre captive,' performed in the presence of Henry II., so captivated that monarch that he gave five hundred crowns to the author. Paris followed the king's taste; and the 'Mysteries' were replaced by imitations of the antique drama. 'C'est de cette source obscure et faible que remonte la tendance classique de notre théâtre.'*

A lettered audience of course demanded literary excellencies which no popular audience would have cared for. And literature has ever been somewhat pedantic, or at least sensitive to the censure of pedants. Every spectator at a drama of Corneille or Racine was a critic, and had the 'rules' by heart. Those who wonder how it is that the lively volatile French can patiently endure the tedium of the long tirades and longer dialogues in their classic plays, forget that they are, as Théophile Gautier happily expressed it, 'la nation la plus sensée dans ses plaisirs, et la plus folle dans ses affaires.' The importance they have attached to 'rules' has in all ages been excessive. We may smile

* Chasles: *Etudes sur le XVI. siècle*, p. 130. A volume of piquant and erudite criticisms.

when we read Corneille's declaration that the rules of Aristotle are for all times and for all people; 'et certes je serais le premier que condamnerais le *Cid* s'il péchait contre ces grandes et souveraines maximes que nous tenons de ce philosophe.' And yet, in spite of our license, what English dramatist would dare to produce a tragedy in *four* acts, or a tragedy in rhyme?

Classical and imitative in its origin, the French drama has in the end become national. Shakspeare is not more the darling, and the despair of English poets, than Corneille and Racine are of the French. Meanwhile, no two nations differ more widely in their artistic taste than the French and English; and this has made their criticism so onesided. We use the word in no depreciatory sense, when we say that French art is more *conventional* than ours: For art is necessarily conventional in its forms: and great part of poetry is a departure from the language of real life. All primitive poetry, including Homer, is rude and careless in its expression; it has a large admixture of the prosaic, and much of the language is only separated by rhythm from the language of ordinary life. So also in primitive music we find a preponderance of those ordinary intervals which characterise speech, and which are unmelodic. As nations advance in culture, poetry becomes more and more artistic, less and less simple and spontaneous; until at last refinement is carried to an excess which causes a reaction in favour of simplicity. Few persons will now prefer the '*Æneid*' to the '*Iliad*;' yet no one conversant with the two can deny that the former is in one sense more a work of *art* than the latter. In the use of language, Homer is often rude and prosaic; Virgil always delicately vigilant, though not always impressive. That he has employed more 'art' to produce his effects than Homer found necessary, is as obvious as that a trim garden was fashioned by a different hand from that which created a wild and picturesque ravine. We do not say the garden is more enchanting,—far from it; but it has the charm which labour, felicitously employed, always produces on the worker, man.

All poetry then being a departure from nature—otherwise it would be nature and not art—the very delicate question arises: *How far is the departure allowable?* The whole difference between the French and English schools lies in their different estimate of the degree. Our poetry is to theirs what our gardens are to theirs: a closer imitation of nature, with a greater disregard for mere technical excellencies. In an English garden you have a sense of artistic arrangement; but man's share in the production of this effect is not intrusively forced on your

attention. In a French garden you never for a moment lose the consciousness of man's labour and man's art.

The most extravagant criticism has proceeded from the want of something like a fixed principle in the great problem of *imitation*. Dr. Johnson has been applauded for his answer to Voltaire, who expressed his wonder that Shakspeare's extravagances should be endured by a nation which had seen Cato: 'Let him be answered that Addison speaks the language of *poets*, and Shakspeare of *men*.' But this epigram has really neither sense nor truth in it. Shakspeare did not speak the language of men, but of poets, and the greatest of poets; it was because his language, *as poetry*, was so superior to that of Addison that the effect it produced was so much greater. The secret of Shakspeare's success is, that his representations of nature are more vivid and lifelike than those of Addison; and from what does this vividness arise, but from the intensity of poetic power and the brightness of the medium through which it passes? That medium is style. Had Shakspeare spoken the language only of men, as distinguished from that of poets, he would never have delighted thousands upon thousands of all ranks and characters.

Critics have been too apt to talk about nature and the natural, as if the object of art were to produce an illusion; as if correct imitation of nature were the first condition of a work of art. But this is a most mischievous mistake. In such poets as Dante, Milton, and Spenser, the absence of any illusion, and of any specific imitation of nature, in no way lessens their claims as artists; while the presence of direct imitation in painted statues or wax-work figures has always injured their pretensions to be considered works of art. The Furies of Æschylus were not by any means so real as the poetical machinery of a modern melodrame—or as the 'gig' of Thurtell, once exhibited on the Surrey boards, with some 'of the real water from the pond;' But which was the most admirable? The most exquisite works of art necessarily depart from the truth, to produce their highest effects. All that our artistic faith demands is that there be no *incongruous* mixture of reality with fiction; and that our judgment be not shocked by a contradiction with the object which we have in view. No one's sense of reality is shocked by observing that a marble statue has not the hues, the action, and the warmth of a human being. It does not profess to be an *imitation*; it professes to be a *representation*, in hard, cold, and colourless marble, of a human form. Paint it,—and on the one hand you quit the professed sphere of art, that is, representation,—to intrude on that of reality, that is, imitation; while on the other hand the imperfection of the means will always prevent

your attempt from being successful:—for your imitation *must* still be an imperfect one. Men no doubt delight in representation, and they also delight in imitation; but the artist should be careful never to confound these distinct provinces. If he proposes merely to imitate nature, he must content himself, for the most part, with addressing the lowest faculties in man. He may paint a peach trailed over by a bunch of grapes; his object here is imitation—and, if successful, he will excite some vulgar wonder. But in this case he must not hope to leave an abiding impression of beauty in the soul of any human being: our artistic nature will remain untouched. It is the same, if the subject of imitation belongs to a higher class. Now in the drama we propose to *represent*, not to *imitate*, life,—and to represent it in its poetical aspects. And we soon discover how many of the realities, which in actual life would be most affecting, are so far from being poetical, that they will not bear transferring to any stage of more pretension than a booth.

If this distinction between representation and imitation be correct; if a work of art be amenable to the strict truth of nature only in so far as it professes to be an imitation,—it is a distinction which will serve us as a guide through the obscurities of many questions. Our present purpose with it is its application to the French classic drama. That drama, it is notorious, does not affect likeness or imitation. It represents, to be sure, the emotions and the passions of men; but it is neither solicitous to produce an illusion, nor to imitate the actions and language of ordinary life. Critics have made merry with its ‘unnatural’ use of confidants, and long declamations; they have also been unsparing in their condemnation of rhyme:—rhyme also is so unnatural! To be consistent, this style of objection should be pushed further: it ought to condemn the absurdity of operas and ballets in which lovers express love, vengeance, and despair in cavatinas and scenas; for no man in the outer world ever warbled vengeance, or hurled defiance in an *entrechat*. Under some such feeling, Madame de Staël laughs at the idea of Curtius performing a *pas seul* before leaping into the gulph. The actual spectators, we submit, are more reasonable, as well as more accommodating. No spectator at a French play ever exclaimed, ‘How absurd to talk in rhyme; men don’t talk so!’ Neither did any spectator at an *English* play ever object to blank verse, soliloquies, and asides. They know that they are witnessing a representation, not a reality. It is probable, indeed, that in the English drama rhyme would be objectionable; not because ‘unnatural,’ but because more artificial than the general style which our drama observes. For we de-

part from nature less widely; and our representation, though in some respects much more poetical, retains in others much more of the semblance of imitation. With us rhyme never appears to have succeeded on the stage, except in short passages. While in the French drama, where no imitation is professed, rhyme is only a beauty the more.

This discussion may help us to explain how the French, adopting a peculiar form of art, should regard as faulty every deviation from that specific form. In their system of representation, all imitation was subordinate to the charms of stately diction and harmonious versification. Dignity was a substitute for fidelity. The allusion to a mouse in 'Hamlet' was more like nature than the description in 'Iphigénie;' but it was less beautiful, less 'noble,' less like art. English critics retaliate the scorn, and ridicule the 'pomposity' of the French drama, which they complacently contrast with the 'nature' of their own. But all such comparisons are misplaced. The French drama is as different from the English, as the Orlando Furioso is from the Excursion. Who thinks of judging these poems according to one standard? Both French and English dramatists knew very well the style of art which would suit their audiences. The French delight in a well-planned story, unfolded in a direct and 'logical' manner; in sustained pomp of language; in philosophic maxims and in sharp antitheses. The English delight in action, passion, and imagery; they trouble themselves very little about dignity or *bienséance*. A Frenchman's first remark on a new play is respecting its *beaux vers*; an Englishman is struck by its characters and its 'situations.' The danger which most besets a French dramatist is lengthy dialogue and description; that of an English dramatist is the tendency to melodramatic exaggeration.

Alfred de Vigny has declared that 'toute tragédie était une catastrophe et un dénouement d'une action déjà mûre au lever du rideau.' Such a tragedy must be essentially different from one of Shakspeare's; where not merely the catastrophe, but the first origin and whole development of the event, is transacted before our eyes. No comparison can be established between two such styles. Each nation ought to be considered at liberty to prefer its own; for tastes admit not of dispute. Notwithstanding which, unfortunately each nation has insisted upon the recognition of its own taste as absolute. Even M. Chasles, in spite of his English education and sympathies, and with all his admiration for Shakspeare, is too much of a Frenchman not to believe, that the classic drama is the only perfect form. 'The perfection of the drama, as drama, is in

‘Sophocles; and it will always be a mistake to seek in Shakspeare the finished beauty and supreme proportions, the relation of the parts to the whole, in a word the complete *art* of the drama; what we must seek in that great man is the strict and minute examination of humanity, the metaphysical and yet living distinctions of Hamlet and Macbeth; — the sublime qualities of the philosopher and observer. The men of genius of the Gothic and barbarian world, of which Shakspeare is the intellectual king, have achieved the poetical beauty of details by the study of truth; whereas Sophocles and Racine, penetrated with the sentiment of beauty, have given to truth a form at once lovely and immortal.’ M. Charles also observes, comparing the two nations, ‘*Emanant du sentiment du beau, l’art hellénique veut la beauté de la forme, et tend à l’unité; le génie contraire, attaché à la sévérité du devoir, cherche le vrai, et tend à la variété. A l’un, l’harmonie et la règle; à l’autre, la profondeur dans le caprice.*’* This passage well describes, though somewhat affectedly, the national tendencies of the Hellenic and Teutonic mind. The Greeks worshipped beauty, and sacrificed to it every other consideration. All their statues are calm — if the Laocoon is, as we suppose, subsequent to Virgil. Love, Desire, Pain and even Terror, are represented in majestic repose. The convulsions of passion were as sedulously avoided by the Greeks as they are eagerly sought after by the Teutonic race. The Belvidère Apollo has conquered, and is calm. Fawns and Satyrs are monsters — yet beautiful. Caliban under a Greek hand would have been handsome. Medusa’s face is lovely and grave: the terror is in her serpent-locks.

As soon as ever the critical nature of French poetry is properly appreciated, there can be no difficulty in understanding French criticisms upon foreign poets. Their fastidiousness is at once accounted for; and that verbal sensitiveness, which has astonished Englishmen, ceases to be a subject of wonder. We shall then no longer laugh at Voltaire for being shocked at ‘the itching palm of Cassius,’ at Hamlet’s talking of his mother’s ‘shoes,’ and at ‘not a mouse stirring.’ On the contrary, we shall fully comprehend how French poetry, scrupulously avoiding every detail which may be prosaic or vulgar (unless, indeed, lighted up by passion, and then few things can be vulgar), seeks by every possible artifice of language to distinguish itself from ordinary speech. It is pitched altogether, in a higher key; and, therefore, the familiarities of English poetry sound discordant in it. Still, after all, the French do not adopt a different

* *Etudes sur l’Antiquité*, p. 5.

principle from that adopted in our own poetry; they only enforce it with greater rigour. There are many terms and many subjects which are banished by us also from poetry, on account of their vulgar or unpoetic associations; nor is this the case only with words appropriated to disgusting objects. A wig, for example, has nothing unusual or disgusting; yet the most daring poet would never introduce the word upon a serious occasion. What we should feel if the word 'wig' were introduced, the French feel, when they find a queen's shoes mentioned, in a profoundly serious passage. There are hundreds of other innocent words now suffering under this capricious proscription, even in our free country. A lover, we suppose, may still indite a woeful ballad to 'his mistress's eye-brow,' but by no means to her *nose*: if he allude to her breath, it must be to its scent, not its smell. Our heroic bards may lawfully speak of bread or wine, but not of brandy or beef, — though more heroic aliments than the former.

That etiquette should prescribe certain restrictions in language, and that a court amusement should not offend by uncourtly language, may to a great extent justify the timidity of Racine and Voltaire; but never was there a more complete error than what Voltaire and the French critics promulgated respecting the classical precedent for their fastidiousness. The Greeks were in no way so timid. Whoever is familiar with their drama must be aware of the singular ignorance concerning it which the French critics, at the time they were always citing it as a model, universally displayed. The principles they profess to have drawn from it are contradicted perpetually by the drama itself. The Greeks often violated the *unities*, sometimes mingled comedy (and not very 'dignified' comedy) with tragedy, and certainly were by no means alarmed at familiar words.

French taste for a long while reigned supreme. From the fall of its empire we date the rise of the opinion, now we think pretty well established, that Shakspeare was a careful artist, — not a blind, irregular genius, stumbling on fine passages by accident. The periwig of Louis XIV., however, had long overshadowed European literature. The French critics claimed to be the legitimate successors to the throne of Aristotle. • England, Germany, Italy and Spain, all more or less avowedly, submitted to the yoke. Rome did not more completely subdue the world by her arms, in her high and palmy days, than France subdued the literature of Europe. But universal dominion cannot rest on unsound foundations. An irruption of the Germans was destined in both cases to shatter an unnatural empire;

and restore to Europe its liberty, and to nations their nationality. Lessing was the Attila of this literary revolution.

Before passing into Germany, let us leave France by the Pyrenees, and cast a glance at Spain, — a country where, if Schlegel's famous distinction between classic and romantic art had any value, Shakspeare should have found the most hearty and genial reception. The truth however is, that in spite of some *external* resemblances, the Spanish drama differs profoundly from the English, and in truth is much nearer in spirit to the French. The adoption of French taste in Spain was therefore as easily accomplished, as it was slowly superseded. It may be said to have begun with Calderon; a startling assertion, perhaps, but by no means difficult of proof. Calderon was the first to borrow from the French; though in borrowing he kept to his own dramatic style — as Corneille had kept to his in borrowing from the Spaniards. Calderon took from Corneille the 'Heraclius,' which he christened 'En esta vida todo es verdad y todo miente.'* The acknowledged supremacy of French influence over Spanish literature would strengthen under the dominion of the Bourbons. As early as 1737 Luzan published his 'La Poetica,' 'ò reglas de la poesia en general,' which was composed from Aristotle and Bossu; and which long continued to be an absolute authority. It is only within the last twenty years that Spain has emancipated herself from the bondage of classic rules. But unhappily she has changed masters without recovering her nationality; quitting the French classicists she has passed over to the French romanticists. Imitation for imitation, one can scarcely congratulate them on a change which has placed Dumas and Bouchard on the pedestals of Corneille and Racine.

There was no Voltaire to introduce Shakspeare into Spain; and little would it have profited Shakspearian criticism had such a man been found. The greatest name we have seen affixed to Shakspeare in the country of Cervantes is Moratin. He translated Hamlet, and translated it in prose! Moratin had learned from Voltaire to admire the philosophic insight of that play; but he learned, in the same school, to deplore its want of art, its degrading triviality of language, and its intolerable mixture of 'low scenes' with dignified tragedy. French criticism on poetry

* A traditional error constantly repeated, even by Spanish writers, ascribes the plagiarism to Corneille, who, it is said, plundered Calderon as he had previously plundered Guillen de Castro. But dates settle the question. Corneille's play appeared in 1647; Calderon's not till seventeen years afterwards, in 1664. M. Chasles has some curious remarks on this point in his *Etudes sur l'Espagne*, where the whole question is argued.

is narrow enough in French hands; at second hand it becomes insufferable.

The first foreigner whose vision was keen enough to see beyond the mists of prejudice and pedantry, who could discern the eternal principles of art under every variety of form, and who had the glory of proclaiming Shakspeare to be the greatest dramatist the world had ever seen, was Gottlob Ephraim Lessing. French taste was absolute when he first raised up the standard of revolt. Frederick was on the throne; and called Voltaire his friend. Heavy Germans had no higher ambition than that of imitating the elegance and grace of fastidious France. *Zaire*, 'dictated 'by love itself,' was the consummation of finished art. There was but one Voltaire, and Gottschœd was his prophet! While that creed was in the ascendant, Lessing, the restless, daring, brilliant Guerilla chief, attacked both Voltaire and his prophet. He contrasted Shakspeare with the French poet—contrasted them with polemical dexterity, with rare acuteness, with invincible logic—and at once dwarfed the conventional elegancies of the Frenchman, by placing them beside the majestic proportions of our Giant.

'No one dares deny,' proclaimed the *Leipsiger Bibliothek*, 'that the German stage owes its greatest improvements to Herr 'Gottschœd.' In answer to this defiance Lessing sprang into the arena. His answer was a thunderclap: 'I am that No one!' He not only denied it; he did more: he shattered Gottschœd's pretensions, and told his countrymen that there was a Shakspeare. Gottschœd had heard indeed of that obscure British poet, and knew that 'the English made a great fuss about his theatrical 'poems.' But what of that? Had there not been a certain Mrs. Lennox, who had exposed the faults even of his most celebrated pieces? (Doch hat sich in neuen Zeiten eine Frau Lennox gefunden, die Vielen seiner berühmtesten Stücke die Fehler gewiesen hat!) What then could Lessing mean by praising this rude, uncultivated writer? He had *not* read Mrs. Lennox apparently! but on the other hand he *had* read Shakspeare. To a natural sagacity scarcely ever surpassed, Lessing fortunately joined a familiarity with the masterpieces of ancient and of modern art. He knew Aristotle much better than most of those who professed to follow him; and knew him too well to pin his faith upon any dictum which the 'stout stagyrite' had advanced for the guidance of the Greeks. Armed at all points, with learning, with logic, with wit, and with a flexible taste, he triumphed over the pedants of his day; and first taught Germany where Shakspeare ought to stand. No one can have read the *Dramaturgie* without regretting that so few of its pages are

devoted to Shakspeare. There is enough, however, to show what Lessing, the critic, could achieve.

Wieland's translation came to assist Lessing's criticism ; and from that day Shakspeare has found a *second home* in Germany. Göthe, Herder, Lenz, Merk, Gerstenberg, the Schlegels, Tieck, Schiller, — poets, critics, and philosophers, — have all combined to contribute their mite of illustration, and to solve the various questions raised by his genius and his life. It would be unjust to deny that to Germany Europe owes much of its relish for, and intelligence of Shakspeare. But, on the other hand, it is just as certain that to Germany Europe owes no inconsiderable amount of nonsense, triviality, and perverted criticism, against which it is time to make a stand. German criticism, in fact, has now usurped the despotic throne formerly occupied by the French. Its authority is respectfully bowed to, or humbly dissented from, in England, America, France and Italy. Dogmatic writers suddenly become timid when they confront German critics ; and the *spirit* of German criticism is scarcely ever opposed. In the few observations we have to offer, we must beg the reader to remember that our limits do not admit of anything like a comprehensive treatment of the subject ; and therefore if our remarks are rather upon the weak points of German criticism than upon the strong, it is because it seems to us that the weak points most need attention at present.

Göthe, as the greatest of all Germans, is peculiarly interesting when he speaks about Shakspeare ; and many are the luminous and profound remarks with which he has exalted his theme. So wise and poetical a mind could not fail to recognise the wisdom and beauty of so great a poet ; but after having imitated in 'Götz von Berlichingen' and in 'Egmont' the free movement and historic pictures of the English dramatist, he came, in the later period of his life, to a conclusion, which, the more we think of it, the more paradoxical it appears. He wrote an essay to prove that Shakspeare was not a great theatrical writer ! It is a curious illustration of the absence of fixed principles, that two such critics as Göthe and Charles Lamb, (not to mention others,) should have gravely maintained that Shakspeare's very excellencies as a dramatic Poet prevented the success of his works on the stage : — in other words, the excellencies were so great that they *failed* to produce the very effects for which they were employed ! This extraordinary fallacy has taken deep root. We constantly meet with it in print, and in conversation. To object to any stage representation of 'those immortal works,' is very generally considered to be a mark of delicate and refined taste. Shakspeare would certainly have thought it but

a sorry compliment. It is worth while to look into the confusion out of which this opinion has proceeded. True it is, that no stage representation of Othello, Hamlet, or Lear can be critically satisfactory, or *perfectly adequate* to our desires. Actors, the best of them, are but indifferent personifications of those ideal figures with which the poet's creative mind has peopled the world. In *reading* Shakspeare, our imagination is lifted up into a purely ideal region, where it holds direct and undisturbed converse with the imagination of the great poet; while, in *seeing* Shakspeare on the stage, our conceptions are necessarily lowered by the presence of the bodily forms of actors. But if the impressions be thus in some measure degraded, on the other hand, they become greatly more intense. Hamlet may have a large mouth, Imogen thick ankles, Othello may be hoarse, Coriolanus be perhaps a 'gentleman of the Jewish persuasion:'—and it will be asked, are these Shakspeare's characters? We answer, objections of this kind would interdict all representation upon the stage. If there is to be an acted drama, scenic representation must be accepted with all its imperfections, for the sake of its incalculable advantages. One is apt to under-rate the value of the stage from familiarity with its performances. Yet it can scarcely be denied that if we had never seen Macbeth, Othello, or Hamlet performed, our conceptions of them would have been far less vivid than they are. In proof of this, let any one compare his enjoyment of a play which he has never seen acted, with that of one which he has seen well acted. Kean's Shylock and Othello produced an infinitely grander effect than could have been reached by any closet reading: But was Kean at all ideal, in person, voice, or gesture? To say that many beauties occur to us in the closet, which escape us on the stage is very true, but has little or nothing to do with this objection. The two pleasures are so far from being opposite and inconsistent, that neither of them will be ever experienced in the highest degree, except in the case of plays which are capable of standing the double test. Besides, we are persuaded that the same persons who are most delighted in reading the plays at home, will be those who are most delighted at seeing them well acted. Originally, it must be remembered too, there was no room for this distinction. In Shakspeare's time, plays were written for the theatre and not for the study; the stage was their only publication. Therefore, if Shakspeare put forth his strength to suit this mode of publication *and failed*, he was in that case a bungling artist; and the 'excellencies' which caused that failure were not excellencies, but splendid faults. But the fact is, that he succeeded: and that these excellencies

have converted his success with his contemporaries into immortal fame. The plays of Shakspeare, which were the delight of the 'Globe,' continue, as we have observed above in replying to a different objection, to be the delight of every age and station. They are still 'the divine, the matchless' of 'every play-house 'bill,' as much as in Pope's time; and constantly performed to the lowest, as well as highest audiences. Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and Romeo and Juliet, charm the uncultivated crowd in suburban theatres, quite as much as the more reflective audiences at theatres royal. Those who cannot follow Hamlet in his far-reaching scepticism, who know nothing of the southern romance which glows in Romeo and Juliet, who cannot be supposed to appreciate the airy fancy or profound wisdom of the poet, are nevertheless fascinated by his acted plays. *That* is a sufficient answer to all who may be disposed to doubt his theatrical excellence, in consequence of their seeing in him beauties beyond and above the reach of a mere play-wright.

The truth is that Göthe, though a great poet, was but an indifferent dramatist, and confounded dramatic art with poetic art. Not to mention his own plays, there is striking evidence extant of his false notions of dramatic art. He altered and adapted Romeo and Juliet for the Weimar theatre. A. W. Schlegel had, in a celebrated essay, shown the necessary connection of every scene in the original play; but Göthe, under the perversion of his wrong notions of theatrical exigencies, undertook to make it what he called a 'stage play.' The success of this experiment is instructive: during the five and twenty years which have elapsed since the attempt was made, this 'stage play' has been acted on no single German stage—in spite of the prestige of Göthe's name. What! the piece arranged solely with a view to stage effect fails, and the 'untheatrical' original always succeeds! Does not this tell us, what indeed we knew before, that Shakspeare understood his art and its application to the stage, better than the poet-manager Göthe?

The curious may compare Göthe's adaptation with the original. It has been recently published by Edward Boas.* Whole acts are altered, and important scenes omitted. We will give one 'specimen brick.' The opening scene or exposition of Romeo and Juliet in Shakspeare is, as usual, masterly; being both dramatic in spirit and theatrical in effect. It strikes the true key-note, and arrests the spectator's attention by its lively action. The quarrel between the followers of the Montagues and Capulets exhibits the enmity of the two houses as intense and of old standing. That Voltaire should have been shocked at such an

* Nachträge zu Göthe's Werken, Leipzig, 1846.

undignified exposition, and at a servant's saying 'Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?' is intelligible enough; but is it not strange to find Göthe omitting such a characteristic and effective scene? He supplies its place with a chorus sung by servants:—

'Zündet die Lampen an,
Windet auch Kränze dran
Hell sei das Haus!
Ehret die mächtige
Feier mit Tanz und Schmaus,
Capulet der Prächtige
Richtet sie aus;'

and so forth!

We need only allude to Göthe's thoughtful and inventive criticism on the character of Hamlet:—it is known to every one. But a remark upon the Ghost is too curious and too little known, to be passed over. In the scene between Hamlet and his mother, the entrance of the Ghost was thus indicated in the first edition*: 'Enter the Ghost, *in his night gown*!' Göthe noticing it, says: 'Who is not pained at first learning that? Who does not reject such an idea? And yet, if we think of it, we shall find it to be correct. The Ghost is cased in armour when he first appears before the sentinels on the platform. But we begin to feel ashamed of ourselves for having so long tolerated his appearance in the private chamber of the queen, armed thus cap-à-pie. How much more homely, domestic, and terrible he now appears, in the same form in which he was wont to appear in this chamber, in his night dress, and unarmed!' Göthe, in further proof of the first edition being agreeable to Shakspeare's intention, adduces Hamlet's words:

'My father in his habit as he liv'd.'

This seems to be conclusive. For, as Hamlet had already seen the Ghost in armour, and the armour had been specified, the remark 'in his habit as he lived' would have been uncalled for and out of place, unless the habit were different from that in which Hamlet had already seen him. But what would Voltaire have said to a Ghost in his night-gown!*

Göthe has assisted us in the appreciation of certain passages, and of one character; but he has given us no assistance towards a clearer insight into dramatic art. Tieck, whose long-promised

* In the print prefixed to Roscoe's Shakspeare (reprinted by Mr. Knight in his edition, where, by the way, no comment is made on this stage direction of the first edition) the ghost, even in this scene, appears in complete armour: the point is worth clearing up.

work on Shakspeare has for some years been suspected to be a promise destined to remain unfulfilled, has in several detached criticisms thrown considerable light both on poetical and theatrical difficulties. Among the very best of his criticisms is one on Shakspeare's treatment of the supernatural (*Behandlung des Wunderbaren*, 1793).* Although the main idea of this essay was given by Lessing in his comparison between the ghost in Semiramis and the ghost in Hamlet, Tieck has the credit of having applied and developed the idea with felicity.

The Schlegels are constantly mentioned in connexion with Shakspeare; and their merits are certainly great. It is but justice, however, to add that they, too, owe almost every thing to Lessing. All that they have done (translation apart) is but an offshoot from Lessing and Herder. When once Lessing had destroyed the reigning prejudices about art, and shown the narrowness of French principles, and the vital force and richness of Shakspeare, they who came after him had an easy task. If the Schlegels had but followed him in the spirit as well as in the novelties of his criticism, the world would have been spared a quantity of verbiage and fantastic speculation. A. W. Schlegel's 'Lectures' are wonderful *as* lectures, in which the rhetoric is always effective; but they have been singularly over-rated as philosophical criticisms. Considered *as* rhetorical expositions, they have a clearness and an eloquence which has carried them over Europe; but we cannot compliment them on their depth or sagacity. The lecture upon Shakspeare contains a number of 'fine things' said *about* the poet; but it is rather a panegyric than a critique. The ideas, when there are ideas, have all the vagueness in which rhetoricians delight, and which philosophers condemn. Expanding an idea which is to be found in Lessing and in Morgann's 'Essay on Falstaff' respecting organic and mechanical forms, Schlegel tells us with much emphasis that Shakspeare was an 'organic artist.' But in spite of his glowing praise of the poet's 'profound art,' we defy the most acute reader to divine *what* the precise nature of that art actually is. It may be comforting to know that Shakspeare 'worked upon certain profound principles;' but we should like the teacher to have told us what those principles were, and how we are to detect their 'working' in the plays. Lessing, on the contrary, though less profuse in displays of philosophical language, tells us plainly and forcibly in what Shakspeare's art consists, and in what it is superior to the art of Voltaire. Schlegel speaks finely and discriminatingly upon the masterly power of characterisation which Shakspeare ex-

* Reprinted in the 'Kritische Schriften,' 1848, vol. i.

hibits; but *that* is a topic with regard to which there never has been a dispute, from Ben Jonson downwards. In other respects, and when he descends to details, he is lost; the heights of abstraction and cloudy vagueness alone are congenial to his spirit. We cannot indeed help suspecting the value of those ‘profound principles of criticism’ which lead a man to decry Molière, to despise Racine, to place Calderon on a level with Shakspeare, — and to proclaim that ‘Sir John Oldcastle’ and ‘Lord Thomas Cromwell’ are not *only* ‘unquestionably written by Shakspeare,’ but are ‘deserving to be classed among *the best and maturest of his works!*’ Nor can we hope to fathom principles which are to prove that Shakspeare’s anachronisms ‘were for the most part committed *purposely, and after great consideration*’ — and that in Shylock ‘we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words — as we sometimes still find it in the higher classes notwithstanding their social refinement.’ Dashing rhetoric carries the day throughout. You are authoritatively told that Shakspeare is an artist. So far so good. You are then further informed that the peculiarity of this Shakspearian art is ‘its thorough realisation of the romantic spirit.’ Here you begin to feel a haze descending; a modest misgiving steals upon your mind as to whether you clearly apprehend the nature of this same ‘romantic spirit;’ you wish to understand the distinction between classic and romantic. The wish is rational; and the philosopher is only too happy to enlighten you — in the following luminous sentences: ‘The whole of ancient poetry and art is ‘as it were a *rhythmical nomos* (law), an harmonious promulgation of the permanently established legislation of a world submitted to a beautiful order, and reflecting itself in the eternal ‘images of things.’ This is not very clear, perhaps; but it sounds well; and as, after all, you care little, perhaps, about ancient art, you hurry on to what is said about the modern — *There* at any rate he may be intelligible. Let us see. ‘The ‘romantic poetry, again, is the expression of the *secret attraction to a chaos, which is concealed between the regulated creation, even in its very bosom, and which is perpetually striving after new and wonderful births; the animating spirit of original love hovers here anew over the waters.*’ We hope some of our readers may understand this: But for ourselves, we would only ask why, if Shakspeare is the realisation of the spirit above described, the critic has not undertaken to point out the ‘secret attraction to chaos’ and the ‘love hovering over the ‘waters’ in Shakspeare’s separate plays? But instead of this, he contents himself with meagre and somewhat common-place remarks upon the story and the characters. .

If we have dwelt on Schlegel's defects, and especially on the exaggerated pretensions of his philosophy, it is because the peculiar character and boast of German criticism is what it calls its 'Philosophy of Art.' This sounding name imposes. The application of abstract 'principles' to works which the artists themselves never suspected to be philosophical, gives a novel air to criticism, and seduces the unwary. But unless we are greatly deceived, this philosophy of art is a vain and misplaced employment of ingenuity; and will no more advance criticism than ontological speculations will advance human knowledge. To understand Nature, we must observe her manifestations, and trace out the laws of the coexistence and succession of phenomena. And, in the same way, to understand Art, we must patiently examine the works of art; and, from a large observation of successful efforts, deduce general conclusions respecting the laws upon which success depends. To confine ourselves for the present to Shakspeare, the drama is, as we have said, not poetry only, but poetry applied to a particular purpose. That purpose is stage-representation. In dramatic criticism, therefore, there are two departments: one treating of a play as poetry, in which case it is to be judged exactly in the same way as any other poem — epic, ode, or elegy; the other treating of a play as a theatrical work — in which case it must be judged according to the indispensable conditions and requisitions of the stage. Now we have already stated — and it will be evident to all who will examine Shakspearian criticism upon this distinction — that, while the former of these departments has been carefully studied in every direction and from every point of view, the latter has been almost entirely neglected. As a poet, Shakspeare needs little further illustration; so diligent, so sagacious, and so comprehensive has been criticism. As a dramatist, he has been by turns, absurdly enough, tested, according to classic rules, to the rules of French tragedy, and, finally, to those of German philosophy. No German, Lessing excepted, seems to have borne distinctly in mind the simple fact, that the drama is only amenable to the laws of stage representation. It has even been thought to be honouring Shakspeare to call him essentially untheatrical; and to say that the plays which he above all things meant for representation (he would not publish them himself in any other form) are really ill adapted to representation! The Germans are greatly to blame for this; and their 'philosophical 'principles' appear to be as much beside the real question, as the 'classic rules' which attempted to impose their arbitrary limits to the poet's wide and sweeping range.

Franz Horn — whose five volumes ('*Shakspeare Erläutert*'), in

spite of much that is questionable and a little that is decidedly fantastic, do, nevertheless, contain some solid instruction — is pushed to the wall and despised by his countrymen, because he is not philosophical. His minute and laborious analyses of the characters, however, are always worth reading, and are likely generally to set the reader thinking. He is a German Hazlitt. He does not unravel the tangled question of dramatic art, but he throws considerable light on the dramatic poet. Passing over a multitude of inferior writers, vying with each other in uttering obscurities, we pause at Ulrici's famous work, allured by its title and its reputation. It is entitled 'Shakspeare's 'Dramatic Art;' yet there is not a syllable in it relating to the drama, properly speaking! It is a bulky treatise of pseudo-philosophy, of which Shakspeare is the text. Had Lessing been alive, how mercilessly would he have flagellated this pompous book! We can fancy his amusement on reading that elaborate chapter which explains Shakspeare's poetic theory of life (*poetische Weltanschauung*), in which, after a succession of dreary platitudes, the author arrives at the following conclusion: — Shakspeare was a Christian poet, and in his dramas we must learn to read Christian philosophy, just as in Sophocles we read Greek philosophy. This conclusion Ulrici is at pains to establish with great gravity and form, as if it were a novelty, and an important one. He accordingly describes at great length what was the spirit of Paganism, and what is the spirit of Christianity; and after proving that in the Christian theory of life Destiny has no place, he shows that Shakspeare did not employ Destiny as a tragic agency!

'Shakspeare's invention,' he says, 'composition, characterisation, and language, — in short, his dramatic style, although in the first instance qualified by the notion of dramatic art which lived within him, derives its most decided peculiarity from his particular view of that relation between God and the world, from which the nature, life, and history of humanity first derives its true import. We allude to his *poetical apprehension of the universal system of things.*' Here is a plain assertion that Shakspeare's most decided peculiarity is derived from his taking a Christian and not a Heathen view of life. Considering that he was born, bred, and educated in a Christian country, and that he was addressing a Christian audience, the fact of his not adopting the Heathen theory of life might, we think, have been more simply accounted for; and towards the close of this chapter it does seem to have occurred to the learned author, that this 'peculiarity' must be shared by every other Christian poet. But he gets rid of the difficulty, in a singular passage (pp. 167-8.

of the trans.), in which he claims for Shakspeare the distinction of exhibiting in his plays the Christian theory with greater purity, distinctness, and completeness! The writer of that very foolish book on the 'Religion and Philosophy of Shakspeare,' in which the poet is made an Atheist, is not more hopelessly wrong than Ulrici is in making Shakspeare, above all things, a Calvinist. Charles Butler and others have imagined that they could discover symptoms of his having been a Roman Catholic. So much for these suppositions. But let us grant for a moment that all Ulrici says about Shakspeare's Christian view of life is true; what has that, we ask, to do with the question of *dramatic art*? If Shakspeare were a philosopher, and his plays had been only meant for treatises, Ulrici's attempt would have been dull, indeed, but justifiable: but to look at plays in *this* light could only occur to a German professor. We knew before that a German was not easily satisfied with looking directly at a thing; his tendency is always to look *beyond* it: but such specimens of 'profundity' as we meet with in Ulrici, at every turn, are gems which shine all the brighter from their leaden 'setting.' Here is one in which he detects the profound significance of Shakspeare's quibbles: — 'If, then, we go back to the origin of this verbal play, and further reflect that Shakspeare never kept up this game of rejoinder and antithesis emptily and unmeaningly, but that with him it *has always some meaning, and not unfrequently a most profound significance*, we shall see good reason for 'the whole representation being pervaded by it. For in this discrepancy between the indicated matter and its indication, and the inappropriateness of the same or similar words to express wholly different objects, we have the revelation of the deep fundamental and original disagreement between human life and its true idea; as well as the inadequacy of human cognition and knowledge of which language is the expression, for the wide range of objective truth and reality, — and consequently of the weakness entailed upon man's noblest intellectual power by the fall and the first lie.'* Philosophy which enables a man to penetrate depths like these, can serenely smile down the laughter of Englishmen, who, it is notorious, are totally wanting in the 'philosophic sense.'

This much, however, we must say for Dr. Ulrici, that he is not, like Schlegel, guilty of the gross inconsistency of laying down abstract principles, and forgetting to apply them when he

* English Trans. p. 150. Original, p. 159. We quote the English version to obviate any suspicion of having tampered with the passages.

comes to the separate plays. On the contrary, he sturdily proceeds to apply his philosophy; and each play serves him as the text for a moral sermon. The sermon indeed is not good; but at any rate it is a sermon. We are not much edified, to be sure, by learning that in *Othello*, — ‘wedlock,’ so far as it is the chief ‘element and a leading motive in the social development of the human race, is the position of life from which the poet has surveyed the horizon of the tragic view of the world and providence;’* nor will it much increase our sympathy with, and delight in, that tragic masterpiece, to learn that *Othello*, unhappy man, ‘like *Romeo*, misemploys his divine gifts; and, forgetting ‘their true destination, devotes himself to this *earthly* life.’ *Othello* had indeed noble qualities; but they were dashed to pieces, were ‘powerless and unsupported, so soon as he looked upon this *earth* alone as his abiding stay, and not as a passing moment of the eternal life of humanity.’

The title of *Ulrici*’s book is a misnomer: ‘it should have been called ‘*Sermons on Shakspeare*.’ And yet, serious as are its defects, it would be unjust to deny that it has also merits; the greatest of which we take to be the suggestiveness, which every grave examination of such a subject must possess. Few people will feel that they have learned anything from *Dr. Ulrici*; but he may have stimulated inquiry and originated many thoughts. As a contribution to the theory of dramatic art, in any sense of the term, his book is worthless. It has been successful however in England, far beyond its merits — owing, we presume, to the prevailing mania for German philosophy: while in Germany it has been followed by numerous essays still more extravagant. Among these, the most remarkable are, *Dr. Rötcher*’s ‘*Abhandlungen zur Philosophie der Kunst*,’ which, for those who desire to see how *Shakspeare* taught German metaphysics, will be very curious. Not a glimmer of poetic or dramatic criticism peers through the mist. We should except, however, as one of the best and most sensible essays in their recent criticism, an essay on *Hamlet*, by *Professor Gans*, reprinted in his ‘*Vermischte Schriften*.’ How long philosophical criticism will continue in vogue, nobody can venture to predict; but we are certain that, so long as it continues, *Shakspeare* will be judged from a point of view altogether false.

In England, we are glad to think, the Philosophy of Art, as taught in Germany, though much *admired*, has been little *adopted*. We have talked grandly enough about ‘principles,’ but, after all, it is only detached passages and isolated portions

* Trans. p. 164. Orig. p. 174.

from the German school, which have attracted any real attention. Coleridge, who introduced it among us, has himself treated Shakspeare in a merely fragmentary manner; he contributed, however, greatly towards giving a new tone to Shakspearian criticism. What was original in him in this particular, and what of German extraction, it is not easy to say. That tone was speedily taken up, because it flattered our national vanity, and reconciled the discrepancy between our admiration and our opinions. A storm of ridicule, which has not yet passed away, forthwith assailed the critics of the preceding age; and newspaper writers, who accepted upon trust the dictum that Shakspeare was a profound artist (though they could not have said in what his art consisted), cast every epithet of scorn upon the Johnsons and Popes of a benighted era. They have not given us, it is true, any substantive work upon Shakspeare of much pretension; but an immense mass of valuable observation pervades our modern literature: And the influence of Germany, and of Coleridge and his contemporaries, has been a healthy influence on the whole. If it has encouraged our idolatry, as idolatry, it is equally true that our general appreciation of Shakspeare is much more intelligent than in the last century.

Of Mr. Hudson's 'Lectures,' though our friends in America have deemed them worthy of a second edition, and the 'North American Review' worthy of an elaborate notice, we cannot speak favourably. They profess indeed to contain nothing new; and they are as good as they profess. Perhaps, as lectures, their rhetorical style may have been acceptable; but what does the reader say to this, an average specimen? —

'For if this strongest, yet calmest, this greatest, yet gentlest, of mortals, makes us tremble when he but breathes upon us the melodies and fragrances of his soul, he must perforce overwhelm us when he opens the floodgates of his power, and lets loose his tempests and cataracts upon us. Too much for criticism even when he smiles like some protecting spirit of humanity, and sheds the sunlight of his genius round its sweetest and gentlest transpirations, he may well strike criticism dumb with amazement when, like a divinity in the transports of his might, he rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm of human passion.' (Vol. ii. p. 44.)

In this country such writing is called 'fine writing,' and is not much esteemed. Nor is the matter of the 'lectures' superior to the manner.

The translation of *Macbeth*, named at the head of this paper, recalls us once more to France. A change has come over the spirit of its Shakspearian criticism, almost as great as that which has come over our own; and from the same cause — the intro-

duction of German ideas. The herald of this new revolution was Madame de Stael. By making German literature fashionable she helped to break through the barriers of classical rules, and forced a new opening for Shakspeare. Madame de Stael really admired his genius. But she was too much of a Frenchwoman of the old school, not to think his 'taste' defective; and she followed the common opinion in attributing his faults to his age. The daring innovator who had first cleared the way for *l'école romantique*, was left behind by those who followed. The history of that school we cannot now stop to trace: But, as might be expected, every phase of it brought the glory of the English drama more prominently forward. In combating the authority of Racine (whom Madame de Stael still considered indisputably the first of poets), the romanticists were glad to shield themselves under the authority of Shakspeare.

In 1822 M. Guizot revised Le Tourneur's translation, and prefixed to it a calm, sagacious, and every way remarkable life. He argued the question like a philosopher of a higher order. Openly disavowing that narrow criticism which presumes to limit the drama to *one* form, he maintained that the drama in France had lost the true sense of its destination, by its aristocratic exclusiveness. In the following excellent passage the fundamental principle of criticism is clearly stated. 'If the romantic system has its beauties, it has necessarily its art and its rules. Every thing which men acknowledge as beautiful in art, owes its effect to certain combinations, of which our reason can always detect the secret, when our emotions have attested its power. The science — or the employment of these combinations — constitutes what we call art. Shakspeare had his own. We must detect it in his works, and examine the means he employs and the results he aims at.'

About the same period M. de Barante published his critique on Hamlet (reprinted in his *Mélanges*, 1825); the influence of German ideas is very visible in it. He ingeniously and *more Germanico* defends the obviously defective *dénouement* by saying, 'Il était difficile de le dénouer, puisqu'il n'avait pas de nœud, et que l'action marchait comme au hazard. . . . Le doute a présidé à tout son ensemble, et pèse encore sur le dénouement.' So completely does he give up all the classic rules, that he says: 'The encounter of Hamlet with that army which is about to shed its blood for a few acres of land, and the famous scene of the gravediggers, too obviously enter into the general plan of the piece — they are in too strict harmony with the unity of impression which Shakspeare has sought, to necessitate our insisting on their propriety; and to show that

'they are not *bizarrerics* or barbarisms, but the consequences of a whole dramatic system.'

Guizot and De Barante were followed by Villemain, who in 1827 published his essay on Shakspeare's life and genius (*Nouveaux Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires*).^{*} Inferior to the essay of Guizot in distinct enunciation of principles, it had greater effect upon France; perhaps because France was then better prepared to accept its doctrines. Villemain's mind is of an academic cast, and is peculiarly alive to the beauties of the classic school. His acknowledgment of Shakspeare, therefore, came with greater force; and his defence of the grave-diggers was not the defence of an advocate anxious for license for its own sake. There was an earnest recognition of the poet's 'beauties,' and a recognition of the fact that the drama is not necessarily of *one* form only; but there was none of that idolatry of Shakspeare's faults, which the Germans have made an article of faith. 'All the absurd improbabilities,' he says, 'all the buffooneries of which Shakspeare is so lavish, were common to the rude theatre which *we* possessed at the same era; it was the mark of the times: why should we now admire in Shakspeare the defects which are every where else buried in oblivion, and which have survived in the English poet, only on account of the sublime traits of genius with which he has surrounded them.' This differs as widely from Schlegel and Ulrici, who—seeing in those improbabilities and buffooneries the results of mature deliberation, and the deep significance of a profound thinker—persuaded themselves that faults were beauties, as it differs from the earlier French critics, by whom these faults had been exaggerated, travestied, and caricatured. 'It is necessary,' adds Villemain, 'in judging Shakspeare, first to reject the mass of rude and false taste which oppresses him; it is, perhaps, also necessary to avoid building systems applicable only to our own times with these old monuments of the age of Elizabeth. If a new form of tragedy should proceed from our actual manners, and from the genius of some great poet, this form would no more resemble the tragedy of Shakspeare than that of Racine.' In his 'Cours de Littérature,' Villemain has some admirable remarks on Shakspeare; whom he contrasts with Voltaire, and triumphantly shows that not only in depth and truth of passion, but also in *bon goût*, Shakspeare is greatly the superior!

From this time downwards, the Shakspeare mania has continued to spread. In 1829 Alfred de Vigny produced his careful translation of Othello on the stage of the Théâtre

^{*} It has been translated in Drake's 'Memorials of Shakspeare.'

Français. It was confessedly an experiment. He wished to settle the following problem: 'La scène Française s'ouvrira-t-elle, ou non, à une tragédie moderne, produisante dans sa conception un tableau large de la vie, au lieu du tableau resserré de la catastrophe d'une intrigue; dans sa composition des caractères, non des rôles; dans son exécution, un style familier, comique, tragique, et parfois épique?' Success was the answer. It was acted from fifty to sixty times. From that time translators have been busy; critics have echoed the laudatory tones of Germany and England, and every petty novelist and journalist can quote 'that is the question,' and talk glibly of 'le vieux William' and 'l'immortel Will.' Even the great—the illustrious—the pyramidal Dumas himself, translates Hamlet à ses heures perdues; and condescends to make the dénouement more effective and *plus logique*! He is a daring master of paradox who can now venture—as M. Ducuing, in a very remarkable essay, lately ventured*—to question Shakspeare's superiority over every other dramatist. The critic just named is, we conceive, altogether mistaken in his views of dramatic art; but as a protest in favour of the classic school, his essay is both vigorous and ingenious. What particularly strikes us in it, is the obstinacy with which he persists in demanding *des rôles* in lieu of *characters* (to use De Vigny's happy phrase), and in seeing nothing but a mechanical regularity in dramatic structure. We may quote as significant of the present state of feeling in France the following passage:—

'De démontrer, après tant d'autres, comment Shakspeare a porté dans son cerveau, depuis les plus suaves éclosions de l'épique jusqu'aux plus resplendissantes créations de l'épopée, et comment il a su approprier à la scène Anglaise les modes les plus divers de la poésie dramatique; à qui pourrait-il aujourd'hui paraître profitable de venir le tenter de nouveau?'

The admiration for Shakspeare, in short, is now so general, and panegyrics have become so common, that M. Ducuing is forced to apologise for presuming to take the other side. What a change from the language of Voltaire! That French criticism upon Shakspeare is, even now, entirely satisfactory, few Englishmen will allow; but it seems to us to be distinguished by one merit, which may in some sense be a set-off against its imperfect appreciation of the poet.—we mean its appreciation of the *dramatist*. While England writes glowing eulogies on the *poetry*, and Germany utters oracles on the *philosophy*, France at present appears

* Shakspeare et notre Répertoire in 'La Revue Nouvelle,' Jan. 7. 1846.

always to bear in mind the *dramatic* purpose of Shakspeare, and to remember that in works written for the stage what we ought first to inquire after is the *theatrical art* which they display. Sometimes, indeed, they seem to overlook the fact of Shakspeare being something more than a mere playwright; as for instance, when they undertake to teach him how he might have produced greater 'effects.' Thus Shakspeare makes Macduff slay Macbeth, and appear with his head upon a pole; after which, Malcolm is proclaimed king. M. Deschamps has not only made Macbeth and Macduff mortally wound each other (a most unwarrantable change),—but, to produce a *coup de théâtre*, he summons the *witches, who with torches in their hands appear on the citadel*, and then Macbeth, slightly raising himself, points to them and exclaims:—

'Malcolm tu vas régner! c'est juste! mais regarde!

Où! voilà les trois sœurs qui m'ont perdu. — Prends garde

A leurs conseils maudits, et songe à mon adieu!

(*Il meurt. — Eclat de rire des sorcières.*)

Malcolm: Amis, vive l'Ecosse, et ne croyons qu'en Dieu!

This is doubtless an 'effect;' but it is produced at the expense of poetic consistency. Shakspeare understood the treatment of his supernatural agency a great deal too well to bring witches into any place less congenial to their nature, than the 'blasted heath' or their own dark cave!

This example alone may show us how difficult it is for the poet to preserve the integral truth and consistency of his creations, and at the same time to achieve theatrical effects. We English laugh at Dumas when he alters Hamlet, and at M. Deschamps when he alters Macbeth, thinking to make them more *effective*; but we should remember that Cibber had done the same with Richard III.; and that our own Garrick—the friend of Johnson and Reynolds—the great Shakspearian interpreter (as he was called), had practised still bolder experiments on the object of his worship, and for precisely the same purpose. Our age repudiates such things; because we have learned to believe that we cannot tamper with a work of art without injuring its effect. Though the momentary *theatrical* effect may be heightened, the permanent *dramatic* effect is spoiled. As before stated, the great difficulty which the dramatist has to overcome, is to preserve the poetic truth of conception with the theatrical effect of execution. In almost all plays, except Shakspeare's, we see that the difficulty is greater than the dramatist can master. Either he sacrifices poetic truth to theatrical effect, or he sacrifices theatrical effect to a poetic consistency which only produces languor in the audience. Shakspeare's 'art' consists

in the marvellous power with which he exhibits the most beautiful poetry in combination with the most effective modes of stage representation. To talk of his poetry as poetry, irrespective of the conditions of the stage and the difficulties of those conditions, is as if we were to talk of Raphael's wonderful grace, beauty, and mental power, irrespective of his facility in transferring to canvass the images which bewitched his soul. When we think of the plays of such poets as Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats, ranking, with all their poetry, in the lowest grade of theatrical merit; and compare with them some of the plays of Shakspeare, ranking as the very highest and most perfect of theatrical pieces, we shall perhaps acknowledge that the criticism, which loses sight of theatrical art as a main element in dramatic art, must be but one-sided and imperfect.

ART. III.—*Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis XV.*
Par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE. Paris: 1847.

THE writer of this work is, as we understand, the father of the distinguished Deputy, and, for the present, Minister, whose literary reputation has been so widely spread in England by his philosophical examination of American democracy. It would be difficult to find two books that represent more creditably the respective opinions of the last and the present generations. The *Démocratie en Amérique* is remarkable for the wise candour and toleration with which its author confesses the defects of his favourite systems; and recognises the points in which they might be improved by borrowing from monarchical or aristocratical examples. The *Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis Quinze* is equally free from most of the vices to which French literature seems now peculiarly exposed.

The historians of the modern French school have an incontestable excellence in their skilful arrangement, and power of rapid analysis. But their tendency to acquiesce in the most unscrupulous policy, when successful, goes far to render them very unsafe guides in the search for political truth. This tendency is, indeed, more or less inevitable in citizens of a state, whose history, for the last two generations, has fatigued us with little else than the coarse and flaring colours of a revolutionary crisis. It was the same in ancient times; both after that marvellous century in which the quick Athenian genius ran through all the stages of national development; and again, when the great Roman Revolution first seated the Imperial chiefs of the democracy on the Curule Chairs. The *glories* of such an

epoch as that which began in 1790, and through which France is still labouring, are too undeniable to make it possible that the nation should ignore them — as has been attempted by the compilers of Catholic and Legitimist text-books for French schools: while, on the other hand, the blood and tears are still too recent, for the children of proscribed parents to accept the Reign of Terror, as it is accepted and revered by Barbés and Louis Blanc, or even as palliated by Lamartine. To reconcile, or rather to escape from committing themselves to, either of these extremes, their recent historians have mostly betaken themselves to a system that represents society as moving in an invariable current, — which the frailties and passions of individuals can no more affect, than a child can disarrange the order of the tides by throwing pebbles into the waves. With such writers the end, of course, is everything; though they do not so much seek to justify, as totally to omit all consideration of, the means. Actions and events are regarded, in the mean time, merely as necessary steps in a predestined sequence, in relation to which their *moral* character is a matter of no concern.

M. Mignet is exclusively possessed with the idea of a great dynasty, giving laws from Versailles, to its Prefects at Madrid and Naples; and is no more disturbed in his enjoyment of the exciting struggle which was decided by the testament of Charles II., than M. de Gremonville was disturbed when Lionne intoxicated him with the gratifying assurance, '*que sa Majesté vous trouve le plus effronté des Ministres! — et en cela il vous fait la plus grande louange possible.*'* M. Capefigue relates the elevation of the profligate Dubois to the Cardinalate; and contents himself, for all commentary, with jumbling together a few phrases about the invincible law of equality in the Catholic Church. M. Bignon is entitled to more than ordinary allowance in this respect, in consequence of the more than ordinary temptation to which he was exposed: '*je l'engage à écrire l'histoire de la diplomatie Française de 1792 à 1815,*' was among the bequests in the *Testament de Napoléon*. The same vice infects French writers, in their severest philosophy, and on topics most removed from the exciting accessories of the hour. M. Comte turns neither to right nor left, as the remorseless machinery of his system crushes every example of heroic individual exertion into its place in the world's preconstituted march. M. Cousin†, with his eyes fixed on the radiant and beneficent image of the

* '*Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.*' Par M. Mignet, vol. ii. p. 248.

† '*Cours de Philosophie*' (1828), par M. Victor Cousin leç. x^{me}.

Dictator Cæsar, has no sympathies for the brave tenderness of Caius Gracchus, nor for the melancholy and majestic self-devotion of the younger Brutus.

We can see no merit, we must confess, in this cold abnegation of all moral sensibility; and feel, on the contrary, that history not only loses most of its utility, but at once lowers its dignity and deserts its duty, when it thus renounces its high Censorial functions; and declines to give judgment on *the merits* of those whose proceedings it is contented with recording. It is, accordingly, as an exception to this rule, that M. de Tocqueville's work seems to us most entitled to praise. To a rare power of historical arrangement, and to a still rarer one of historical compression, he adds a discriminating honesty, worthy (and we can cite no more honourable parallels) of Niebuhr and Hallam. To all appearance profoundly royalist in his convictions, he is never induced by his partizanship, to extenuate the infamies of the Regency and the *parc aux cerfs*. He is still more free from the corrupting indifference with which M. Capefigue speaks of abominations—which have never been approached, except by the foulest and basest of the Roman Cæsars,—if not in terms of actual approval, at least as the excusable concomitants of a high civilisation and a brilliant court. And if at times M. de Tocqueville averts his eyes from this blind and enervated Royalty to the fiery baptism that awaited it, it is only to remind us that its crimes were *severely* (though not more severely than consistently) expiated, in the Temple and on the Place de la Guillotine.

We have many works that detail the patient exertions by which separate departments of the great Bourbon Monarchy were elaborated to their culminating grandeur: But it is curious to observe how instinctively most French writers have shrunk from the unattractive turpitudes that prepared its decay. M. de Tocqueville, however, takes up the history of France from the moment when the Grand Monarque is laid in St. Denis, full of years and honours; and honestly as well as skilfully traces, till the very eve of their outbreak, the causes of dissolution which were already undermining the stately fabric he had erected. The cumbrous ceremonial of Versailles, and the sanctimonious exterior enforced by Madame de Maintenon, gave way at once to the wildest profligacy. The exaggerated tone of high-flown loyalty was succeeded by cynical ridicule and ostentatious heartlessness. Court and nation together sank lower and lower in corruption; till at last, on the tardy accession of a religious and conscientious Prince, he finds himself unable to rally round his polluted Throne a single sentiment of respect or confidence.

Internally, the history of the long and inglorious reign of

Louis XV. is a succession of tyrannical edicts and financial embarrassments. Its external history, which we are here principally to consider, may be divided into three periods, — corresponding closely enough with similar periods in that of England. The first of these includes the compulsory peace which followed the War of the Spanish Succession (A.D. 1713—1742); and of this epoch the Regent Orleans and Sir Robert Walpole are the main representatives. The next period includes the War of the Austrian Succession (1742—1748); the chief agents in which are Marshal Belleisle, and (perhaps we may add) Lord Carteret. The last commences with the Seven Years' War (1756—1763); in which the Duc de Choiseul and William Pitt wielded against each other the full energies of their respective nations. It is difficult to say during which of these periods France was most effectually discredited. But through them all there moves the living embodiment and representative of his day, — the worthless, frivolous, and brilliant Duc de Richelieu.

The first period we have named is characterised by the gradual modification of the Treaties of Utrecht. These treaties were, in the second and third decades of the eighteenth century, what the Treaties of Vienna have been to our own generation till within the last year, — the recognised basis of European international law. Concluded by Bolingbroke's Tory administration in the hour of extreme political need, they were yet wisely and honourably accepted by George I. and his Whig Cabinet. There has seldom been an instance in which a departure from that rule of international good faith, to which the new government conformed, would have been so nearly justifiable. The treaties in question had been purchased for the House of Bourbon, by the violation of solemn alliances abroad; and at home by cabals, in which a knot of conspirators played on the prejudices of an imbecile Queen and an ignorant faction, till their reckless partizanship was scarcely distinguishable from treason. Nor had the tranquillity secured for Europe been such as to excuse the means by which it had been attained. Between Spain and Austria, the nominal principals in the War of the Succession, there existed only a precarious armistice. England and Holland still fancied themselves in danger from the formidable alliance of the French and Spanish Cabinets. The aggrandisement permitted to the House of Savoy was a standing grievance to the Power in whose Italian preponderance we were then most deeply interested. The clumsy stipulations for which we had exchanged our hold on Dunkirk, were evaded by the extension of the neighbouring fortifications at Mardyck. But the Whig Government, we repeat, acted wisely in accepting the situation as their predecessors had left it. Through

fifteen years they laboured zealously to modify and improve it; and at length the policy, which, though it was once for a short time, opposed by Walpole, is inseparably and most justly associated with his name, realised its crowning triumph at the Treaty of Vienna in 1731.

However France might be exhausted by the War of the Succession, it is scarcely possible that the continuance of peace would long have been compatible with the life of Louis XIV. Even during the reign of Queen Anne, his evasion of the treaties for which his English partizans had sacrificed their honour and all the promise of their future career, had been so glaring, as to extort even from Harley's government a decent and perfunctory protest. But at the accession of the House of Hanover, causes of irritation were daily multiplied. Bolingbroke and Ormond were welcomed at Versailles with splendid hospitality. The profession of high Jacobitism became fashionable even with men like St. Simon, the habitual *frondeurs* of the Court. Lord Stair, the English ambassador of King George, was scarcely received at half-a-dozen houses in Paris; while the titular honours of King James were affectedly acknowledged at St. Germain. Active preparations were carried on in the French ports for a descent by the Pretender on the English coast. But we were saved from actual attack by the death of Louis XIV., and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans. That prince had long been disliked by all who adhered closely to his uncle's military and diplomatic policy. Lord Stair, therefore, bent upon employing the interval of peace in quietly reconstructing the great Protestant Alliance, warmly encouraged him to assume the sole Regency, and offered him the whole moral support of England.

From the marriage of Philip, the Regent's father, with Henrietta of England, in 1661, down to the *Fêtes* of the Palais Royal, in 1830, there attaches to the House of Orleans an unusual continuity of historical interest — and especially in its bearing on the contemporary policy of England. We are told that Louis XIV. was mainly guided in his choice of Versailles as the habitual residence of his Court, by the recollections which associated Paris with the stormy times of the Fronde, and the days when Anne-Marie de Montpensier, *la grande Mademoiselle*, ordered the cannon of the Bastille to be fired on the royal troops. But this ostrich-like policy only served to blind the Kings of France to the influences they left at work behind them. In the Palais Royal there arose, by the side of Versailles and its Court, the gathering germs and mimic centre of a *Bourgeoise* Royalty, — the parhelion to the sun of the elder

Bourbons; and with it grew the House of Orleans, thriving on all the errors of the monarchy, and strengthening in its weakness. In that House, at all seasons of difficulty, the population and society of Paris were familiarised with the focus of a chronic opposition; and through all their varieties of genius, the younger branch was sure to parade its antipathy to the prevailing tastes, and most unpopular characteristics of Versailles. Louis XIV. never forgot the pretensions of his brother (Monsieur, as he was styled, in the fashion which expired with Charles X.) to infringe on certain customary etiquettes. When the cause of Philip V. was overcast in Spain, we find the future Regent intriguing with the English generals, and offering himself as the fittest representative of a compromise. Extravagantly licentious, in opposition to the formal hypocrisies of Madame de Maintenon; extravagantly Jansenist, in opposition to the Molinism of her successor, Madame de Chateauroux; *Anglomane* with a zealous Constitutionalism, before the meeting of the States-General; mercilessly propagating the first slanders against Marie-Antoinette; adored by the Manuels and Lafayettes of the Restoration—the House of Orleans was not more surely and steadily advanced towards power by its own ambition, than by the sleepless suspicions of the reigning branch. The whole testament of Louis XIV. was inspired by the conviction, that without openly annulling the last Spanish renunciations, and surrounding the cradle of Louis XV. with the elements of a European war, it was impossible to exclude the Duke of Orleans from the nominal Regency; but that it was desirable to place the whole real power in the hands of the legitimated Princes, the Duc du Maine and the Comte de Toulouse, who alone were considered to represent faithfully the maxims and principles of the Monarchy.

The Orleans Regency maintained to its close, and bequeathed to its immediate successors, a latitudinarian and compromising policy, very different in spirit from the resolute dynastic ambition of the preceding reign; and for this it has been condemned without measure by the ultra-royalists of its own day, and by the few French writers who, in our own time, have permitted themselves to remember that France owes her most important and permanent acquisitions to the Bourbon family. Many of the Regent's most trusted supporters complained of his defection from the traditional alliances with Spain and Sweden. The expert staff of French diplomatists, trained in the school of Lionne, Pomponne, and Torcy — men, to whom every court in Europe had been for half a century a post of observation, in standing hostility to the English and Imperial legations — had still

strength to thwart by their indifference the new schemes which they were commissioned to execute. The Marshals of France, who had won distinction in the wars of the Reunion and of the Succession, all, with the single exception of the Duke of Berwick, threw their weight into the same scale. Villars even compiled a formal memorial, in which he urged on the Regent a moderate approximation to Spain. M. de Tœcqueville acquiesces in this advice so far as relates to the possible extension of Spanish influence in Italy; and he also laments that the Regent missed the opportunity of at once securing, by an alliance with Turkey, in the year 1719, a position in the rear of Austria; and that he should not have developed the policy which combined Richelieu with Gustavus Adolphus, by substituting a Russian for a Swedish alliance. There can be no doubt indeed of the justice of these complaints against the foreign policy of the regency. But we are not the less convinced that Philip and his minister Dubois showed singular skill in the attitude they assumed; and that all their short-comings are chargeable on the ferocious opposition which threatened the former, from the moment that he broke through the testament of Louis XIV. and assumed the sole Regency.

From that moment there could be no peace between Philip of Orleans and the adherents of the old Court. The new *régime* ushered in a true revolution—at once social, political, and religious. It was inaugurated by an exposure of the financial ruin to which the expensive reign of Louis XIV. had brought the kingdom. It then at once attacked all the Princes of his family whom he had most delighted to honour; and their defence and reprisals were embittered by all the acrimony of feminine malice, in the person of the Duchesse du Maine. Except for her, indeed, it is probable that her husband, an educated but retiring and unambitious man, would have quietly acquiesced in his deposition. But she was a daughter of the great Condé; and having once lowered herself by an alliance with a legitimated Prince, her whole subsequent life was a struggle to repair this humiliation. The history of faction—fertile in indignities—does not contain an instance of warfare so savage, so unprincipled, and unrelenting, as now broke forth against the Regent. The head-quarters of the conspiracy were fixed among the gardens and terraces of Sceaux; and there, amid the wits and savants, whom Madame du Maine, reviving the usages of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, had collected round her, were coined the libels which, inshrined in Duclos, in the terrible *Philippiques* of La Grange Chancel, and in Soulavie's Memoirs of Richelieu, have placed the Duke of Orleans, as a monster of lust and cruelty, on a parallel with

Nero and the Borgias. We have now reason to believe their most frightful details to have been utterly untrue,—to have been explained in some points by the Regent's notorious spirit of bravado, and refuted in others by the equally notorious gentleness of his nature. But these attacks made themselves a voice through all the ramifications of French society—in the Jesuit colleges—in the diplomatic circles all over Europe—in La Vendée and Languedoc—already the classic soil of Royalist counter-revolution.

While the Regent was thus incessantly harassed by an organisation which was always ready to exchange its lampoons and epigrams for the poison-bowl and the secret dagger, and which corrupted his own representatives, and defied him at his own council-board, Lord Stair was perpetually at his side, to remind him of the inextinguishable hatred of the ultra-Royalists, and to urge, in Bishop Atterbury's words, 'that cracked titles must rest upon each other.' The Triple Alliance of 1715, by which George I. and the Regent gave a mutual guarantee for the succession prescribed by the Treaty of Utrecht, was thus a matter of sheer necessity. It was the same with the Regent's compulsory refusal to displease England by concluding a Russian and Turkish alliance. The mere instinct of self-preservation at home committed him, in short, irredeemably, as the antagonist of the Catholic cause in Europe; and the Catholic cause (if we may use that expression to describe the party which peculiarly embraced the views of Louis XIV.) was still too formidable to enable him to dispense with the help so officiously proffered, even though it came from the habitual enemies of his race and country. At the head of the Catholic cause in Europe stood two of the most remarkable names in history—George Henry Goertz and Giulio Alberoni. And to appreciate properly the Regent's difficulties, we must glance for a moment at these, his two great antagonists.

The great coalition, against which Charles XII. passed his life in struggling, had originated in a dispute between the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and the King of Denmark. The former had shared in the reverses which fell upon the Swedish cause after the battle of Pultowa; and the hurricane which blew from all the northern courts during Charles XII.'s Turkish exile, forced him to submit to Denmark, by the capitulations of Tonningen in 1714. His minister, Baron Goertz, then attached himself to the King of Sweden; and the chivalrous heart of the king was soon captivated by the fluency and boldness of his new adviser.

He was a thoroughly revolutionary Minister—of the school which followed Richelieu in effacing every centre of local govern-

ment, and attacking every institution which in the least hampered the free and irresponsible action of the Monarchy. He struck, therefore, without flinching, at the Aristocracy; and he forced the Lutheran Church to furnish her part in the national expenditure. The selfish dislike which he thus incurred added to the unpopularity naturally attaching to his foreign birth: But one of the elements in the hatred which he excited is too curious to be passed over. Goertz was not free from the mania of his contemporaries, for regarding the debasement of the currency as a panacea for financial distress. However, instead of resorting either to a paper issue, or to an adulteration of the gold and silver, he attempted to give, by law, a high value to the copper currency; and he whimsically chose to distinguish these new coins by the names of classical divinities, — for instance, Jupiter, Saturn, and the like. This scholarly caprice was seized on as corroborating the imputations of impiety to which his attacks on the Church had exposed him; and forthwith a howl arose from the whole peasant population, against ‘the gods of Baron Goertz!’

On his accession to office he found the whole of Northern Europe, Russia, Poland, Prussia, and Denmark, combined against Sweden. Upon the refusal of Charles XII. to agree to proposals known in diplomatic history as ‘the Concerts of the Hague,’ for the neutrality of the German territory, George I. of England, as Elector of Hanover, also joined the league against him. This assistance was to be rewarded by the cession of Bremen and Verden, of which a late campaign had put Denmark in possession; in return for which, it may be observed, that the latter Crown ultimately received the English guarantee for Sleswig, though only against the claims of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. Goertz was bent on breaking up the coalition, and on gratifying his master’s exasperation against George I. By ceding to Russia the provinces she had already conquered, he intended to purchase the help of his most formidable enemy; and then, by rousing the Catholic courts, in their favourite scheme of subverting the Protestant Succession in England, to divert the stream of Russian conquest to the South and West. In the meantime, Russia was ready for the change. Her German allies had begun to dread the presence of her armies; and the English government, true to the principle which makes it the interest of a maritime Power to prevent the total depression of any continental state, had refused to guarantee to the Czar those very Swedish conquests which Goertz now volunteered to cede. But, for the success of this scheme, it was necessary that France should separate from England, by the voluntary act, either of the Regent, or of the party whose success would follow his over-

throw. We have seen how Peter the Great failed in accomplishing the former alternative. The hopes of the northern Allies were now turned to the younger branch of the Bourbons, at that time pining in a reluctant submission to the Articles of Utrecht; which decreed their exclusion from Italy, and from the reversionary prospect of the French succession.

While Goertz was thus occupied in the North, the young King of Spain and his wife, Elizabeth of Parma, had reposed their absolute confidence in Alberoni. He was perhaps the last statesman whom the discipline of the Roman Church has trained for a political career, and whose claims to the very highest rank are undeniable. His sweeping reforms arrayed against him the most inveterate prejudices of the native Spanish party; and the marvellous celerity of his downfall has attached to him a most undeserved reputation for temerity and shallowness. It is not too much to say, that the scale of the comprehensive improvements which he projected, and the practical character of their details, can nowhere be paralleled, except in the year of Caesar's Dictatorship, or in the reorganisation of the French Republic by Napoleon, which M. Thiers so strikingly depicts in the opening chapters of the *Histoire du Consulat*. But at Rome and at Paris the shock of an organic revolution had already cleared a free space for the exertions of statesmen; while the slow decay, which for a century had crippled the Spanish government, had only additionally cumbered the ground with the fragments of condemned institutions. Alberoni was hampered at every turn by the parasites of the abuses he attacked. All the sacrosanct etiquette of that formal Court, the rigid machinery of the Councils, the endless multiplication of subordinate officials, the privileges of exclusive access to the Royal person, were all of them available points of defence against such a reformer; and renewed, one after another, the promise of disheartening and exhausting him. But Alberoni had marked the vulnerable point of the Spanish government. Without waiting to take each stronghold in detail, or to corrupt their garrisons, he struck boldly at the heart of the official empire. The Throne was then, *as it is now*, the only Spanish institution strong enough to maintain itself amid the whirl of parties and the shipwreck of reputations. Till that support failed Alberoni, he could safely launch his edicts from the bedchamber of the Escorial, to the arsenals of Cadiz and Barcelona, to the manufactories of Guadalaxara, to the rich and almost virgin treasures of Mexico and Havannah. With an audacity which would have been rashness but for its success, he risked everything to maintain the Sovereign in individual and exclusive subjection to himself. He actually turned the Marquis

de Villena, one of the haughtiest grandees in Spain, out of the King's apartment. He not only refused to receive M. de Louville, who was charged by the Regent with a private message to the King, but forbade his appearing in the streets of Madrid. He crushed even Father Daubenton, the King's Jesuit confessor, and absolutely prohibited his ever meddling with the negotiations pending between his master and the Roman court. But his position had, of course, the weakness, as well as the strength of favouritism. In all Spain there was no one, except perhaps Ripperda, the Dutch ambassador, to whom he trusted for co-operation; and he complained that, with all the weight of the empire on his shoulders, he was often reduced to do the work of a common clerk. 'Give me five years of peace,' he is said to have exclaimed, 'and I will make Philip V. the most formidable King in Europe.' But he dared not slight Elizabeth of Parma; her ambition forced him prematurely into a war; and at last, after defying the French and English courts, the grandees of Spain, and all the terrors of the Vatican, he fell before the vulgar craft of the Queen's nurse, Laura Pescatori!

Still the work that he actually accomplished was immense. It is no small praise for an Italian priest to have anticipated Chatham and Turgot in two of their most characteristic measures. As the former, when the Highlands were on the point of revolt, and the English armies were exhausted, 'looked for merit and found it in the mountains of the North,' so Alberoni had the noble courage to attach for the first time the disaffected Catalonian Miguelets, by enrolling them in the royal forces: And sixty years before Turgot's ministry, Alberoni gave the first impulse to the languid production of Spain, by removing the custom houses that checked the communication between the inland provinces. Abruptly as his reign was terminated, he had already created a navy, recruited the army, and provided for its regular payment. He had centralised all the branches of official administration, and organised, for the first time since the reign of Philip II., the vast provinces of Spanish America. Reversing the fatal policy which had enriched the Protestant North with the expelled French and Spanish artizans, he invited Dutch and English families to establish woollen and linen manufactures in Spain. But the King and Queen of Spain, additionally displeased at the confirmation of the renunciations by the treaty of 1715, insisted on pressing their grievances against Austria to an armed decision, and Alberoni only saved himself by yielding. He answered the Triple Alliance, however, by a descent on Sardinia, at that time Austrian. He attempted, and with some success, to ally himself with the House of Savoy.

But this double manœuvre only expedited the conclusion of the Quadruple Alliance, by which Savoy was compelled to exchange Sicily for the barren island of Sardinia. The great Powers were determined, at any risk, to prevent a general war. The English government was ready to support Austria; and the fleet which Alberoni had despatched to conquer Sicily, was destroyed off Palermo by Admiral Byng. But Alberoni still held the threads that were to move the extensive organisation projected between himself and Goertz. Faithful to his task of continuing the work of Louis XIV., he threw himself into the Russian and Turkish policy, which the Regent had not dared to adopt. He paralysed the Austrian and Roman diplomatists by the ostentation of a high Catholic design; and actively co-operated with the existing cabals of the Duchesse du Maine and the French Royalists.

'Before you take your leave,' he wrote to the Prince of Cellamara, his representative in Paris, 'recollect to spring 'your mines.' And the mines exploded in the most fantastic intrigue that even France has ever seen. The Fronde has been called the Comedy — Cellamara's conspiracy is the burlesque, of civil war. The Duchesse du Maine, searching for precedents through a pile of folios, under the guidance of Boivin the antiquary, '*qui ne connaissait d'autre cour que celle de Semiramis,*' — Count Laval, in a coachman's livery, driving her to midnight interviews with the Spanish Ambassador, — Malezieu composing addresses from the King of Spain to the Parliament of Paris, and at his wit's end for terror at having mislaid the copy, — Mademoiselle de Launay holding a levee of any fortune-tellers and adventuresses who chose to profess themselves in possession of secret information, — all form a picture which resembles nothing but one of Scribe's involved and perplexing dramas. The musical conspiracies of *Gustave* or *Lestocq* are not more inexhaustible in the *imbroglio*, more varied in incident, more successful in scenic attitude. The punishment of the detected criminals was in keeping with the gay make-believe of the plot. It is a bright silken thread shot across the gloomy web of the Chronicles of the Bastille. Waiting-maids, peers of France, *gardes-du-corps*, were all hurried under the frowning portals of Charles V. But when once there, they flirted, and amused themselves with *jeux-de-société*; Mademoiselle de Launay sang airs at the window from the opera of *Iphigénie*, and the Duc de Richelieu answered her from his neighbouring dungeon, as *Oreste*! While Alberoni's support thus crumbled away in France, and his hopes in the North were ruined by the fall of Charles XII. in the trenches before Friederichshamm, the ministers of France and England continued inflexible in their measures for restoring peace.

Alberoni's dismissal was sternly exacted; and at that price the King of Spain was to have the terms originally offered him by the Quadruple Alliance. Alberoni was accordingly sacrificed; with the same odious disregard of humanity and justice which the Spanish Court had shown to Madame d'Orsini, his predecessor in the royal favour. The reversion of Tuscany and Parma, on the approaching extinction of the Houses of Medici and Farnese, was assured to Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip V. by Elizabeth of Parma: And on this the King of Spain at last consented to renounce his claims to those portions of the old Spanish empire of which Austria was then in possession. A few minor points were reserved, preparatory to the conclusion of a general peace, for the Congress of Cambray.

Dubois died, three years afterwards; vomiting blasphemies at his physicians, for their ignorance of the ceremonial which should have accompanied the administration of the last Sacraments to a Roman cardinal! The Duke of Orleans soon followed him; stricken with apoplexy in the very arms of the beautiful Duchesse de Phalaris. But the negotiations for a final pacification, commenced at Cambray, were not concluded till what is known as the Second Treaty of Vienna, in 1731. They had been interrupted in 1725, under the influence of Alberoni's vain and loquacious imitator, Ripperda, by an intrigue, which is still one of the darkest and most singular in the annals of diplomacy. For a moment, Europe seemed on the brink of a general war. Catholic and Protestant powers were again opposed to each other, with a novel distribution of the parts. The League of Hanover (or, as it is sometimes termed, of Herrenhausen), combined England, France, and Prussia, with the addition afterwards of Sweden and Denmark, in opposition to Spain and Austria. It was surmised that the latter Powers contemplated a still closer union, which might have resulted in reconstructing the empire of Charles V. But compliance with the family affections either of Elizabeth of Parma, or of the Emperor Charles VI., was at that time an unfailing talisman for charming to repose the most alarming tempest. Don Carlos was confirmed in the inheritance of the Italian duchies; while England and the States-General guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction, which gave the undivided succession of the whole Austrian dominions to Maria Theresa, the emperor's eldest daughter. On these terms a general peace was at last signed; and thus ended the long controversy of the Spanish Succession, which for seventy years — ever since the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain in 1660 — had agitated Europe.

In spite of M. de Tocqueville's lamentation over the decline

of French influence at this period, he has furnished in his narrative of Alberoni's fall, the best justification of the Regency : '*Il échoua, parce qu'il n'apprécia pas la tendance de son époque, toute dirigée vers le repos.*' Distasteful as the Treaty of Utrecht was to both France and England, it was simply impossible for either nation to renew the struggle to which it put an end. It was eminently impossible for France ; drawn to the very verge of bankruptcy by the extravagant reign of Louis XIV., and additionally distressed by the famine which followed the War of the Succession, by the great Plague of Marseilles in 1720, the burning of Châlons and Rennes, and the gigantic swindling of Law and his System.* But though France is represented as at this period habitually and criminally subservient to England, the English cabinet had, at the same time, to defend itself against similar imputations.

The popular idea of Walpole, as a Foreign Minister (and we repeat, that we use his name in speaking of this epoch because, though for a time in opposition, he so zealously espoused the policy of his predecessors on his return as to make it fairly his own), is, we believe, very nearly this : that he deliberately and on principle sacrificed our foreign relations to his party or personal interests. Many people may think that there was no gréat harm, if he did so. But it would be difficult to say which half of this opinion, combining, as it does, the cant of the *Craftsman* with the recent cant of the representatives of the Anti-Corn-Law League, is most preposterously false. It is undeniably true that, in the face of an opposition, in which the Tories, smarting under the dread of perpetual exclusion from office, were reinforced by impracticable and disappointed Whigs, the Whig Government, led successively by Stanhope and by Walpole, did preserve us for five-and-twenty years from a European war. But it is also true that they succeeded in doing so, mainly by the proofs, every where presented, of their diplomatic ability ; by the profound policy of their combinations, and the readiness with which, when it was necessary to strike, they struck boldly and at once. For it is well observed by Professor Heeren, that the great merit of the English Government at this time, consisted, not, indeed, in *evading* war, but in employing every means which negotiation or demonstrations could supply for avoiding it.* War indeed is, for the most part, but the vulgar resource of inexperienced workmen : and real statesmanship is best shown by neither abdicating a diplomatic position, nor yet breaking through it by force ; but in making the voice of our

* Heeren's 'Historical Essays' (Engl. ed.), p. 280.

country heard whenever European interests are in discussion, and by our just appreciation of new situations as they arise,—presenting her, in her unbroken power, either as a mediator or an example. And it behoves the modern despisers of diplomacy to recollect that this is a part doubly suitable to a maritime and commercial nation; which cannot repair the inaction of one year by a successful campaign or the acquisition of a new province. In most cases indeed, we can make ourselves felt only diplomatically, if we are to be felt at all; and must either so interpose as to appear to give law to the Continent, or be isolated from it. Such was the policy of our great Elizabeth; who never fired a single gun for thirty years; and yet it is from her reign that our continental influence is dated. Such, too, is the consummate policy which has guided us clear of the war which the most skilful observers pronounced inevitable in 1830; and such also was that of the English Government from 1715 to 1740.

Our understanding with the Regent, however, was then almost as unpopular in England, as it had been in France. If the Catholic party in the latter country saw in the Triple Alliance a desertion of the policy of Louis XIV., to many of the English Whigs it appeared an affront to the memory of William and Marlborough. The men who had just driven into exile the authors of the Utrecht Treaty, looked coldly on an alliance which not only confirmed that compromise, but put it forward as the chief security for European peace. Any approximation of England to France was, of course, disliked by the Austrian Legation; and a letter of Count Gyllenborg's is given in the *Historical Register*, which seems to imply that the acquisition of Bremen and Verden, to which we have already referred, was an additional ground of jealousy. It was represented as an attempt to balance the House of Austria by the creation of a second great Protestant power in the North of Germany: And the domestic enemies of the Hanoverian dynasty pounced at once on the bargain about those provinces, as a first instance in which England was sacrificed to the Electorate. We know that the elder Horace Walpole disapproved of the Triple Alliance; and shortly afterwards his party in the Cabinet, resigned on the cognate question of a subsidy against Sweden.

But putting aside the whole question of our relations with Northern Europe, where we repeatedly mediated fair terms of pacification which will well repay a separate examination; it can scarcely be denied that our diplomatic position through the first five and twenty years of the Hanoverian Dynasty, was rewarded by most solid advantages. First, and above all, the regular develop-

ment of English commerce was unimpeded and progressive during those long years of peace. In the next place, we succeeded in correcting some of the most fatal errors of the Utrecht Treaty; —and this in face of its authors, who were not ashamed to taunt Walpole with subservience to the Prince whom they had themselves seated on the throne of Spain. The exchange of Sicily for Sardinia diminished the Italian influence of the House of Savoy, —an influence at that time invariably exercised against England. We separated, for a season, France from Spain. We destroyed the Spanish fleet, which Alberoni's genius had created. We provided by direct stipulation against the increase of the French navy. And finally, as far as the faith of treaties could insure it, we insured the transmission to an ally, of the undivided Austrian dominions.

We are glad to find that M. de Tocqueville keeps clear of the common error of over-estimating the merits of Cardinal Fleury. Because his administration was something better than the intolerable misgovernment which preceded and followed it, it has become the fashion to extol him as a really wise and conscientious minister. But there are features in his personal career to us peculiarly revolting. He had all the patient subservience of a priest; at the same time that he acquiesced in moral wickedness with a readiness which could not be surpassed by the mature courtiership of the Duc de Richelieu. At an age when ambition is dying in the breasts of most men, after a life singularly free from its temptations, the one governing principle of his conduct was, a vigilant concern not to break in on the capital of his authority. To Fleury's anxiety to become at last the inevitable minister, France owed the two years for which she was delivered over to be pillaged and tormented by the Duc de Bourbon and Madame de Prie. To the same ignoble ambition we must trace the regular degrees by which Louis XV. was taught to lull his heart and conscience in progressive abasement, the incestuous horrors of the House of Mailly, the mean concessions by which the Minister purchased Walpole's forbearance, the unprincipled facility with which, rather than part with his darling power, he joined in the conspiracy to despoil Maria Theresa. There is a painful difference between Fleury's behaviour to his royal pupil, and the care with which Mazarin had educated Louis XIV. 'Never,' justly exclaims M. de Tocqueville, 'never was that icy heart warmed with the ambition of creating 'a great king.' As Louis XV. rose to man's estate, his reverend guardian was at the pains of forming the scraglio which was to consume the energies and promise of a reign. He selected for the first sultana a lady whose gentle nature

precluded any apprehension of her becoming a rival to his influence; and when she was afterwards supplanted by her own sister, Fleury did not scruple to recognise the new favourite, and to steady his hold of power by watching the oscillations of his master's caprices. Nor, we repeat, were the details of his administration at all vindicated by their result. The misery of the lower classes was constantly and frightfully on the increase. The Marquis d'Argenson, himself foreign minister at a later period of this reign, describes the advance of public distress, till it even invaded the magnificent privacy of Louis XV. The Bishop of Chartres, on one occasion, answered some official inquiries about the state of his diocese, by an assertion that men and women were 'eating grass like sheep,' and startled the court by predicting a pestilence, which, unlike the famine, would extend its ravages to all classes. In reply to all this, Fleury and his partizans were content to point to the undeniable improvement of the revenue; and to inveigh against individuals who exaggerated the general distress as an opportunity for a parade of charity. But, in spite of the sloth in which Louis XV. himself was buried, the sway of a minister, who from pure selfishness ran so violently counter to the nobler parts of the French character, was impatiently borne by the generation which had grown up under the Regency. It was impossible not to contrast the indolent monotony of Choisy, Madame de Mailly's favourite retreat, with the traditions of that gorgeous chivalry which had grouped itself round the young and martial figure of Louis XIV. This discontent grew gradually stronger, till it broke out on the death of the Emperor Charles VI. in 1740; and found an admirable representative in the brilliant adventurer Belleisle—who played a part of such importance as to justify us in going a little back into his genealogy.

There is not a more curious episode in French history than the career of Nicolas Fouquet, the superintendent of Finance, at the opening of Louis XIV's reign. From an humble post in connexion with the local Parliaments of Brittany, he had risen to a power and opulence which placed him on a level with the proudest of the nobility. His arrogant love of display kept pace with his real authority. He had purchased from the family of De Retz the rocky island of Belleisle, off the coast of his native province; and there were not wanting voices to warn Louis against the danger of allowing an ambitious subject to retain a fortified port, the possession of which had been guarded by the Kings of France with peculiar jealousy. It was said with greater reason, that in another cause the superintendent had placed himself in competition with his master,—and even

dared to raise his presumptuous eyes to the hand of La Vallière. At the instigation of Colbert, whose rigid honesty was scandalised by Fouquet's large-handed and prodigal corruption, Louis determined to curb these soaring aspirations: But his measures resembled those of a conspirator against an established government, rather than those of a King correcting the excesses of a too powerful subject. Fouquet was suddenly arrested; and after a trial, with which Madame de Sevigné has made every body familiar, was imprisoned for life in the fortress of Pignerol. He died there in 1680; leaving four children, one of whom, the only daughter, married the Duc de Charost. The two elder sons died without issue; a third fell in love with, and seduced, a daughter of the House of Lévis. The lady's father first married the offending pair, and then turned them out of doors. Of that marriage there were born two sons, respectively known as the Comte and the Chevalier de Belleisle. Till the death of the old Marquis de Lévis, they were never noticed by their mother's family; but notwithstanding the poverty of their early life, the elder of the two boys kept his eye always fixed on the prospect of regaining something of the splendid position from which his grandfather, the superintendent, had fallen. In the Wars of the Spanish and Polish Successions, he distinguished himself, not only by his courage, but by his uniform desire to please, and his success in attaching those he was thrown amongst. He married a Mademoiselle de Bethune, the great niece of that Mademoiselle d'Arquien, who had followed Marie de Nevers into Poland, and herself afterwards married King John Casimir Sobieski. By all these alliances, the Comte de Belleisle found himself, though in an inferior position at Court, supported by perhaps the most extensive and powerful connexion that any European subject could boast of. Apart from his kindred of the old French families, he was a blood relation of the Electors of Cologne and Bavaria; allied by marriage with some of the chief Polish nobility, and, through the Pretender's Queen, with the English Stuarts. His chances of rising higher were in a still greater degree owing to his own admirable discretion; to the skill with which he had steered through the troubled society of the Regency without making enemies or incurring dishonour, and to the loyalty with which the two brothers co-operated for the restoration of their House.

He now saw in the death of the Emperor Charles VI. a field for the military spirit we have spoken of, — a spirit which was no doubt encouraged by statesmen who had graver projects in view for reviving the designs of Richelieu and Louis XIV. Ever since the death of his infant heir in 1716, Charles VI. had occupied

himself in bribing or frightening the European powers into a guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, which, as we have already said, named Maria Theresa as sole heiress of the Austrian dominions. He succeeded at last in every one of these applications. But the aged Eugene in vain reminded him that his only real guarantee would be found in 30,000 bayonets. Charles accordingly was no sooner dead than Frederic of Prussia, confident that the other powers would sooner or later yield to the temptations which had prevailed with himself, put in his claims to the province of Silesia. The House of Bavaria was soon ready with a forged will in support of its claims to Austria Proper. In Italy and Spain too, the tide was rising on the position of Maria Theresa, with equal rapidity; and Belleisle lost no time in taking it at the flood. In an elaborate memorial which he presented to the French cabinet, he won the ear of Louis XV. by combining a scheme of daring aggression with a complete and lucid exposition of the details which were to effect it. A commanding intervention of France at the approaching Electoral Diet, the elevation of the Bavarian family to the Throne of the Cæsars, the aggrandisement of Prussia in the North, the cession of Moravia to Saxony, and the political annihilation of Germany consequent on her being thus broken into four kingdoms of the second class,—such were the daring projects and brilliant results promised by Belleisle! Brilliant beyond precedent for the elevation of France into the permanent centre of the continent,—even should his plan have been curtailed of its expected complement for extending her geographical limits by the advance of her frontier to the Rhine, and the annexation of the Spiritual Electorates. To support his scheme, he asked only for 150,000 men; 100,000 of whom were to co-operate with Bavaria, on the Danube, while 50,000 were to form an army of observation at home. The disposition of Northern Germany was to be left to the King of Prussia.

If this plan had ever a chance of success, it depended on its being heartily and warmly prosecuted; but Fleury had still influence enough to cripple, though he lacked courage to oppose, it. While Belleisle was glittering at Munich and Francfort, out-dazzling sovereign princes with his sumptuous retinues, and fascinating Frederic at Berlin by the hardihood and rapidity of his strategic plans, Fleury contrived that the army of the Danube should be reduced to 40,000 men, and that France should preserve appearances by refusing to declare war upon Austria in her own name, and by affecting to act merely as the ally of Bavaria. The various pretenders to the inheritance of Maria Theresa were, nevertheless, soon formed into one compact body; and, by the spring of

1741, the House of Austria found itself opposed to the hereditary alliance of the French and Spanish Bourbons, backed by the subordinate courts of Sardinia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia.

The long peace had already been broken, in 1739, by the war between Spain and England. The Jacobites, obedient to the same instinct which taught Stanhope and Walpole that the tranquillity of Europe was necessary to secure our throne to the House of Hanover, had concentrated all the malignity of their opposition on the task of driving us into a war. A heterogeneous party had, accordingly, been formed in Parliament; strengthened alike by deserters whom Walpole's twenty years of patronage had alienated, and by younger and more ardent politicians, who revolted from the sordid accompaniments of his government. They had gathered round a large nucleus of the agricultural and ecclesiastical faction, which had triumphed for a moment with Sacheverel; and these latter brought to the alliance a valuable contingent of the narrowest provincialism and the vulgarest nationality. Bolingbroke, excluded from the House of Lords, but wielding, out of doors, an influence in kind perhaps unexampled in our history, was the moving spring of the combination. Skilfully keeping mooted questions in abeyance, offering in his own genius and in Sir William Wyndham's parliamentary abilities, a full compensation for the incumbrance of the stupid and irritable party with which he was still connected, he steered them safely through the embarrassments necessarily produced by their discordant materials. Their only chance of national support lay in rousing the national antipathies in their favour: And at length, when Elizabeth of Parma, (provoked, as it is said, by Walpole's refusal to interfere on the extinction of the House of Medici,) redoubled the severity with which the Spanish coast-guard treated the contraband trade carried on with America in English vessels, the people, deceived and indignant, clamoured loudly for war. Walpole yielded, against his judgment; and gained nothing by the tardy concession. The Opposition was determined not to trust him with the conduct of a war he had disapproved; nor, as it would seem, to leave a single chance of averting a general European conflagration. We find it actually charged against him as a high offence, that he still looked to the possibility of stopping the Spanish war, by Cardinal Fleury's mediation! But that resource was now withdrawn; and in 1741 (a year before Walpole's fall) England was engaged in a war with Spain on her own account; and was allied to the House of Austria, in opposition to Bavaria and France.

The campaign of 1741, like all in which France takes the leading part, opened brilliantly. The army of observation, under Marshal Maillebois, menaced the King of England's Electoral dominions; and speedily frightened the Government of Hanover into concluding a neutrality for itself. In the south, the grand army, under the nominal command of the King of Bavaria, rapidly passing through Austria, took Passau and Linz; forced Maria Theresa to retire with her court to Presburg, and, turning northwards into Bohemia, invested Prague. At Linz Charles Albert of Bavaria was proclaimed Archduke of Austria; on the 23d of November he was crowned King of Bohemia; and, in the following February, Emperor of Germany. But on the very day of the latter solemnity,* Munich, his hereditary capital, was stormed and sacked by Mentzel, the famous partizan chief, at the head of a half-civilised horde from Hungary and the Tyrol; and all Bavaria then lay open to their ravages. In the meantime the French army was shut up in Prague, and kept in check by the Austrian forces. Maillebois, as the year 1742 advanced, descending from Hanover into Southern Germany, to relieve Belleisle, who had joined the invading army, was cramped by Fleury's positive injunctions not to risk a battle; and, at the close of the campaign, disgraced for having obeyed them. Finally, in the depth of winter, 1742-3, Belleisle left Prague, and accomplished a retreat which, we believe, holds a high place in military history; but it was accompanied by horrors which M. de Tocqueville compares to those of Napoleon's return from Moscow. On his arrival in Franconia, in the spring of 1743, the remnant of his army was broken up. Neither his former popularity, nor the skill with which he had extricated himself from his disastrous position, protected him from the fate of Maillebois. He was ordered to leave Versailles, and to assume the government of Metz. The Hanoverian and English troops, released from the army of observation, had also marched south, and, in May of the same year, defeated a third French army at Dettingen. The reverses of the French arms were followed by the defection of their allies: And the first example was set by Prussia and Sardinia.

There is a singular analogy between the history of these two states. It originates in their position; and has been continued in the points which most nearly redeem the errors of their rulers. Prussia and the Sardinian States, alike without natural or defensible frontiers, have been almost necessarily forced, by the instinct of self-preservation, into a policy of craft and violence. Alike pressed upon by France and Austria, they have scarcely ever taken a step permanently backwards. Ever since Albert of

Brandenburgh declared his independence, the history of Prussia is a record of provinces forcibly torn from Poland, from Austria, and Sweden. The history of the House of Savoy again, has found its exponent in the Piedmontese proverb, that Lombardy is like an artichoke, and must be eaten leaf by leaf. But, however this selfish policy may have been embraced, it is due to these states to recollect how with each of them it has been subordinated to an honourable sense of German and of Italian nationality. Always ready to purchase fresh provinces by supporting intruders, neither Prussia nor Sardinia have ever failed to arrest their progress, as soon as there seemed a danger of foreign influence overlaying the institutions and crushing the spirit of their common country. And this analogy has been again very curiously illustrated in the course of the last twelve-month, when almost the same day brought intelligence of the bold grasp which, amid the crash of thrones and the abortion of constitutions, Prussia and Sardinia respectively made, at the chieftainship of the German and the Italian races. Alas for Prussia, should the resemblance in working out this last experiment also coincide!

In Italy the Spanish Bourbons had reluctantly acknowledged the Austrian supremacy; and it was still doubtful, whether the expulsion of the barbarians would convert Lombardy into a French Prefecture under Don Philip, or merge it into the Sardinian States and place Charles Emmanuel at its head as King of Upper Italy. Maria Theresa was plainly interested in allowing full scope for the development of these divergent interests; and it has been surmised that, in hopes of frightening the King of Sardinia into a peace, Admiral Haddock, who commanded the Mediterranean fleet, was ordered not to oppose the landing of the Spanish troops in the Bay of Spezzia. The result turned out as had been expected. The house of Savoy being already inclosed by Bourbon Princes, in France, in Naples, and in Parma, its eastern frontier was now to be menaced by a fourth establishment in Lombardy. Charles Emmanuel hastened to make peace at Turin; and in September, 1743, concluded the Treaty of Worms, by which he engaged to assist in defending Lombardy, in return for several additions to his northern and eastern frontier.

In the meantime Frederic had also broken off from his allies. Dazzled as he was by Belleisle's genius, he had never agreed to the scheme of erecting Louis XV. into the Lord Paramount of Germany. Silesia once secured, he co-operated lazily with the French armies in Bohemia; and at last, under Lord Hyndfort's mediation, concluded the Peace of Breslau — an arrangement by

which England afterwards guaranteed his peaceful possession of Silesia.

His allies thus falling off, and France stunned by her reverses, Charles Albert of Bavaria was prepared to acquiesce in the ruin of his brilliant expectations. In 1744, conferences were opened at Hanau, when he offered to renounce all his claims to the Austrian inheritance, in return for being acknowledged as emperor, and allowed a monthly subsidy from England. The English ministry, and especially Lord Carteret, were severely blamed for letting slip this opportunity of terminating the war: But Maria Theresa was inflexible. Her own spirit, and that of her Hungarian and Bohemian mountaineers, had communicated itself to her councils; and now, when the formidable coalition which had driven her from town to town was breaking up, she would not hear of peace, unless Bavaria united its forces to the Austrians, and joined her in a vigorous effort to wrest back Alsace and Lorraine from France. She reckoned on the failing courage and visible hesitation that now ruled the French Court. But France was on the eve of a crisis, tantamount to a change of ministry, which revived the half-extinguished embers of the quarrel.

Fleury, distrusted, like Walpole, by the promoters of a war in which he had reluctantly engaged, had sunk beneath the mortifications and anxiety consequent on Belleisle's retreat from Prague. He died in January, 1743; and with his last breath, forgetting how effectually he had crushed every generous impulse in his pupil's mind, he implored Louis XV. to have no more first ministers, but in future to govern for himself. Louis followed half his advice; and the sway of a first minister only gave place to that of a mistress. For the next thirty years, Madame de Chateauroux, Madamé de Pompadour, and Madame du Barri, were the real prime ministers of France. Not only did these ladies enjoy the intimate confidence of the monarch, not only were their whims ostentatiously gratified, and their patronage assiduously sought, but they were formally recognised as constitutional authorities — if the word is not a misnomer, when applied to any functionaries in an oriental despotism. To them the secretaries of state addressed regular reports, and under their inspection conducted public business. At first, indeed, the change was rather for the better; the few months during which Louis XV. showed some regard for public duty were due to Madame de Chateauroux. But there is a tragic solemnity in her dazzling rise and appalling end, which transports us from the gaudy antechambers of Versailles, to the broad shadows and lurid atmosphere of an old Greek legend.

Her story is given at length in the commonest French Histories; still it is difficult for any one not familiarised with the brutal callousness of the cotemporary memoirs, to credit or conceive it in the fulness of its splendid infamy. Henry, Marquis de Nesle, the head of an ancient House whose honours dated from the Crusades, was the father of five daughters,—all of them the mistresses of Louis XV.! Louise, the eldest, in whom observers loved afterwards to trace something of the gentle-heartedness and humility which had often redeemed the parallel frailties of La Vallière, was married at the age of sixteen to her cousin, M. de Mailly, and placed as a lady in waiting at the court of Queen Maria Leckzinska. Selected by Cardinal Fleury to be the King's mistress, she bore her scandalous honours so meekly, as to retain her position for several years, without exciting envy or dislike. But she seems to have been an exception to the genius of her kindred. One of her sisters,—the future Madame de Vintimille, had formed in her convent of Port Royal, the daring vision of governing France as Madame de Maintenon had governed it before her. The French annals afforded inexhaustible precedents for ambition of this kind; and after Fleury, as we said above, had stooped to arbitrate in these quarrels, which revolt us in the mere allusion, we find Agnes Sorel presented as the chosen model of Madame de Chateauroux, the third daughter of this family. There is a terrible, Semiramis-like grandeur in what we read of her; treading public opinion under her audacious feet, negotiating on equal terms with the King, sweeping aside in her stately march all the weaker, and at least less insolently guilty, appendages of the court. Incredible as it appears, it is certain that she demanded the public disgrace of her sister, Madame de Mailly, and her own recognised installation as *Maitressse en titre*. But it was her boast that she had not yielded to Louis, only to the King of France. She was bent on accompanying, like Madame de Montespan, her royal lover to the scenes of his victories; and on rousing into some show of energy the life which he had dragged on till the age of thirty-four, in aimless, tedious apathy.

The dissolving coalition soon felt her influence. A league with Spain had already been concluded at Fontainebleau in 1743, which was, in fact, an approach to the family compact of 1761. Providing ostensibly for the mutual guarantee of the Bourbon Houses, it in fact enrolled their younger branches as subordinate members of a great French Empire. The king now announced his intention of taking the field in person; and Fleury's financial successors were severely tasked to provide for the due splendour of the campaign. The Pretender was brought

from Rome; and, to the disgust of the Protestant states of Germany, preparations were set on foot for the Scotch expedition of 1745. Again the eyes of the French ministers were turned to Frederic of Prussia,—faithless as they knew him, and publicly discredited by his last desertion of their cause. It was remarked, that the Treaty of Breslau, by which he held Silesia, was the only recent convention not ratified by the late Treaty of Worms, between Maria Theresa and Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. On this occasion the French ministers made their well-known choice of Voltaire for ambassador to Berlin. As a professional diplomatist, his failure was of course inevitable; but it is not clear that the choice was absolutely unwise or fruitless. Voltaire's enmity was never to be despised; and his appointment was an easy salve for the affront he had just received in being rejected at the Academy, through the influence of Maurepas. On the other hand, if any conceivable bribe could have induced Frederic to forget his sole and paramount idea of self-aggrandisement, it would have been his public recognition as the royal patron of French literature and infidelity. Voltaire, however, returned from Berlin in six weeks; and could only report at Versailles that Frederic made a declaration of war by France against England, a necessary condition of his alliance. But early in the next year, through another and a more secret agent, the King of Prussia offered, by a descent on Bohemia, to divert the Austrians from the defence of the Low Countries. Chavigny was at once despatched to the Diet on a mission similar to that of Belleisle in 1741, to represent the French cause as a guarantee of German liberty; and early in 1744, by a treaty known as the Union of Francfort, Prussia and Bavaria were again united with France against Austria.

The personal presence of a King of France never failed to swell the royal army with the strength of the provincial gentry, in addition to the courtly and official aristocracy. Escorting Madame de Chateauroux, Louis XV., set out at the head of a train as brilliant as that which had followed the great Condé in forcing the Rhine under the eyes of Louis XIV., or that more devoted *noblesse* which numbered no less than eight future Marshals of France, in supporting Villars at the desperate struggle of Malplaquet. The fortresses on the Belgian frontier, which the Barrier Treaties authorised the Dutch to garrison, yielded to the advancing troops; when the news that Prince Charles of Lorraine had invaded Alsace, checked the King's progress, and concentrated all the forces then in France on the town of Metz. That well known illness of Louis XV. followed; and called out the last hearty enthusiasm France ever showed

for her old Bourbon Kings. The thrill of panic and sympathy which crowded the French churches and the very streets of Paris, with a throng as anxious for reports from Metz as their descendants were for the tremendous tidings of Jemappes or Waterloo, must have seemed to the next generation a singular instance of epidemic madness; and even to us, authentic and full as are the details that make up the picture, it has the look of some strange scene, erroneously transported into real history from a romance. While the King's danger lasted, Madame de Chateauroux fulfilled the severest duties, as she had most publicly usurped the privileges, of a Queen of France. But the imminence of a new reign combined all the waiters upon Providence with the graver circle, which, in sorrow and indignation at the abasement of royalty, had adhered to Maria Leckzinska and the Dauphin. The latter (father to Louis XVI.) had been studiously kept at a distance from the revelling and triumphant profligacies of the King's march. But he was now joined at Metz by the Duc de Chartres, grandson of the Regent, and son to the Jansenist Duke of Orleans. The same feeling of superstitious Catholicism which, while English emissaries were at this very time tampering with the Protestants of the South, prevented the restoration of the Edict of Nantes, would have been outraged, if Louis XV.'s death-bed had not been hallowed by public sacraments. But the expulsion of Madame de Chateauroux was a necessary condition of their administration. The Duc de Chartres and Richelieu drew their swords in the very bed-chamber; meanwhile, the horror which Louis XV. always showed at the approach of death, weakened the party of the favourite. She was ordered to leave the court; and d'Argenson, the Foreign Minister, prepared his own future disgrace by the unmanly harshness with which he delivered the royal orders. The King recovered; and Madame de Chateauroux was recalled. Her enemies were, in their turn, dismissed; d'Argenson was exiled, and laid down his office; she was herself named to a high position in the Dauphin's household. But the revulsion of her feelings had been too strong. She was taken ill, with a suddenness that roused suspicions of poison; and in twenty-four hours she had died, imploring the pardon of Maria Leckzinska! By her side, at the death-bed, re-appeared Louise de Mailly,—that true and loving sister, whose tenderness her own guilt could never harden, nor her rival's insults alienate.

With Madame de Chateauroux passed away the animating principle of the revived coalition. The year after her death the energy she had communicated to Louis XV. still carried him on to Fontenoy. But after that, the ends proposed by war seemed

further off than ever; and were brought no nearer even by Rocoux and Lawfeldt. Early in 1745 the Emperor Charles VII. closed his wretched career. The first act of his successor, the Elector Maximilian, was to make peace with Austria, and to acquiesce in the elevation of Maria Theresa's husband, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the imperial throne. An attempt at an Italian confederation, of which the King of Sardinia would have been the most prominent member, and which would have largely recompensed France for her losses in the war, was broken off in the same year, by the obstinate folly of the Spanish court. But in 1746 Philip V. died; and at once Elizabeth of Parma lost all her influence. The new king, Ferdinand VI., immediately recalled the Spanish troops; not choosing that they should be sacrificed in Italy to provide an appanage for his half-brothers. Frederic again failed the French cause, and, in setting Austria free to act after the Peace of Dresden, verified the saying, that he hurt his allies as much by making peace, as he hurt his enemies by making war. In India the quarrels of Dupleix and Labourdonnaye favoured the English establishments, and consigned the latter great soldier and administrator to the Bastille. At sea, Anson's victories were destroying the French navy. Still France toiled on; and, deserted and exhausted as she was, in 1747 she declared formal war with Holland. But the Maritime Powers and the House of Austria had yet another card to play, and by producing it decided this protracted game.

The position of Russia with regard to the older monarchies of Europe is one of the most curious features in the diplomatic history of the last century. Long before the reign of Peter the Great, in the days of the Livonian and Polish wars, her colossal power had been propelled with convulsive movements towards the South and West. Since his death, in each of the three European wars that followed the Peace of Utrecht — in the war of the Polish Succession, in that of the Austrian Succession, and in the Seven Years' War — Russia attempted to take part in the contest; she was, however, invariably and systematically excluded from a share in the final treaties which reunited the recognised members of the international commonwealth. Her assistance, indeed, was eagerly desired by all parties: but our ancestors regarded it with much the same jealousy and discredit which they would have attached to a league with the Turk against Christian powers, or with which an English government would have sought help from Abdel-Kader against France. It was not till the wars of the Bavarian Succession, in 1779, that Frederic the Great, sinning grievously against German interests, introduced Russian diplomatists as

guarantees of the Peace of Teschen—treaties, renewing those of Westphalia, with the guarantee of which, Russia has in consequence considered herself charged. In the present instance, ever since the death of Charles VI., the French and English ambassadors at Petersburg had been struggling against each other's influence. At last, through the help of the Grand Chancellor Bestufcheff, the latter prevailed; and agreeably to the Subsidy Treaties of 1747, 67,000 Russians were ready to act against France upon the Rhine. It would have been impossible for the latter power to resist the accession of strength which this contingent would have given to Maria Theresa. But the presence of these dangerous allies quickened, perhaps on both sides, the negotiations of Aix la Chapelle: and this tedious war finally closed in 1748—without the accomplishment of any one of the objects for which it had been begun!

England, indeed, lost little in this contest; except by the waste of troops and money, and from the discredit of having originally engaged in the Spanish War in obedience to an ignorant and interested clamour. Against our support of Maria Theresa nothing can be said. When no single continental court was found honest enough to refuse a share in the plunder of the House of Austria, England alone acted honourably up to her engagements. But the party which precipitated the original war with Spain is not therefore absolved from legitimate blame. It is impossible to doubt that our subsisting broil with that country was an important element in the decision by which the court of France was allowed to head the coalition of 1741. When the one object of expelling Walpole was attained, the very pretence of any public interest had been so completely thrown aside, that the treaties of Aix-la-Chapelle never once made mention of the Right of Search, nor contained any provision for regulating the contraband trade—though these alone had been the assigned causes of the war. It was not till Sir Benjamin Keene's Convention of 1750 that the chance of future embarrassments was obviated, by the abrogation of their fruitful—and, we may well add, shameless—parent, the Assiento Contract of 1713.

France was, if possible, still more entirely without excuse for her share in the struggle; and she never recovered the wounds she received in it. By the party which supported Belleisle in clamouring for war, the attack on Maria Theresa had been proclaimed the natural consummation of the policy of Henry IV. and Richelieu. But there was never a more signal instance of the short-sighted haste which is incapable of distinguishing between the letter of a principle and its spirit and application. When the

House of Austria was threatening to crush the development of every weaker state in Christendom, and was supported by the whole force of spiritual despotism, Henry IV.'s resistance to its usurpations was the cause, not of France only, but of Europe. Farther on, if we accept the advance of the French frontier and the extension of dynastic alliances, as reasonable objects for a wise ruler to pursue, the vaulting ambition of Louis XIV. tended to aims which were strictly practical, and it was ratified by the enthusiastic applause of the whole nation. But, after the peace of Utrecht, the House of Austria had become for ever incapable of giving serious offence; her richest provinces had been annexed to France, and the ties which bound up with them the inviolate unity of the Holy Roman Empire had been rudely broken. The Austrian finances were exhausted; the remnant of Eugene's heroic life was passed in struggles with Charles II.'s ambitious flatterers, and the solemn triflers of the Aulic Council; the various Leagues and Alliances of the Rhine had abased the head of the Empire to be the president of a rebellious and disorganised confederacy; and with the Empire, the national spirit of Germany, so formidable to France and so much dreaded by her, had lost all its terrors. Without some extraordinary impulse to force them back upon themselves and startle them into independent action, it seemed as if the nations between the Rhine and the Vistula would scarcely require even a passing notice from the vigilant diplomacy of France. Frederic William of Prussia (though in many respects a most undoubted and honourable exception to his brother Kings,) was absorbed in his passion for playing at soldiers. Saxony was involved in the endless squabbles of the Polish Diet. Hanover, after plundering Mecklenburgh, under pretence of pacifying it, was quarrelling with Prussia over the booty.

But to French statesmen the House of Austria continued to be the same bugbear — as if Tilly and Wallenstein still headed her armies; as if the Imperial race still drew strength from Alsace and Franche Comté; as if its younger branches still ruled in Spain, and the Sicilies, and Milan, and Peru. To weaken this vanishing phantom, France plunged madly into the war, the diplomatic character of which we have briefly traced. She was rewarded by the creation of a new Kingdom, which was destined to take the lead in Germany; and which may even yet be found the fittest element to regenerate the fallen Empire. Frederic owed Silesia and Glatz to the co-operation of France, and to her inability to cope with his great capacity. The appearance of another first-class power in the European lists; the strength which carried Prussia through her subsequent

struggle with Austria; the intense enthusiasm* of German nationality which hailed the triumphs of Minden and Rosbach: the self-relying vigour which this nationality has since communicated to German society and German literature; the movement of the whole German race in the War of Independence; the growth of that doctrinaire school of modern Germany, whose most rooted prejudice is an antipathy to the very name of France—all these effects have followed (and we believe may be deduced by no indirect affiliation) from that unjust war of the Austrian Succession.

Internally the consequences to France were as deplorable, and far more immediately disastrous. The national expenditure, which Fleury had succeeded in equalising with the income, rose above it, never to be reduced. The royal navy, which, on the interruption of Fleury's conventions with Walpole, Maurepas had laboured to revive, was so absolutely destroyed, that M. de Tocqueville assures us, at the peace* of Aix la Chapelle, France only possessed two ships of war! In the collisions between the French and English colonists were sown the seeds of the misunderstanding which, in the war of 1756, deprived France of Canada, and prepared the ruin of her flourishing establishments in Hindostan.

We have now sketched the two first of the three periods into which we divided the diplomatic history of France during the reign of Louis XV. The third period commences with the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, and the Austrian Alliance that followed. But the attitude which Europe then assumed was preserved, with some modifications, long after the death of Louis XV., and down to the Congress of Reichenbach in 1790. It would be impossible for us (consistently with reasonable limits) now to give the events of these years, even in the merest outline. We can only hope that we may soon have an opportunity of doing so, by the appearance of a history of this later period, as candid and intelligent as M. de Tocqueville's 'History of the Reign of Louis XV.'

* The April supplement of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a very able paper on 'the French Marine of 1849;' and annexed to it is a table of the maritime armaments of France from 1675 to 1743; by which it appears that in 1717 (two years after the death of Louis XIV.) the maritime forces of France only numbered four vessels and 460 men. There are considerable fluctuations. But in 1736 the vessels were only 5; the men 820.

ART. IV. — *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*. By GEORGE DENNIS. 2 vols. London: 1848.

WE welcome, with great satisfaction, the appearance of Mr. Dennis's long-promised work upon the remains of ancient Etruria. It cannot, indeed, boast of the same startling novelty as the researches by Mr. Layard, which have so lately opened to us the marvels of ancient Nineveh: nor has the author the advantage of finding himself, like Sir Charles Fellows in Lycia, on ground previously untrodden. But the records of the greatness and civilisation of the Etruscan people — of that nation which exercised a most important influence upon the rising destinies of Rome, and from which was derived much of the religious faith, and something at least of the national character of the future masters of the world, must always be an object of interest to the philosophical student of antiquity.

The subject, nevertheless, until very recently, has been a singularly unfortunate one. Disfigured at a very early period by the literary impostures of Annus of Viterbo, it was abandoned during three centuries almost exclusively to the perverted patriotism of uncritical native antiquaries. Niebuhr has even ventured to assert that no other subject connected with ancient history has given rise to so much hasty, irrational, and unprofitable speculation. Without pausing to inquire whether the Celtic antiquaries of our own and the sister island might not claim at least an equality in this respect with their Tuscan brethren, it must be admitted that the earlier works on Etruscan history and antiquities are in the highest degree unsatisfactory; nor have the comparatively recent labours of Inghirami and Micali done much more than prepare materials for a more critical inquirer. The latter author, indeed, attempted a general review of the history and civilisation of ancient Italy. But his efforts were rendered almost wholly abortive by the strength of those national prejudices which led him to reject with scorn the theories of all Transalpine authors, and to repudiate with indignation any system which would derive his Etruscan forefathers — according to him, as pure Autochthones as ever wore golden grasshoppers in their hair — from a Pelasgic or other foreign source.

Mrs. Hamilton Gray, whose lively and amusing work on the sepulchres of Etruria had the merit of first attracting the attention of the English public to the subject, had the misfortune on beginning her Etruscan studies to fall into the hands of Italian *letterati* of the ultra-national school: and she appears to have

imbibed their prejudices so deeply, as to have been unable subsequently to extricate herself from their dominion, or listen to the dictates of more sober and impartial criticism. These defects have rendered her work of comparatively little value to the scholar; and we certainly cannot congratulate the traveller who should put himself under its guidance. Many of the most interesting sites she did not visit at all; while her descriptions of those she saw were derived as much from her memory as from notes made on the spot, and could not therefore but present many inaccuracies as well as omissions.

On the other hand the masterly work of the lamented Karl Otfried Müller, though containing an excellent summary of all that can be learned from ancient authors concerning Etruscan history and antiquities, made its appearance, by a singular accident, almost at the very moment when that long series of discoveries, which within the last twenty years have thrown so much light upon the subject, had just begun. In 1828 when the 'Etrusker' of that highly-gifted scholar were first given to the world, the vast necropolis of Vulci, which has since yielded so many thousands of painted vases, was still virgin ground. As yet, a few only of the curious painted tombs of Tarquinii had been laid open: and none of those which have been more recently found at Veii, Cære, or Chiusi. If hundreds of sepulchral urns had been previously exhumed at Volterra and at Chiusi, hundreds more have been since added to the series. All competent judges, we are certain, will agree with us, when we assert that the last twenty years have contributed more to our knowledge of the arts, the manners, and customs of ancient Etruria than the three preceding centuries.

These discoveries have been for the most part recorded, and the most interesting of the monuments described and figured, in the valuable publications of the Archæological Society, founded at Rome in 1829, under the auspices of Chevalier Bunsen. But the voluminous and expensive character of these publications renders them difficult of access to the scholar, and wholly unsuited to the general reader. Hence the want has been long felt of some work which should answer the purpose both of the traveller and the student, — affording trustworthy instructions to the one, at the same time that it communicated to the other, within a moderate compass, the successful results of these late inquiries.

To the fulfilment of this task Mr. Dennis has brought no ordinary qualifications. His scholarship, at once accurate and extensive, is enlightened by a sound and rational spirit of criticism; and the natural enthusiasm with which he regards the

subject of his long-continued researches is rarely permitted to mislead the calmness of his judgment. Favourably known to the antiquarian world as a contributor to the publications of the Archæological Institute of Rome, he was already familiar with the stores of information which they contain, as well as with the works of the earlier Italian writers on Etruscan antiquities. Nor has he neglected to avail himself of the important labours of the great scholars of Germany, Niebuhr, Müller, and Lepsius. But that which constitutes, in our eyes at least, his greatest merit, is not so much the amount of learning which he has brought to bear upon the objects of his researches, as the untiring zeal and personal assiduity with which those researches were prosecuted. The work before us is the fruit (as he tells us in his preface) of several tours made in Etruria between the years 1842 and 1847. In the course of these tours he has visited every site within the confines of that country on which ancient remains were known to exist; and has left few unvisited on which there was any probability that such remains could be discovered. Neither time nor labour have been spared in verifying his descriptions. Thus we find him at Corneto spending whole weeks, 'day after day, from 'sunrise to sunset' among the tombs of Tarquinii, — copying their paintings with the camera lucida, and encountering no little personal risk in making accurate copies of half-effaced inscriptions on the rock-tombs of Castel d'Asso and Sovana: 'Often,' says he, 'have I reclined on the top of a tomb, with 'my body hanging half over its face, clinging for support to 'some projection of the rock or some friendly bough, while I 'endeavoured, too frequently in vain, to *feel* my way through 'an inscription or bas-relief; and often, as at Sovana, have I 'been forced to assume a more perilous position, standing on 'tip-toe, spread-eagled against the front of the monument, with 'nothing to save me from the yawning pit at my feet some 'thirty or forty feet deep, but the ledge of rock on which I 'stood, only two or three inches wide, and ever slippery with 'moisture, and the grasp of one hand on the angle of the façade, 'or in some shallow hole in the smooth-hewn tufo.'

We have dwelt upon this point, not from any desire to magnify toils or trials, for which every true lover of antiquity will always be prepared; but because Mr. Dennis's conduct in this respect unfortunately forms a striking contrast to that of the great majority of travellers in Italy. It has long been an anomaly, and almost a reproach, that while the domain of geographical science over the remotest quarters of the globe has been extended by British enterprise, — while the comparatively inac-

cessible regions of Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt were early explored by British travellers, who lacked neither the zeal nor the knowledge requisite for such pursuits, — so little should have been done by the hundreds of our countrymen in their annual migrations across the Alps, for the improvement of our still imperfect acquaintance with the Italian peninsula. Yet, how small a portion of the labour and energy which have been brought to bear on the antiquities of Greece and Asia Minor by such writers as Dodwell, Leake, and Hamilton, or which have lately revealed to us the treasures of Lycia and Nineveh, would have sufficed to render us familiar with every corner of the beautiful region : —

‘ Ch’ Apennin parte, e l’ mar circonda, e l’ Alpe.’

Italy has been supposed to be so well known, that all the more energetic spirits have turned their steps elsewhere, and left the task of investigating its beauties and its monuments to that feeble class of tourists who trembled at rumours of banditti, or shrank from the horrors of a sleepless night in a filthy *osteria*. Observations like the following must frequently recur to such an artist as Mr. Lear, or such an antiquary as Mr. Dennis : —

‘ We are apt to regard Italy as a country so thoroughly beaten by travellers that little now can be said about it ; still less do we imagine that relics of the olden time can exist in the open air, and remain unknown to the world. Yet the truth is, that vast districts of the Peninsula, especially in the Tuscan, Roman, and Neapolitan states, are to the archæologist a *terra incognita*. Every monument on the highroads is familiar even to the fireside traveller ; but how little is known of the byeways ! Of the swarms of foreigners who yearly traverse the country between Florence and Rome, not one in a hundred leaves the beaten track to visit objects of antiquity : still fewer make a journey into the intervening districts expressly for such a purpose. Now and then an excursion is made to Chiusi ; or a few may now run from Civita Vecchia to Corneto, to visit the painted tombs ; but not a tithe of that small number continue their route to Vulci or Toscanella — still fewer to Cosa. Parties occasionally make a pic-nic to the site of Veii ; but, considering the proximity to Rome, the convenience of transit, and the intense interest of the spot, the number is very limited. The wide district on the frontier of the Tuscan and Roman states is so rarely trodden by the foot of a traveller, even of an antiquary, that it can be no matter of surprise that relics of ancient art should exist there, and be utterly unknown to the world, — gazed at only with stupid astonishment by the peasantry, or else more stupidly unheeded. In a country almost depopulated by malaria, inhabited only by shepherds and husbandmen, and never traversed by the educated and intelligent, the most striking monuments may remain for ages unnoticed.’ (Vol. i. p. 481.)

The principal discoveries have accordingly been accidental; even that of Pæstum. The remarkable rock-hewn cemeteries of Norchia and Castel d'Asso were discovered only about forty years ago, by some sportsmen of Viterbo. Mr. Dennis tells us, how the equally interesting rock-tombs of Sovana were brought to light within the last few years by an intelligent English traveller:—

‘In the spring of 1843, Mr. Ainsley, my former fellow-traveller in Etruria, was making a third tour through this interesting land, and, not content with beaten tracks, he penetrated to Pitigliano, and thence made an excursion to Sovana, in quest of antiquities. Being aware that that place was known only as the site of the Roman Suana, he had no reason to expect relics of Etruscan times; yet, having established such an antiquity for Pitigliano, he shrewdly suspected the same for the neighbouring site. Here he inquired for antiquities. Antiquities! — “*che roba è?*” Nobody had heard of such “stuff” at Sovana. From the provost to the hind, all were alike ignorant. But his curiosity was excited by some *columbasia* and rock-hewn tombs of familiar character; and he proceeded to explore the surrounding ravines. His suspicions were soon confirmed. Here were tombs with rock-hewn façades, as at Norchia and Castel d'Asso; and, following the range of cliffs, he came to a monument in the form of a temple, in a style both unique and beautiful. His surprise and delight at this discovery explained to the villagers who accompanied him the nature of the objects he was seeking. They were no less astonished to find a stranger display such interest in what, to their simple mind, was meaningless, or was regarded as a mere “*scherzo*,” — a freak of Nature imitating Art, or a fanciful work carved in an idle and wanton mood by the “rude forefathers of the hamlet.” “*Scherzi, scherzi!* — is that the *roba* you want? There are plenty “of such *whims!*” cried they; and they led him on from one rock-hewn monument to another, which excited his surprise and admiration more and more, by their multitude, variety, and novel character, and afforded him convincing evidence of the Etruscan origin of Sovana. He returned day after day to the spot, and, in defiance of a midsummer sun, and its noxious influences, persevered till he had made finished drawings of the most remarkable monuments, and taken their dimensions with the fullest detail. In truth, he has left little to be done by future visitors to Sovana, so detailed and accurate are his notices and drawings, and such the zeal with which he prosecuted his researches for the benefit of antiquarian science.’ (Vol. i. p. 413.)

Such an instance may well provoke the emulation of the most sluggish archæologist; and we cannot but hope that Mr. Dennis's book may not only be the means of inducing many of our countrymen to visit the less-frequented spots which it describes, but that some few, at least, will imitate his example, and look out for regions which neither scholar nor antiquary has even yet explored.

We can assure them that there yet remains an ample field for their researches. However well Mr. Dennis and his friend, Mr. Ainslie, may have beaten the ground of ancient Etruria, large portions of the Roman States, and a vast extent of the kingdom of Naples, are, up to the present time, comparatively unknown. Even the ancient cities which border the Latin Way and the Volscian mountains — the gigantic monuments of Segni, Norba, and Alatri — have never been adequately described in any work generally accessible to the English reader: while the Cyclopean cities of the central Apennines, and the remains of Greek art and civilisation in the south, still await the investigation of some future antiquary, — daring enough to encounter the often imaginary dangers of the *banditti* of Calabria and the Abruzzi, as well as the more real and certain discomforts and hardships incidental to such a tour.

Whenever any such enterprising traveller shall arise, he will not want our recommendation to take Mr. Dennis for his pattern. To a familiar acquaintance with ancient authors, as well as the results of more recent researches, he must add the not less indispensable familiarity with the language and the manners of the modern Italians; a lively interest in their local peculiarities and customs, and that cheerful disposition to please and to be pleased, without which no traveller ought to adventure himself out of the highroads between capital and capital. It is not the least pleasing feature of Mr. Dennis's very pleasing book, that it bears throughout the impress of a kindly feeling towards the present occupants of the lands through which he has been wandering: a feeling with which we have generally found the traveller in Italy to be possessed, more or less strongly, in proportion as he has deviated more or less widely from the beaten track of tourists and 'milordi Inglesi.' Among the many useful hints which Mr. Dennis records for the benefit of future travellers on the necessary topics of accommodation, guides, and the like, it is only where he comes across the high roads that any warnings occur against imposition or extortion.

These passing intimations are almost the only paragraphs which, from time to time, recall the reader to what, if we may judge from the preface, would appear to have been the original scope of Mr. Dennis's work — a Handbook in Etruria. We cannot but rejoice at the change; for, if two goodly volumes are both too bulky and too costly for a mere traveller's manual, they are also something of a far higher order. They are a valuable storehouse of classical and antiquarian lore to every scholar; and the most general reader must be attracted by their pleasant, though somewhat discursive style. In this respect Mr. Den-

nis's book reminds us not a little of Mr. Ford's very entertaining Handbook for Spain, — a work which, in its original form, deviated almost as widely from its primary object, but in which the most unfriendly critic could scarcely find fault with an inconsistency which produced something so much better than that which it originally promised.

There is one other quality which, if not absolutely necessary to the antiquarian traveller, augments indefinitely his enjoyment — a keen sensibility to the beauties of nature. We have rarely met with descriptions of Italian scenery, at once so striking and so characteristic, as those with which Mr. Dennis has interspersed the drier details of antiquarian topography. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine that any one should ever take the trouble of climbing to the lofty sites generally selected by the Etruscans for their cities, and, at the same time, be so cold as not to pause and dwell on the 'amphitheatre of goodly view' which unfolds itself before him; or dive into the deep ravines, in whose rocky sides are hewn the sepulchres of the earliest inhabitants, without being sensibly affected both by the picturesqueness and the solemn grandeur of the scene. How often, too, is the beautiful landscape rich in names — the names of 'many a stately market-place, and many a fruitful plain,' — which lovers of Roman history and Roman literature can scarcely look upon with indifference, even when caught only in glancing over a dictionary or a map.

Our narrow limits preclude us from now presenting our readers with any of Mr. Dennis's glowing panoramas; or from doing more than referring, as an example, to his description of the Maremma of Tuscany (vol. ii. p. 210, &c.); — a region almost unknown to English tourists, though accessible by good roads from Leghorn or Siena, and abounding in picturesque and beautiful scenery, as well as in remarkable relics of antiquity. Perhaps in this instance its reputation for unhealthiness has contributed to keep travellers aloof; but it may be visited with perfect safety both in winter and spring, however perilous during the burning heats of summer.

It is equally out of our power to accompany our author, at present, to the various sites to which he invites the traveller and the antiquary, — promising to reward them either by extant monuments which attest the former existence of towns almost unknown to fame, — as at Castel d'Asso, Norchia, or Sovana, — or by relics of those great and powerful cities with whose renown we have been familiar from our school days. All that we can now attempt is, a brief summary of the results of modern investigations as exhibited in these pages, and to point

out what has actually been learnt, from the still existing remains of Etruria, concerning her earlier condition.

Of these remains it must be admitted that the relics of her cities contribute but little substantial knowledge. In a topographical point of view, indeed, much has been effected of late years; and the student of ancient greatness will rarely have his interest disturbed by any doubts respecting the identity of the sites which he is visiting. Questions of this kind may have but slight interest for the general reader; yet it is impossible not to pause for a moment over the various fortunes of those rival cities, which, in the palmy days of Etruscan power, were the noblest of the land. Among all which are recognised members of the 'great Etruscan Twelve,'—the heads of the confederacy, and the capitals of as many sovereign states,—Perugia alone retains any portion of her former importance, together with abundant evidence in her remains significant of that importance. Volterra and Cortona preserve not only their old names and original positions,—far too strongly marked out by nature to be readily abandoned,—but are still girt, in part, by their ancient walls of rude and massive masonry; though the space enclosed is become 'a world too wide' for the shrunk dimensions of the modern towns. The equally massive walls of Rosellæ, on the contrary, will now be found in a desert wilderness; and the hill which they crown is so thickly overgrown with thorny brushwood, as to test severely the zeal of the antiquary and the strength of his clothing. Or the other hand, Chiusi, which was fast going to decay in the days of Dante*, has been arrested in the progress of its decline; and a tolerably thriving little town of two or three thousand inhabitants still occupies the site of the illustrious capital of Lars Porsena. The modern towns of Arezzo and Bolsena, while they have perpetuated the names of the Etruscan Arretium and Volsinii, in all probability do not stand on the old foundations, but on those of later Roman colonies. A somewhat similar transfer has taken place in the case of Falerii; for though Sir W. Gell has thought fit to regard the ancient walls and towers still visible at Sta. Maria di Falleri as those of the ancient Etruscan city, there can be no doubt of their belonging to a much later period, when the inhabitants of Falerii were transported thither by the Romans after their last fruitless insurrection. Mr. Dennis has given very satisfactory

* Se tu riguardi Luni ed Urbisaglia
Come son ite, e come se ne vanno
Dietro ad esse Chiusi e Sinigaglia.'

Paradiso, c. xvi.

reasons for regarding Civita Castellana as the site of the original Falerii; and as such it appears in Cramer's map.

Of the cities nearer Rome, and which, from their coming early into conflict with her rising power, fill a more prominent place in her annals, all are alike desolate and abandoned. The strongly characterised site of Veii is familiar, we would hope, to a greater proportion of the visitors to the Eternal City than Mr. Dennis gives them credit for: and every scholar will have repeated, while riding over its vacant hills, the well-known lines of Propertius, which so accurately apply to its present condition.*

Equally complete is the destruction of Cære; for the modern village of Cervetri—at best a miserable place, with scarcely two hundred inhabitants—is situated without the limits of the ancient city; the table land, which the latter once covered, is wholly unpeopled; ‘and the peasant follows his plough, the husbandman dresses his vines, and the shepherd tends his flock, unconscious that he is treading over the streets and buildings of a city among the most renowned of ancient times, and thirty times more extensive than the miserable village which has preserved its name.’ But perhaps the most striking of all is the site of Tarquinii, once undoubtedly the metropolis of Etruria,—the city to which ancient tradition ascribed the origin of Etruscan arts and civilisation, and which has a double claim on our interest as being the point from whence those arts were transmitted to the humble city then arising on the banks of the Tiber. Yet, at the present day, her sepulchres alone perpetuate the memory of her greatness; and few, perhaps, among those who visit the painted tombs of the Montarozzi, will take the trouble of crossing the valley to the barren hill on which once stood Tarquinii. Still even here the industry of the antiquary will find some relics ‘on which the lightest heart might moralise.’

‘Opposite Corneto, and in many other parts around the brow of the cliffs, are a few massive rectangular blocks, the foundations of the ancient walls; but other trace of a city, above ground, there is none. A long bare platform, overrun with weeds or corn-stubble,

* ‘Et Veii veteres et vos tum regna fuistis,
Et vestro posita est aurea sella foro;
Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
Cantat et in vestris ossibus arva metunt.’ (IV. x. 29.)

Unluckily for the antiquary, the walls which would appear to have been in existence in the days of Propertius, have long since disappeared. Even the few fragments, still visible when Sir W. Gell first explored the neighbourhood, can now scarcely be made out.

meets the eye, with not a sign of life, it may be, on its melancholy surface, or at most a few cattle grazing, and a lonely herdsman seated on some prostrate block or stretched beneath a lowly bush. Yet that this has been the site of a city will not be doubted by him who regards the soil on which he treads; which is composed of brickbats, earthenware, hewn stone, and marble — ineffaceable traces of ancient habitation. A practised eye might even perceive in these fragments records of the city's history. That it was originally Etruscan is proved by the pottery, which resembles that on purely Etruscan sites; while the intermixture of marble tells of the domination of the Romans, and the frequent pieces of verd-antique and other rare and valuable stones, determine it to have been a place of wealth and consequence under the Empire.'

In several other cases, as at Fiesole, Cosa, and Populonia, the ancient walls still attest the magnitude of these cities in early ages; though there appears reason to doubt whether they were ever included among those of the first rank. But there was one city whose name was found in ancient authors in connexion with some of the first in the land, and mentioned in a manner that could leave no doubt of its having been one of the 'great Etruscan Twelve,' of which the name had been long totally lost, and the site entirely forgotten. Vetulonia — once the 'glory of the Mæonian name,' and the city from whence the Romans were said to have derived the fasces, the curule ivory chair, and the other ensigns of royalty* — seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. No clue was furnished by any ancient author to her whereabouts; and to recover the long-lost city was considered the chief *desideratum* of Etruscan topography. Curiosity had been further excited in consequence of a statement by Alberti, one of the earliest Italian topographers, that ruins, whose extent and magnificence might well correspond to those of the lost Vetulonia, were scattered among the dense woods and thickets of the Maremma, within a few miles of Populonia. The supposititious spot will be found in Cramer's map. For he, together with almost every other writer on Italian antiquities — although all had failed in discovering any traces of them — submitted, nevertheless, to give credit to their existence; until, at length, Inghirami, after a close examination of the localities, came to the conclusion that they had existed only in the imagination of Alberti. It was reserved for Mr. Dennis to

* 'Mæoniaeque decus quondam Vetulonia gentis.
Bis senos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces,
Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures;
Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
Et princeps Tyrio vestem prætexuit ostro.'

Silius Italicus, viii. 485.

point out the true site of this celebrated city; though, by a singular fatality, after having so long eluded the curiosity of the learned, the massive memorials were brought to light, by accident, only to perish in the instant of their discovery. A Tuscan engineer, who was employed in forming a road from Magliano to the salt-works at the mouth of the Albegna, being at a loss for materials, 'chanced to uncover some large 'blocks buried beneath the 'surface, which he recognised as the foundations of an ancient 'wall. These he found to continue in an unbroken line, which 'he followed out, *breaking up the blocks as he unearthed them*, 'till he had traced out the periphery of a city.' Such a discovery, one should have thought, would have soon been noised abroad, and attracted the notice of Tuscan or Roman antiquaries; but nothing beyond vague rumours that something had been found — no one knew what or where — reached Florence; and when Mr. Dennis visited the place, *two years afterwards*, he was the first person to whom Signor Pasquinelli had had the opportunity of doing the honours of his newly-discovered city. A few blocks only then remained to attest the truth of the facts, and to prove the Etruscan character of the masonry, though signs of ancient habitation were (as usual) scattered about in fragments of ancient pottery. But the extent of the walls which had thus been followed out with unusual accuracy, and which, in their circuit of at least four miles and a half, enclosed a space larger than any Etruscan city except Veii or Volterra, forbade the possibility of referring them to any second-rate city; and at once suggested to Mr. Dennis the idea that the site could be no other than the long-lost Vetulonia, an opinion which has been since adopted by several of the leading antiquaries of Rome.

It requires to be as charitable as Mr. Dennis to forgive the Vandalism of Signor Pasquinelli; and admit that the merit of the discovery, or the preservation of a ground-plan of the remains, can atone for the 'wholesale macadamization' of this unfortunate city. But similar acts of demolition are going on in Italy every day; and it is one of the circumstances which greatly enhance the value of such careful details and accurate descriptions as those of Mr. Dennis, that much of what he has here recorded may no longer be to be found when some future antiquary shall re-visit the locality. At the present day, indeed, all that is portable and can find a ready sale with the dealers of Florence or Rome, is treasured up with tolerable care; but many a relic of inestimable interest is disappearing under the rude hands of an ignorant peasantry. The blocks of stone which formed the substruction of an ancient edifice, or surrounded with a circle of

masonry the tumulus of some Etruscan sepulchre, are frequently carried away and broken up to fence in the field of the neighbouring proprietor, or furnish the materials of some wretched hovel. Sometimes even the gigantic relics of Cyclopean masonry are overturned and destroyed, in the belief that treasures are concealed under them. Still more frequently the basaltic blocks of a Roman pavement are dislodged from the site in which they have been fixed for so many centuries; and the course of the Roman road itself—so important an auxiliary in all topographical inquiries—becomes difficult to trace, or is altogether lost. Even where excavations are systematically carried on, they are too often directed solely to the discovery of valuable objects, such as ornaments of gold or bronze, painted vases, and other saleable articles; while the tombs themselves are filled again with earth, or re-closed, and either no note at all, or a very imperfect one, taken of the circumstances under which they were brought to light. There are, however, some honourable exceptions to this censure: the late Prince of Canino, the brothers Campanari at Toscanella, the Cavaliere Campana at Rome, and Verniglioli at Perugia, have conducted their researches in a truly liberal and enlightened spirit; and to them posterity will be indebted for some of the most interesting remains which it will possess of ancient Etruria.

But it is high time to pass from the Cities of Etruria to her Cemeteries; for it is from these alone that we gain any real information concerning the internal life and character of the Etruscan people. Would we know what manner of men they were, who piled up those gigantic walls which still frown over the cliffs of Volterra or Cortona, we must turn from the cities of the living to the cities of the dead. The painted tombs of Tarquinii and Chiusi, and the storied urns of Volterra, while they have ceased to be memorials of the long-forgotten individuals, whom they were designed to commemorate, have acquired an imperishable value as pictures of general life and manners. It is here that we see the Etruscans themselves; and learn from themselves how they lived and how they died.

‘ We can follow them from the cradle to the tomb; we see them in the bosom of their families, and at the festive board, reclining luxuriously amid the strains of music, and the time-beating feet of dancers; at their favourite games and sports, encountering the wild boar, or looking on at the race, at the wrestling match, or other palæstric exercises; we behold them stretched on the death-bed—the last rites performed by mourning relatives—the funeral procession—their bodies laid in the tomb—and the solemn festivals held in their honour. Nor, even here do we lose sight of them, but follow

their souls to the unseen world, perceive them in the hands of good or evil spirits, conducted to the judgment-seat, and in the enjoyment of bliss, or suffering the punishment of the damned.' (Vol. i. p. 22.)

Much of the interest attached to these relics, as pictures of life and manners, would, however, be sacrificed, if we were compelled to adopt the strained and fanciful views of some Italian antiquaries, and think it necessary to give a mystic and symbolical interpretation to the minutest details. Thus Professor Orioli sees in the Etruscan sepulchres generally 'a secret allusion to the economy of the universe and its grand divisions.' A meander-pattern running along one of the friezes indicates 'most clearly (!) the 'sea which covers the infernal world;' the mutes and triglyphs which to the uninitiated might seem mere architectural ornaments, are by 'a bold artistic metaphor, hieroglyphical of the 'skeleton and framework of the infernal world, and of its great 'mountain.' Even the red paint on the inscriptions of the urns, which the simple-minded Pliny had regarded as designed only to render them more distinct, is considered by Inghirami to represent the blood which was offered to the manes of the deceased! We have to thank Mr. Dennis for keeping clear of such fantastic puerilities.

The paintings in the tombs at Tarquinii, which have attracted more attention than any other Etruscan relics, are already familiar to many English readers, in the lively pages of Mrs. Hamilton Gray. All therefore, that can be said for Mr. Dennis's descriptions of these objects, is that they are more complete and accurate in their details. But the curious painted tomb now to be seen at Veii had not been discovered when that accomplished lady visited the site. Though inferior in some respects to those at Tarquinii, this sepulchre is peculiarly valuable from our certainty of its great antiquity. For, as we know historically that Veii was deserted from the time of its conquest by the Romans (B. C. 393), there can be no doubt that the monument in question is prior to that event; while the very archaic character of the paintings themselves would certainly dispose us to refer them to a still earlier period. This is the more important, because we find here no traces of that decided influence of Greek art which is unquestionably visible—whatever Italian antiquaries may maintain to the contrary—in most of the paintings at Tarquinii, as well as in the sculptures on the urns and sarcophagi of Volterra, Chiusi, and Perugia.

It must be confessed, that if we are to take these paintings as fair samples of what could be achieved by the unassisted efforts of Etruscan art, our estimate will not be favourable. 'Were there ever,' (exclaims Mr. Dennis) 'more strangely de-

'vised, more grotesquely designed figures? Was there ever such a harlequin scene as this? Here is a horse with legs of most undesirable length and tenuity, chest and quarters far from meagre, but barrel pinched in like a lady's waist. His colour is not to be told in a word, as Lord Tolumnius's chesnut colt, or Mr. Vibenna's bay gelding. His neck and fore-hand are red, with yellow spots—his head black—mane and tail yellow—hind-quarters and near-leg black—near fore-leg corresponding with his body, but off-legs yellow, spotted with red.' Nor does the style of these figures exhibit any appearance of that distinctness of character and definite execution, which is so striking in all the remains of Egyptian and early Oriental art—however stiff and conventional may be the design. Here, on the contrary, 'the features are very rudely drawn, and quite devoid of any national peculiarity, seeming rather like untutored efforts to portray the human face divine.' Some of these imperfections might reasonably be ascribed not merely to the infancy of art, but to want of skill in the individual artist: but it is remarkable that the very same defects are exhibited in some of the pottery found at Veii itself, which is of a ruder and plainer style than that of any other Etruscan city, and appears to be unquestionably of native manufacture. It may be added, that the tomb in question, from its size and general character, must have been the resting place of some Veientine Lucumo of high rank; and that no little pains have been bestowed on its decoration.

The painted tombs of Tarquinii on the contrary, though of very different dates—some of them in all probability long subsequent to the fall of Etruscan independence, and belonging to the latter days of the Roman republic—display from first to last unequivocal traces of Greek influence. The earliest among them resemble, in their hard and conventional, but definitely marked character, the most archaic of the painted vases which are discovered in such numbers in the territory of Tarquinii itself, and in that of the neighbouring city of Vulci; while the same gradation and progress of art so distinctly traceable in the vases, may be observed also, though less perfectly developed, on the walls of the different sepulchres. The most ancient of these—commonly known as the Grotta delle Iscrizioni—still presents strong features of resemblance to that of Veii; both in the exaggerated uncouth forms of the figures, and in the anomalous colouring, which it is hard to know whether we should designate as conventional or merely capricious. The same character of design is equally discernible in a tomb recently discovered at Chiusi,—designated by Mr. Dennis as the 'Monkey Tomb,' or

Tomba della Scimia — the paintings of which are peculiarly interesting, since certain features in the manners and customs they represent, forcibly recall our own mediæval times. The same feeling indeed will probably have occurred to many of our readers, while gazing on the newly-found sculptures of Nineveh — so numerous are the points of similarity which connect the various races of mankind and the remotest stages of human civilisation. Others, however, of the paintings at Tarquinii exhibit a marked improvement; and ‘though retaining certain archaïcisms in attitude and design, show much of Greek feeling:’ while the later ones display a freedom and elegance of design which at once remind us of the best period of Hellenic art. The only painted tomb, which has yet been discovered at Vulci, belongs, according to Mr. Dennis, to a yet later epoch: the figures on its walls strongly resemble those in the frescoes of Pompeii, and can hardly be referred to any earlier date.

We should say no more of the influence of Greek art upon that of Etruria, were it not that the contrary opinion — maintained with the fiercest zeal by some Italian antiquaries, and adopted from them by Mrs. Hamilton Gray — is so prevalent, we believe, in this country, that some of our readers may probably be surprised at our speaking of the painted vases of Vulci and Tarquinii, as specimens of Greek rather than Etruscan art. When we consider the enormous number of these vases, that have been brought to light of late years in Etruria — those found at Vulci alone being counted literally by thousands; still more when we remark that they present such differences of style and execution, as necessarily lead us to refer them to very different periods — it must be admitted, that it does seem at first a startling proposition, to maintain that they are all alike the work of foreign artists, and the produce of a foreign land. Yet this conclusion has been admitted in its full extent by several of the most competent authorities; while others have sought in some degree to modify or evade it, without disputing the main fact, that the vast majority of the vases are purely Greek.

Indeed the more we consider the question, the more difficult it seems to escape from this admission. Not only is the style of art, in all its various gradations, strikingly similar to that of undoubted Greek monuments of different degrees of antiquity — not only do we find here the counterpart of every stage of Greek art — of the archaic metopes of Selinuntium, the stiff and conventional, yet animated, outlines of the Æginetan marbles, and the free and graceful designs of the very best Athenian age — but the vases themselves are almost identical in their design, colouring, and execution, as well as in the

peculiar quality of clay of which they are composed, with those found in nearly equal numbers among the undoubted Greek colonies of Campania and Sicily. The subjects also are the same in both; and those subjects are almost invariably taken either from the Greek mythology, or from those heroic legends which had at an early period become the common property of all the Hellenic races, but which could never have been adopted by any foreign tribe. In very numerous instances, too, the names of the figures are written, in their genuine Greek forms, on the vase itself; and we are thus enabled to recognise with certainty that the personages represented are no other than our old familiar friends, Tydeus or Pelops, Patroclus or Hector, Ajax or Achilles. But this is not all. Besides mere *names*, Greek *words*, and short inscriptions, applying either to the vase itself, the subject, or the proprietor, are of continual occurrence. Not unfrequently also we find the actual name of the maker or painter of the vase, accompanied with the Greek formula ἐποίησεν or ἔγραψε; and in a few instances both occur together, proving incontestably that the vase was both made and painted by Greek artists. These inscriptions occur not less frequently on the vases discovered at Vulci, than on those found at Nola or elsewhere in Campania. The artists' names are in both cases equally pure Greek — and it seems impossible not to ascribe them all to a common origin.

The only question then, upon which, as it appears to us, any reasonable debate can be maintained, is, whether the vases actually found in Etruria are the work of Greek artists settled in that country, and who continued to practise there the skill which they had brought from a foreign land, or whether the vases themselves were imported from the place of their manufacture. On this point the opinions of the learned are divided. Professor Gerhard, after an elaborate review of the whole subject*, and a careful comparison of almost the whole of the vases found at Vulci with those of Campania, Sicily, and Magna Græcia, as well as with those—comparatively few in number, but precisely similar in style—which have been discovered in Greece itself, declares himself in favour of the hypothesis of a Greek colony, or settlement of Greek artificers, at Vulci. An opinion to which it has been justly objected, that no other trace of such a Greek settlement is found: while all the other contents of the tombs and objects discovered are unequivocally Etruscan. The painted vases alone are Greek,

* See his valuable 'Rapporto su i Vasi Volcenti,' in the 'Annali dell' Istituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica' for 1831.

and they are equally Greek wherever they are found—at Tarquinii and at Chiusi, as well as at Vulci. Bunsen and Karl Otfried Müller have consequently adopted the idea that these vases are wholly of foreign manufacture, and have referred them to a Campanian origin; and Dr. Kramer* goes so far as to ascribe them all alike, the Campanian and Sicilian, as well as those of Etruria, to the potteries of Attica itself,—a view, which has since been sanctioned by the high authority of Professor Thiersch. Without entering into the discussion of this difficult question, we may safely assume that the vast majority of the vases discovered at Vulci are wholly Greek, so far as the style of art is concerned; and can therefore afford no evidence of the proficiency of the Etruscans in this department.

There is, however, another class of vases—less common at Vulci than in other Etruscan cemeteries—to which Italian antiquaries are wont to appeal as evidence of the existence of a native, or at least non-Hellenic, school of art. These are the class commonly designated as Egyptian, but to which Micali has given the name of Babylonio-Phœnician. It cannot be denied that these vases—unquestionably the most ancient of all—present strong indications of an oriental character, both in the archaic and conventional style of their design, and in the subjects they represent. These consist, for the most part, of wild beasts or monsters,—such as sphinxes, chimæras, griffins, &c.,—sometimes following one another in long rows or processions, at others engaged in mortal combat, or glaring at each other with angry looks. Intermixed with these are flowers and foliage of a quaint and peculiar character. Sometimes figures of demons or genii are introduced, as well as the four-winged divinities well known on oriental monuments, and found also in other Etruscan works of art. The close resemblance of the character of these paintings to the figures found on the peculiar black pottery of Chiusi—of the native manufacture of which no doubt can be entertained—affords an additional reason for ascribing to them a genuine Etruscan pedigree. Yet it is certain that such representations were not unknown to Greece. The celebrated vase discovered by Mr. Dodwell in a tomb at Corinth, with inscriptions on the lid in Doric Greek, is one of the most beautiful and characteristic specimens of the class just described. It is highly improbable that this should have been an isolated specimen, especially when we learn from Strabo that the tombs of Corinth were ransacked by the Romans for the sake of the pottery which they contained. This disco-

* *Über den Styl und die Herkunft der bemalten Griechischen Thongefässe.* Berlin, 1837.

very by the Romans appears to have been as accidental as the one at Vulci in our own days, and to have attracted, for a time, no less attention; the vases exhumed being sold for very high prices to the Roman *dilettanti*—by whom they were known under the name of Necro-Corinthian. Strabo tells us, that not a tomb was left unsearched; and it was only when the harvest appeared to be exhausted, that the interest in the discovery began to flag. Hence there is every reason to believe, that Mr. Dodwell's vase was one of the few which escaped detection at the time; and it may therefore be regarded as the representative of a considerable class. This inference is further confirmed by the fact that, although inscriptions are comparatively rare on vases of this ancient style, whenever they do occur they are almost always in the Doric dialect. It appears impossible to avoid connecting these circumstances with the well-known story of the emigration of Demaratus from Corinth to Etruria, accompanied by the two artists designated by such obviously mythical names as *Eucheir* and *Eugrammos*,—the good hand-worker, and the skilful draughtsman. And we are thus led to the conclusion, that the supposed Oriental style was, in fact, derived from Corinth; and that a Greek descent must be attributed to the earliest as well as the latest of the so-called Etruscan vases.

There are, however, a few specimens of painted pottery found at Vulci, concerning which no doubt can exist of their indigenous manufacture; as, though the style of art is manifestly imitated from the Greek, and even the subjects taken from Greek legends or fables, yet these are *nationalised* by the introduction of the peculiar demons or genii of Etruscan mythology, and the *inscriptions* which accompany them are *pure Etruscan*. One of the most striking examples of this class is that figured by Mr. Dennis in the frontispiece to his second volume; in which we find the Greek fable of Admetus and Alcestis, clearly designated by the slightly-altered appellations of *ATMITE* and *ALCSTI*; but accompanied by the grim and hideous demons so frequently found on other works of native Etruscan art, together with a long Etruscan inscription, the meaning of which can unfortunately only be guessed at. But it is remarkable that this and all other vases of the same class present peculiarities of manufacture and execution, which at once enable the practised observer to distinguish them from those which their subjects and inscriptions would lead us to attribute to the Greeks.

"The purely Greek character of the vast majority of the painted vases is brought out still more clearly, when we compare them with other works of art, of whose native Etruscan origin no doubt can be entertained. Thus the paintings in the tombs

— however clearly they bear the traces of Greek influence in their style of design — yet represent only subjects of Etruscan manners or mythology; and the inscriptions which accompany them are invariably Etruscan. Again, if we turn to the bronze *specula* or mirrors — a branch of art peculiarly Etruscan — the figures and subjects are not unfrequently taken from the mythology or heroic legends of Greece; but the inscriptions at once prove them to be the works of native artists. Sometimes the names of Greek divinities or heroes appear on them in forms slightly altered, according to the genius of the Etruscan language; sometimes they are replaced by purely domestic appellatives. Thus the beautiful mirror engraved by Mr. Dennis*, as a frontispiece to his first volume, presents us with the Greek names of Apollo and Semele under their Etruscanised forms of APVLV and SEMLA, while Bacchus assumes his genuine Etruscan name of PHVPHLVNS. In like manner the national deities of Etruria, Tina, Sethlans, Turms, Losna, Turan — corresponding to the Jupiter, Vulcan, Mercury, Diana, and Venus of the Romans — are constantly recurring on these mirrors, while they are never met with upon the painted vases. We have indeed every reason, *à priori*, to expect that the character of Etruscan art would be found most strongly impressed upon their works in bronze; for we know that it was for these that they were renowned in ancient times — while no writer of antiquity ever alludes to their painted vases. The bronze candelabra of Etruscan workmanship were celebrated even at Athens in the days of Pericles: with what justice, we have ourselves the means of deciding, from the magnificent specimen discovered at Cortona a few years since.† Nor were they incapable of works of a yet higher order: the celebrated She Wolf of the Capitol, the Chimæra, and the Orator of the Florence Gallery, confirm the testimony of Pliny to the excellence of their bronze statues; and the numbers of them with which their principal cities were peopled, are a proof how widely the feeling for the arts was once diffused there.

Of another class of Etruscan works, frequently mentioned by ancient writers — their statues in *terra-cotta*, with which the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome, as well as many others in that city, was adorned — no specimens have come down to us.

* The reader must, however, be cautioned against receiving this as a specimen of the style of art usual on these mirrors; very few of which present outlines so graceful, or a design so closely approximating to the perfection of Greek art.

† It is described by Mr. Dennis (vol. ii. p. 442.), and figured by Micali (*Monumenti Inediti*, pl. 9, 10.).

But we may gather from the terms in which they are spoken of, that they belonged to a very rude and early period — perhaps not unlike some of the archaic figures sculptured in stone, which may still be seen in the museums of Chiusi and Volterra. The cinerary urns and sarcophagi of those cities, on the contrary, belong, almost without exception, to a very late period, many of them being certainly not earlier than the days of the Roman empire—a time when the whole character of Italian art had become so thoroughly penetrated and pervaded by Greek influences as to render it impossible to distinguish what was original from what was adventitious. Hence the sculptures with which they are adorned, however curious as illustrations of Etruscan manners and mythology, are of comparatively little value as specimens of Etruscan art.

We have dwelt thus long upon the remains of art found in Etruria, because the exaggerated estimate of Etruscan civilisation is principally owing to their great number and variety. On a calm review of the whole subject, we confess our inability to recognise the existence in Etruria of any such genuine and strongly-marked character of native art, as in the case of Egypt and Assyria; while the development of that more elevated and perfect style which is seen on some Etruscan monuments appears to us to be unquestionably due to the direct and long-continued influence of Greece. No doubt can be entertained of the proficiency of the Etruscans in all the more mechanical processes; or of the skill with which they availed themselves of the lessons they derived from foreign sources. But the vivifying spark of native genius was wanting—they produced skilful artificers, not great artists. They appear, indeed, to have departed at a very early period from the fixed and conventional rules of Oriental art—if, indeed, they ever acknowledged them; but it was not so much to evolve for themselves a national and characteristic style, as to borrow and adopt, more or less successfully, the improvements and characteristics of their more gifted contemporaries.

Something of the same character which distinguishes Etruscan art from that of Greece, on the one hand, and from the earlier schools of Egypt and Babylonia on the other, may be traced more or less through every thing we know of her civilisation. This seems to have occupied in all respects an intermediate position, between the rigid inflexibility of the Oriental type, and the energetic, self-developing mobility of the Hellenic race. Though not prepared to admit, with Mr. Dennis and many Italian antiquaries, the *direct* derivation of the Etruscan people from an Oriental source, or to receive as historically au-

thentic the tradition of their emigration from Lydia, it is impossible to deny that there are unequivocal traces of the East in their social system, their religious creed, and in many minute points of manners and customs. But this surely may be the case, without the resemblances being such as to compel us to adopt the theory of a wholesale transplantation of the nation, or even of the dominant class, from any eastern country. On the contrary, the similarities of rites and customs, of habits and institutions, which have been pointed out between the Etruscans and various nations of the East, strike us as precisely of that description which can never be wanting where countries have originally derived their culture and their arts, directly or indirectly, from a common source. • Whatever was the origin of the Etruscans, it is beyond dispute, we think, that one primordial element of their civilisation, as well as of their language, was derived from the Pelasgians; and when we consider how widely the Pelasgic race was at one period spread through Asia Minor, and around the shores of the *Ægæan*, it seems by no means difficult to account for resemblances in particular customs, between the Etruscans and tribes so distant as the Lydians, the Carians, or the Lycians, without admitting the necessity of a direct emigration.

The leading feature in Etruscan society, which points most strongly to an Oriental origin, is the omnipresence of their religious creed, and the power possessed by that priestly aristocracy who were the sole ministers and interpreters of its rites and tenets. Yet there is much to distinguish the hierarchical as well as the religious institutions of Etruria from those of Egypt or Asia. Already, at the earliest period, at which we have any knowledge of their social condition, all trace of an exclusively sacerdotal caste had disappeared. The chiefs and nobles of the land combined in their own persons the priestly character with that of the civil magistrate; and if they guarded with extreme jealousy the exclusive possession of the secrets and mysteries of their religion,—if they confined to their own class the functions of the Augur and the *Haruspex*—political expediency was at least as deeply concerned in this monopoly as religious superstition. The chief priesthoods of individual deities were indeed hereditary in particular families; but so they were in many instances among the Greeks of the earliest ages: and there is certainly no proof that the *Lucumons* of Etruria claimed the exclusive exercise of priestly functions upon any different grounds from those on which it was assumed by the primitive kings of Greece. On the other hand, the disappearance of the kingly office,—the fact that the Etruscans had already lost that

monarchical constitution which is so eminently characteristic of all Oriental races, — is in itself an argument of their social system, even if originally derived from the East, having undergone great modifications during the process of transmission. From the little which is to be gathered out of the testimonies of ancient authors — for on this point monuments can afford us no information — there is no evidence of any very marked separation of character between the political constitution of Etruria and that of Greece, during the period immediately following the general abolition of hereditary monarchy. Unfortunately for the Etruscans, they stopped short precisely at the point, from which their Hellenic neighbours started on their most brilliant career. Whether owing to some inherent defect in the national character, or to the absence of external stimulus, they allowed their priestly aristocracy to rivet upon them the double chains of religious and civil bondage. Henceforward their civilisation and culture bore the stamp of the thralldom under which they lived. Every thing which tended to advance the material comforts or luxuries of life was carried probably to as much perfection as in the most flourishing cities of Greece; in some respects, indeed, as in their sewers and roads, the Etruscans were in advance of their more intellectual contemporaries. An extensive commerce brought the products of other lands to the shores of Etruria; and in their splendour of apparel and luxurious habits of life the nobles of Tarquinii and Clusium might vie with the citizens of Sybaris or Agrigentum: but from that freedom of thought and action, without which no nation ever attained to true greatness, the Etruscan people appear to have been effectually shut out. The terrors of a dark and gloomy superstition lent their aid to support the power of an exclusive oligarchy; and if the dominant class in Etruria were not, as it has often been represented, an Oriental theocracy, the consequences to the national character were scarcely less injurious.

‘It was her system of spiritual tyranny,’ says Mr. Dennis, ‘that rendered Etruria inferior to Greece. She had the same arts, an equal amount of scientific knowledge, a more (?) extended commerce. In every field had the Etruscan mind liberty to expand, save in that wherein lies man’s highest delight and glory. Before the gate of that paradise where the intellect revels unfettered among speculations on its own nature — on its origin, existence, and final destiny, on its relation to the First Cause, to other minds, and to society in general — stood the sacerdotal Lucumo, brandishing in one hand the double-edged sword of secular and ecclesiastical

‘ authority, and holding forth in the other the books of Tages, exclaiming, to his awe-struck subjects, “ Believe, and obey !” Liberty of thought and action was as incompatible with the assumption of infallibility in the governing power in the days of Tarchon or Porsena, as in those of Gregory XVI.’ At a later period, indeed, the strictness of the priestly regulations appears to have been considerably relaxed ; but it was not till the spirit of the people had been broken, and their national pride humbled by foreign conquest. When the shackles were at length removed, it was too late for the limbs to expand.

Mr. Dennis takes, we think, a very just estimate of the civilisation of Etruria, when he compares it with that of the Mexicans or Peruvians. ‘ It was the result of a set system, not of personal energy and excellence ; its tendency was stationary rather than progressive. * * * It had not the earnest germ of development,—the intense vitality which existed in Greece ; it could never have produced a Plato, a Demosthenes, a Thucydides, or a Phidias.’ It may be, indeed, objected, that we have no means of judging of what the Etruscans really achieved in the field of literature, because all traces of that literature have long since perished. But it is doubtful, if not more than doubtful, whether they ever possessed any thing worthy of the name. There is, it is true, frequent mention of the sacred or ritual books, which, in their oldest form, were ascribed to the fabulous Tages. To these awful volumes would be consigned the mysteries of their religious discipline, and its peculiar rites,—the rules which guided the *haruspex*, or taught the signification of the thunder-storm,—and all the knowledge of natural phenomena which they had acquired from the study of nature, incident to the constant practice of divination on so large a scale. It is reasonable, we admit, that the author of *Cosmos* should lament over the loss of the *Fulgural* books of these early meteorologists:—not that probably the College of *Augurs* at *Tarquinius* had better observatories, or made a more philosophical use of them than their successors at Rome. There must also have been some historical records of the past. Annals or chronicles of Etruscan history were still extant under the Roman empire ; though there is no evidence that they were either carried back to an earlier period, or possessed any greater literary merit than the pontifical annals of Rome. It was from these materials, undoubtedly, that the imperial pedant *Claudius* compiled his voluminous work on *Tuscan* history. The loss of them is, of course, to be regretted,—for they would have been among the greatest antiquarian curiosities. But what reason is there for believing that they had any pretensions of a higher value ? When we

remember the many illustrious Romans who were themselves of Etruscan origin, and who flourished while the Etruscan idiom was still familiarly spoken as well as written, it seems impossible to suppose that these 'progeny of Tyrrhenian kings'—that the Cæcinas and Mæcenas—would have allowed all memory of their national literature to perish, had it contained any thing really worth preserving. Of the poetical element, especially, we find scarcely an intimation. The 'Tyrrhena carmina,' alluded to by Lucretius*, were merely ritual verses; and the Etruscan tragedies of Volnius (incidentally mentioned by Varro †) appear to have been compositions of a very late date, and were probably, as suggested by Müller, nothing more than the attempt of a learned man to revive an expiring language. The only class of dramatic compositions which were of native Etruscan origin were the coarse and rude Fescennian verses; and there is neither proof nor probability, that they ever rose above the character assigned to them by Livy ‡ on their first introduction at Rome, —'versum incompositum temere ac rudem,'—until they were polished and fashioned by the Latin poets.

We cannot close this brief view of the character and civilisation of the Etruscans, without adverting to their effect and influence upon those of Rome. It is impossible to deny that this influence was both extensive and durable. The period of greatest power and prosperity which the rising city enjoyed before its destruction by the Gauls, was unquestionably while it was subject to Etruscan rule. It was to her Etruscan kings § that ancient traditions concurred in ascribing those

* Lib. vi. v. 381.

† De Lingua Latina, lib. v. § 55.

‡ Lib. vii. c. 2.

§ There is one monument which, from its close connexion with the Etruscan kings of Rome and its historical importance, deserves a more especial notice. This is the tomb of the family of the Tarquins, lately discovered at Cære. It is one of those family sepulchres so frequent in Etruria, and it contains the names of not less than thirty-five members of this illustrious house. But that which gives it its chief interest is, the occurrence of the family name in its Latin as well as its Etruscan form, so as to leave no possible doubt that the Etruscan TARCHNAS really corresponds to the Tarquinius of the Romans, and that the name of the Tarquins was not, as has been supposed by Müller and other modern writers, a mere local designation, referring to their origin from Tarquinii, but a real Etruscan family name. Equally decisive is its evidence against the singular theory of Niebuhr, that the Tarquins were of Latin, and not Etruscan, origin;—which has always appeared to us as singular a suggestion as that Roman poets should not be authority for writing both *Por-sena* and *Porsennæ*, or as any other of the startling paradoxes which

mighty public works which still excited the admiration of the civilised Romans in the days of their greatest splendour,—the Cloaca Maxima, the Agger of Servius Tullius, and the constructions of the Capitol. A considerable element in the population of Rome itself was generally admitted to be of Etruscan origin; and, in later times, many of her most illustrious citizens were of Tuscan families. Before the general introduction of Greek art and literature, it was to Etruria alone that the Romans turned for a tincture of superior cultivation; and there was a time when many of the youthful nobles of Rome must have been thoroughly conversant with the Etruscan language. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the influence of Etruria upon the nature of the Roman people does not appear at any time to have been much more than formal and external. We have a difficulty, therefore, in recognising the truth of Humboldt's generalisation—where he declares that the ‘influence of Etruria’ may be said to be still politically operative at the present day; ‘in as far as through Rome’ it has promoted or at least has given ‘a peculiar character to the civilisation of a large portion of the ‘human race.’ The Etruscans were as far from possessing the highest and noblest qualities of the Romans, as they were from

have been hazarded by that truly great genius. Whether the persons buried here really belonged to the royal house of Rome, cannot, indeed, be assumed as certain: but there is every probability in favour of the supposition. The name does not appear to have been a common one in Etruria; and the existence of a close connexion with Caræ may be fairly inferred from the circumstance that it was to that city that the exiled monarch first turned his steps. Tarquin himself, indeed, we are told, after his unsuccessful attempts at a restoration, took refuge with Mamilius at Tusculum, and afterwards at Cumæ, where he died. But some of his sons survived him, and other members of the Tarquinian *gens* were banished with Collatinus. Hence the antiquary may indulge his fancy in the present instance with more reason than in most others, and may be allowed to believe that he has here discovered the last resting-place of the royal house of the Tarquins.

We cannot but take this opportunity of expressing our regret that in this, as in many other cases, Mr. Dennis has not given the literal inscriptions which he had copied on the spot. These omissions will be keenly felt by the scholar; accurate transcripts of existing Etruscan inscriptions being at present one of the chief desiderata for the study of the language. It is true that he had already published them in the *Bullettino dell' Istituto* for 1847: but that work is accessible to comparatively few persons; and if he was afraid of ‘heartily ‘wearying’ the general reader (see vol. ii. p. 44.), he might, at least, have given them a place in an appendix to the chapter.

rivalling the Greeks in philosophy and art.* It was not from them that the 'brood of the she-wolf' derived any thing of its characteristic grandeur. The Romans, indeed, borrowed from Etruria the painted robes and the ornaments which graced their triumphs; but it was from another source that they learned to achieve those triumphs. The curule chair and the ivory sceptre of the Roman magistrate were copied from those of the Etruscan Lucumo; but it was not till they passed into the hands of men of sterner stuff, that these ensigns became the symbols of universal sovereignty. It was from their Latin and Sabine ancestors—from the hardy mountaineers of the Apennines—that the Romans derived that unconquerable will, that stern, inflexible resolution, which eventually made them masters of the world. The patricians of the rising republic adopted, it is true, from the Etruscans the sacred traditions of their augurs and the ritual of their peculiar ceremonies; but what had been bigotry and superstition in the Etruscans,—what had dwarfed and degraded *them*—only needed to be once incorporated with the nobler nature of the Romans, and it became transmuted into that higher sense of religious obligation to which, more than to any other cause, Cicero attributed the supremacy of Rome.

It is impossible to say what might have been the result, had the patricians of the rising republic succeeded in the attempt to retain in their own hands the absolute possession of the sacerdotal as well as magisterial offices: But it is probable, in case a constitution similar to that of the Etruscan cities had been permanently established on the banks of the Tiber, that the City of the Seven Hills would have shared the fate of her Etruscan neighbours, and have succumbed at last beneath the arms of the more spirited and warlike Samnites. Fortunately for Rome and for the world, the power of the exclusive aristocracy gave way before the energies of the plebeians; and the formation of a free and independent commonalty—an order of which not a trace is to be found in any Etruscan state—became the solid foundation of Roman greatness.

* We are aware of the general incredulity of the English public on the Greek descent of the Etruscan vases; and we have admitted that it is only the least of two improbabilities. But it is so much the least, that, instead of being the rivals, they are now referred to as examples of Greek art. For instance, in an interesting book lately published, '*Manners and Customs of the Greeks*, translated from the German of Theodore Panofka, with illustrations by G. Scharf, taken chiefly from Greek Fictile Vases,' the Etruscan vases are assumed to be as Greek as any other, and of equal authority.

ART. V.—1. *A Letter to the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere on the Balance of Trade, ascertained from the Market Value of all Articles imported during the last Four Years.* By C. N. NEWDEGATE, Esq., M. P.

2. *Fruits of the System called Free-Trade, as shown in Three Letters to the Operatives of the Manufacturing Districts of the United Kingdom.* By a London Merchant.

IT has become the fashion to talk of the approaches made of late years in this country towards a system of *free-trade* as an experiment—an expression which is at once devoid of truth, and which tends to mischievous results. The expression is indeed not simply untrue; it is the reverse of the truth,—since it never can be held an experiment to leave or to restore things to their natural course; while it is decidedly of the nature of an experiment to place obstacles in the way of that natural course, and to tamper by artificial arrangements with the free agency of mankind. Nor is it any sufficient answer to say that *protection*, as it is called, has been so long the rule in England, that it has become the normal condition of commerce. For, however ancient may be the date of its introduction, it must have been originally based upon theory, and theory alone: while, on the contrary, the system which it superseded was certainly as ancient as the first bargain that was made in the world. After a moment's reflection nobody can deny that Free Trade is the normal condition of mankind, and that restriction, which is the proper name for *protection*, whenever introduced, and by whatever means supported, was and must continue to be an experiment.

The distinction, which we have pointed out, will not be deemed unimportant by those, who have experienced the powerful influence so often exercised by an epithet in misdirecting men's minds. The advocates of an artificial system of restrictions and encouragements would obtain an undue advantage if they could succeed in removing from themselves, and in fixing upon those who would restore things to their natural course, the charge, for such it undoubtedly is, of having resorted for that purpose to theory and experiment. The advocates of this system, while they are constantly interfering with the efforts made by the individual members of a nation in furtherance of its prosperity, are wont to talk of themselves as practical men and of their opponents as theorists; and by dint of reiteration have to a great extent succeeded in impressing on the world this notion,

— than which nothing can in fact be more at variance with the truth. It is the advocates for freedom of commerce who are eminently practical; since all that they propose is to follow out the simple rule of leaving every one to do his best for securing his individual advantage, under the conviction that by so doing he will best advance the general interest of the community: while the advocates for protection, in their vain attempts to avoid the most glaring injustice, are forced to invent a complex system of restrictions and compensations, each branch of which is the growth of theoretical conceptions, and by the number and complexity of which all freedom of action is ultimately destroyed.

Although, judging from analogy, there is every reason for believing that the natural system—that of leaving every man to the unrestricted use of his faculties and opportunities—must be the best for the community; yet we know that there are many who hold that, it does not of necessity follow that the theory of protection is false, or that the experiments which its advocates have been enabled to carry out have proved failures. Surely, however, when they plead either for a continuance of those experiments, or a return to such of them as have recently been abandoned, they ought to be prepared with good reasons from practical experience, and should be able to exhibit at least a balance of advantages in favour of their system. We wish to give them on this occasion a passing intimation of the difficulty of the task; and shall, therefore, dedicate most of the following pages, to showing that the result of recent experience, as far as it goes, is all the other way. “

The removal of the shackles with which our commerce was impeded under the protective system, has as yet been but partial; but the impulse and prosperity, which have followed from that removal, are, under the peculiarly adverse circumstances that have accompanied the change, far greater than the most ardent advocates of freedom would have ventured to predict. We hear, it is true, of ‘reaction’ in favour of the doctrine of protection; but we hear of it only from persons who have never ceased to hold that doctrine; and we may safely challenge them to produce a single writer, of even moderate talent and authority, who had given in his adhesion to Free Trade doctrines, and who has since gone over to the ranks of the protectionists. They who talk of ‘re-action’ speak as they wish, rather than as they are warranted by facts. If they are making any way with the inert mass of mankind—with persons unable or unwilling to qualify themselves for forming an opinion on the subject,—they do so mainly, if not entirely, because, after the destruction of the monster restriction on Free Trade personified in the Corn-

Laws, the victors have rested for a time from their labours; reasonably judging that other and minor obstacles must necessarily and speedily disappear. But, if their opponents, deceived by such appearances, should again take heart and enter the field with any show of power, it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell that the former discomfiture of the Protectionists is as nothing, compared with that to which they would now be subjected. However great the ability and determination of the men whose time and talents and money were so successfully employed in bringing about the changes which were consummated in 1846, we are satisfied that a far greater amount of energy and far greater means would be instantly brought forward, in order to maintain the ground which was gained on that occasion, as soon as any reasonable fear should be entertained that an attempt to recover it was about to be made in earnest. The Anti-Corn-Law League, under a more comprehensive title and with more extensive objects, would start at once into full activity; not, as before, from small beginnings and with a gradual development of strength,—but with the power and dimensions of a giant, with fully organised plans of action, and with more than half the work already done to its hand. Can it be supposed that under such circumstances it would again lay down its weapons, until not only a second victory should have been obtained, but security for the future should be guaranteed, by such other measures as must put an end to the possibility of similar disturbance for the future? In the contest which would then be carried on, the Free Trade party would probably find itself greatly strengthened, and the protectionists be as greatly weakened, by the passing over to the ranks of the former, of a large—perhaps of the largest—proportion of the tenant farmers. It is true there have of late been numerous meetings of alarmist farmers, and much violent language uttered. But, as a body, no class, we suspect, has been more enlightened by the former contest and its results. They are generally now aware, that the higher prices sought to be attained through protective duties fall in no degree to their share, except during the currency of existing leases, comparatively few in number,—these in the southern part of Great Britain forming the exception and not the rule—but that they are appropriated by their landlords. It is absurd to suppose, that they are likely to be more willing than the rest of their fellow-citizens, to renounce the advantages which Free Trade measures have placed within their reach, through the cheapening of many articles of their daily consumption; and especially through the bettered condition of that large and constantly increasing class of customers, whose industry has by

those means been rendered more productive. Symptoms of this change, which cannot be mistaken, and which it will be most imprudent in the landlord-class to disregard, are continually showing themselves—and have of late on various occasions found expression where they were least expected.

The following remarks are not intended so much to renew the general argument in favour of removing restrictions and abolishing protection, or to show by reasoning that the benefit of the whole community will in this manner be most promoted, as to prove that Free Trade measures have already actually conferred that benefit upon the British public.

The cry of failure is, no doubt, loudest at present on the part of those who hold themselves out as the agricultural interest,—a title which it has been well said they are no more justified in adopting, than the owner of a ship would be justified in calling himself a seaman. The cry is raised chiefly by the owners of land, who conceive, upon slender and erroneous grounds, that the competition in our markets by foreign producers of food will seriously reduce the rentals of their estates. To the actual farmer of the land it is a matter of *comparative* indifference whether prices be permanently high or low; save, that under high prices he is always in a condition of greater insecurity,—because the prices of what he has to sell will be from various causes always subject to depression, while the prices of the articles which he must buy may be kept at a high level. There is a large part too of the produce of every farm which is consumed on the farm itself, and it is obvious that, with regard to this proportion, the price in the market is immaterial. Almost every farmer, too, is a buyer as well as a seller of agricultural produce in some form or other; and has consequently a direct interest in obtaining the supply of his wants at moderate prices. It is the price of what may be denominated his surplus produce alone which can affect him. Since last year's harvest, it is true that over part of the kingdom the prices for such surplus produce have been unremunerative; with this, however, the repeal of the Corn Law is to no great degree justly chargeable, but the nature of the season. If the Corn Law of 1815 were now in force, we should, no doubt, see a very different scale of market prices from those which actually rule. The quantity of wheat harvested in 1848 having been short and below the wants of the kingdom,—in case all relief to the consumers were denied until the average price should reach 80s. per quarter, the prices for the damp and sprouted wheat of home growth must for some time have been so high, as to cause the most wide-spread misery among the whole working population of Great Britain. The

social and political consequences of such a state of things it is frightful to contemplate. With the importation of wheat virtually free, we have seen prices of sound foreign grain full 20 per cent. higher for months together than the average prices of wheat of English growth; a proof that the low prices complained of by our farmers are the consequence, as already stated, of an adverse season. In ordinary seasons English wheat is better and sells higher than wheat of foreign growth; the price of good English grain throughout the kingdom being equal to the price of the very finest Dantzic wheat imported, and higher than the price of almost every other description,—it being well known that none but the better qualities of their respective growths are shipped to us from abroad, unless after a very disastrous harvest in this country. Under the greatly modified Corn Law of 1842, the duty payable on foreign wheat would for some months past have been 20s. per quarter; and it might be supposed, that to admit of importations, subject to that rate of duty, our market price for English wheat must necessarily have been 19s. per quarter higher in price than it has been since the duty has been reduced to 1s. And, under the circumstances attending ordinary seasons, this would have been the case; but it by no means follows that it would have been so in this instance. It is the general belief that no great profits have attended the importations of foreign corn into this country since last harvest. On which supposition the additional duty would have had to be added to the price of the importations so as to render them possible. But it might well happen, that our millers having to pay so much more for dry sound grain,—without a considerable proportion of which they could not use the damp and inferior wheat, the growth of England—would not have been able to afford even the prices, low as they have been, which they have paid to the English farmers;—a result of protection which would have proved the reverse of favourable to the latter.

That agricultural distress exists in the southern portion of the kingdom cannot indeed be denied; neither would it be correct to assert that this distress is *altogether* owing to an unfavourable season. We grant that it is in some degree attributable to the measure which has set free our trade in corn—and which came into full operation on the 1st of February in the present year. But all changes of importance, which affect great bodies of men, occasion for a time uneasiness and difficulty in many ways. What then? Are we bound therefore to persist in an injurious course of policy, because persons, whose arrangements have been made in accordance with it, may be subjected to incon-

venience and loss by the change? The copyists, whose most important and useful branch of industry was annihilated in the thirteenth century by the invention of printing, were for a time most deeply injured by that great invention; but nobody pretends, that the printing press should have been abandoned out of tenderness for their condition. It is the same with the whole history of machinery—and of almost every form of progress. The case of copyists, and of all other labourers whom machinery has displaced, was, in fact, far more distressing, and their claim for consideration far more legitimate than any which can be set up on the part of our farmers, by the wildest advocate for protection. The profession of the copyist, thus irremediably ruined, was not one which had grown up and flourished under laws artificially framed for its protection; and which was therefore obviously liable to be deprived of its particular advantages, as soon as the legislature should have learned that any such protection was injustice to others—a condition inseparably connected with all protected interests. The present distress among the farmers, however, is far from being universal. In districts, where the harvest of 1848 was got in in good order, the prices obtained, although not high, have been fairly remunerative; and this has been the case through the greater part of the northern counties of England and generally in Scotland,—where the cry of agricultural distress is not now heard, and where farms, the leases of which have just expired, have been in several instances renewed at advanced rents. That the partial distress, however arising, which now exists will be lasting, we do not for a moment believe. While, among its consequences, we anticipate an earlier system of arrangements between landlords and tenants; by which more liberty of action will be left to the latter in the cultivation of their holdings, and more security be given them by means of leases, so that they may enjoy the full advantage of the employment of their capital in permanent improvements. When these points are once accomplished, it is not unreasonable to expect that the recurring complaints on the part of farmers, which have continually troubled the country from the passing of the highly restrictive Corn Law of 1815 down to the present time, may become less frequent and less intense. That, in a rich, populous, and rapidly progressive country like England, the condition of its agriculturists should be one of continued loss and disappointment, is a fear in which we can never share. The difficulty, in which the farmers are now partially placed, is in no case greater than they have again and again experienced under protection; and when no cause so explanatory of the mischief as the unfavourable season of 1848 could be adduced.

We feel justified, therefore, in expressing our belief, that, if Free Trade be in some degree answerable for the present distress, it is chiefly so on account of the disturbance in men's minds through the change of system; and that, consequently, it must speedily pass away.

That the producers of food in this country will in future obtain the high prices they have been accustomed to receive for their produce, is not indeed to be expected; but neither is it to be desired. The outlay of capital in permanent improvements—which would not deserve the name of improvements, if they did not result in augmented and cheapened produce—must of course be attended by a lower scale of remuneration; much lower, in fact, than the proportion which the increase bears to the gross produce—since that increase goes altogether to add to the amount of the farmer's disposable or surplus produce. There has of late arisen a great outcry from our graziers, who complain that they are forced to sell their fat cattle and sheep for the same prices as, or lower than, those they gave for them when lean; and Free Trade is made to bear the blame of their losses! With how little justice may be seen from the fact, that the entire number of oxen, cows, and calves, imported during the first four months of this year, was, according to the published official accounts, no more than 11,265 head over the whole kingdom,—while the number sold during that time in Smithfield market alone has exceeded 70,000; and of sheep, the whole importation within the same period amounted only to 14,525,—while the sales in Smithfield alone were 420,000. During part of last year a very high price was obtained for meat; and there having been a good crop of turnips, the farmers were tempted to fatten an undue number of animals, with which the markets are for the present overstocked. But this is a cause of cheapness which must soon pass away; and it will be well if it be not followed by a scarcity, and the high prices by which scarcity is accompanied. At this time it is matter of complaint, that there is little or no difference between the prices of fat cattle and of lean.

The system of protective duties, from which we are now emancipating the industry of the country, had the effect, whatever may have been the motive under which it was established and supported, of securing an advantage—often, indeed, only a fancied advantage—to producers at the cost of the consumers. This system was not confined to the producers of the mother country; but was long extended to certain colonial interests, and to none in a greater degree than to our tropical sugar planters. It is true that until a comparatively recent period, the

intended boon proved in a great degree ineffectual; for the supply furnished by our West India colonies being beyond the wants of the mother country, it became necessary for the planters to seek a market elsewhere for the surplus. And this necessity would have effectually hindered any rise of price at home above that in the general markets of Europe;—unless it had been that through improvements in the sugar refining processes, the drawback on the exportation of loaf sugar from England yielded a bounty of some few shillings per hundred-weight, beyond the duty paid on the raw material. As our population increased, the surplus of West India sugar became less and less, and at last entirely disappeared. To meet the greater demand of our growing numbers, the produce of the Mauritius, and subsequently that of a part of our Indian empire, were then admitted at the same rate of duty as was chargeable on West India sugar. In the meanwhile the West India planter had the advantage of a strict monopoly, through the exorbitant duty placed on all foreign-grown sugar. It was attempted to justify this monopoly on the ground that the mother country, on the other hand, retained the monopoly of the trade of the colonies. But, to prove that this was not a losing arrangement, two conditions were necessary, neither of which had any real existence. These were, first,—that the monopoly trade carried on by us with our colonies was more gainful than an open trade would have been; and next,—that every consumer of sugar in the United Kingdom participated in that extra gain. If even these conditions had been complied with, it would still have been further necessary to show that the gain to the inhabitant of the mother country was equal to that of the colonist; and supposing all this to have been accomplished, it would have been still impossible to have made out that either party gained by its own monopoly, or would be injured by the abolition of both.

The subject of West India distress is altogether a different question, into which it would be out of place to enter now. We will, however, venture upon a few words, in order to show that the existence of that distress is not fairly chargeable upon home legislation; and that at all events it affords no valid plea for a departure from Free Trade principles.

The claim of the colonial planter for a continuance of the protective duty in his favour, is based upon the change effected by the legislature in the condition of the negro population. That change was accompanied by a grant on the part of parliament of 20,000,000*l.* sterling. If the money to be paid as wages to the emancipated negro, were to be no more than the cost had been for food, clothing, lodging, and medical attend-

ance, joined to support in childhood and old age, under the system of slavery, the planter could not have pretended to any claim for compensation. The supposition, that he would be able to substantiate such a claim upon the ground of his future disbursements exceeding those of former times, constituted the only excuse for granting the 20,000,000*l.* We are willing to believe that the grant was justified by the facts; and we believe also, that it was adequate to the end proposed. We should rather say, that perhaps it would have been adequate, had it reached the pockets of the planters. It is notorious, however, that except in rare instances this was not the case. It was appropriated, for the most part, to the payment of debts long before incurred; and accordingly it failed altogether to realise the end which the legislature had in view. Had the case been different; had the capital furnished by parliament been applied as a fund for the payment of labour, and had it proved insufficient for that purpose—a position which we should think it difficult to maintain,—there might have arisen a moral claim for a supplemental grant, but none for the continuance of protecting duties.

Let us now see what has been the effect to the consumers in this country of the approach which has been made to a Free Trade in sugar.

For several years preceding 1840, the duty on British-grown sugar had been 24*s.*, and on all foreign-grown 63*s.* per hundred-weight; and in that year 5 per cent was added to these rates. These rates continued until 1845, when the duty on British-grown sugar was reduced to 14*s.*, and on foreign, the produce of free labour, to 23*s.* and 4*d.* The distinction then drawn between free-labour and slave-labour sugar could have no more than a nominal effect upon prices in our markets, since every pound additionally taken into consumption by us, was so much withdrawn from the general consumption of the world; and unless the free-labour produce had been less than would suffice to supply our wants—which was not the case,—it must be immaterial whether our purchases should be made, of that description only, or of slave-grown sugar equally with it. The measure of 1845 reduced, therefore, the protecting duty from 40*s.* and 11*d.* to 9*s.* and 4*d.* per hundred-weight. The conjoint effect of the reduction of the duty and of the protecting rate, was to raise the consumption from 206,472 tons in 1844, to 242,831 tons in 1845. In the following year the restriction with regard to slave-grown produce was removed, and foreign sugar was admitted at 21*s.*; the effect of which reduction was to raise our consumption further to 261,012 tons. In 1847 the difference in the duty between British plantation and foreign sugar, was further

lessened to 6*s.*; and in that year our consumption reached 288,975 tons. In 1848 the duty on British Muscavado sugar was further lowered to 13*s.*, and on that of foreign growth to 18*s.* and 6*d.*,—and we then consumed 308,131 tons: showing a regular increase in consumption, during four years, of more than 100,000 tons, equal to about 50 per cent. advance upon the quantity consumed in 1844.

It is impossible to determine what would have been the effect of thus lowering the differential rates of duty without making any reduction in the charge upon British-grown sugar. But it must be clear to every one from these figures, that the change in our system of protection, in consequence of which the sugar of foreign countries has been brought into use within this kingdom, has at least not been, as the advocates of protection would have us believe, a failure; and we are surely warranted by them in expecting that when, in 1854, we shall have arrived, with respect to this important article of commerce, at a perfectly Free Trade, we shall be reaping a full measure of commercial and social benefit from the change.

We cannot yet be said to have entirely liberated our trade in timber; since the duty chargeable on timber of foreign growth is 15*s.* per load of 50 cubic feet; while the same quantity may be imported from our colonies on paying a duty of 1*s.*, and while we have no duty upon teak and some other kinds of wood used in ship-building, nor upon the timber which has been grown within the kingdom. We have, however, made a considerable approach towards the true principle as regards this article of commerce; the cost of which, it being essentially a raw material of manufacture, enters more or less into the price of almost every other article produced;—a consideration which renders timber a very unfit subject for taxation. Up to October 1842, the duty upon foreign timber was 56*s.* 6*d.*, and that on colonial 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* per load; giving an advantage to the latter of 45*s.* From that time, the wood of our colonies has been admitted at the nominal duty of 1*s.* the load, and progressive reductions have been made in that of foreign growth, until it is now fixed, as above stated, at 15*s.* per load. It may be well to trace the effects of these progressive changes, and to inquire how far the lamentations of colonial wood merchants, and those predictions of ruin to themselves and to the shipping interest, which they poured forth so abundantly and so vehemently while the reductions were under discussion, have been borne out by the result.

Concurrently with the alteration of the tariff in 1842, a change was made in the manner of computing the duty. This is now taken, and has been since 1842, according to the cubic con-

tents of the timber; whereas before, rates were chargeable in respect of sawn timber (deals, battens, and boards) in certain classes by tale. One of the consequences had been, among other evils, the destruction previous to shipment of a part of the timber; it being the practice to cut a foot, or several feet, as the case might be, from the deals &c., so as just to bring them within a class which entitled the importer to pay a lower rate of duty. It is impossible, on this account, to make any comparison between the amount of our importations before 1843 and the amount subsequently. The quantities from that year down to the end of 1848 have been, according to published official documents —

	Colonial. Loads.	Foreign. Loads.	Total. Loads.
1843	922,087	395,558	1,317,645
1844	941,221	544,136	1,485,357
1845	1,281,974	675,840	1,957,814
1846	1,214,442	810,497	2,024,939
1847	1,086,070	806,752	1,895,822
1848	1,102,254	701,080	1,803,334

Can there be any stronger justification of the course pursued towards equalising the duty upon foreign and colonial timber, than is afforded by these figures? It is shown by them, in the first place, that by the excessive duties levied, the supply of this most necessary article was restricted far below the actual wants of the country. In five years, the total quantity brought to our shores has increased by more than half a million of loads, or exceeding 40 per cent.; a fact which may indicate to us how greatly we must have suffered previously from the want of an adequate supply. Wood can in no sense be considered as a luxury; and every load of it which was kept out by our tariff must have interfered injuriously with some branch of our productive industry. But it was predicted that by lowering the duty upon foreign timber, brought from neighbouring countries, and therefore at a much lower cost of transport than the supply from our distant colonies, the timber trade of the latter must be annihilated, and that with it our shipping interest would be grievously injured. A glance at the above figures demonstrates the rashness of that prediction also. The change has been so far from injurious, that the colonial branch of the trade has been greater under it than at any former period; although, concurrently with its prosperity, the foreign branch has been doubled. Great as are these advantages, and attributable as they undoubtedly are to the late alteration in our fiscal system, we are far from being satisfied with the position

in which the timber duties have been left by the law of 1846. If it is considered right or necessary to retain any duty upon an article of such prime necessity, we hold that no satisfactory reason can be found for maintaining any difference in the rates charged upon foreign and colonial wood. Not to insist upon the principle which condemns all duties for protection, it may be truly urged, on the authority of persons well qualified to guide opinion upon the subject, that the lumbering trade in our North American possessions is of no real value to the colonies themselves; and is profitable only to a few capitalists, who have the trade in their hands, and are chiefly resident in Great Britain. On this, as on other kindred subjects, parties interested in keeping up protection have striven to enlist the fears of the public in their favour. We are asked, how, in the event of a war which might close against us the ports of Europe, we should be able to obtain a supply of this most necessary article of commerce, if we were to withhold encouragement from the colonial trade during times of peace? The answer to this question is simple and conclusive. Timber is not an article of yearly production, which can be consumed in one season and found again the following year; and if the fear of deprivation through the shutting against us of foreign ports be at all reasonable, it should lead us to discourage during peace all trade and consumption from those regions which will alone remain available to us during war. Common prudence would, in such case, lead us to put a heavy duty during peace upon colonial timber, if even we did not altogether prohibit its importation, in order that a supply might be preserved to us during a time of war; while, on the other hand, we ought to admit the timber of foreign countries free of duty, and by that means exhaust, as far as depends on our demands, the supply of an article most indispensable to our future enemies.

It has been asserted, that the benefit of the reductions in the duty on foreign timber has been appropriated exclusively by the foreign producer and trader, and that the English consumer has paid for timber as dearly as he paid before the change. Having made inquiries into the truth of this assertion, we are in a condition utterly to deny it. In almost every case, the price to the consumer has been reduced in our markets, beyond the amount of the duty given up. For instance, the standard hundred of St. Petersburg plank was sold in 1841 for 18*l.*; the abatement in the duty upon this quantity amounts to 3*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.*, which would leave the price, 14*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; whereas the actual price is only 13*l.* 10*s.* The like quantity of battens, which sold also at 18*l.* per standard hundred, has been relieved of duty to

the extent of 2*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*; and the price being now 13*l.* 10*s.*, the consumer profits to the extent of 1*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* beyond the reduction of duty. The great hundred of Gottenburg deals, which sold before the reduction for 16*l.* 10*s.*, and from which an abatement has been made of 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, sells now for 12*l.*; giving an excess of saving to the consumer of 16*s.* 6*d.* In one or two descriptions, where from particular circumstances the demand is lively, the importer, it is true, benefits slightly at the expense of the revenue; for instance, Christiania deals, which sold at 33*l.* per great hundred, and from which the duty abated was 9*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, sell now from 24*l.* to 26*l.* But it must be apparent from these details, that, on the whole, the consumer has derived the full benefit which was designed for him; and that in the case of the timber duties, the approach which we have made to true principles has been eminently successful.

Among all the branches of domestic industry, from which the protection afforded by import duties was partially withdrawn in 1842, there was none in which the parties interested made louder and more urgent appeals against the contemplated reduction, than the manufacture of leather gloves. The manufacturers affirmed, and no doubt believed, that with a lower range of protecting duty than that which they had enjoyed, it would be hopeless for them to attempt competition with the glove-makers of France. It was of no use to represent to them, that the rate of duty, still reserved in their favour, was far more than an equivalent for the trifling duty retained upon the skins when prepared for use, and which they might import from the same markets whence their rivals were supplied. They had made up their minds to ruin — to the closing of their establishments, and the discharge of their work-people. What, however, has been the result? In the words of one eminently qualified to judge, who buys and sells more leather gloves both of English and French manufacture than almost any other dealer in London: ‘So far from the idle fears of ruin expressed by the English glove manufacturers being realised by the last reduction of duty, I understand that that branch of manufacture was never in so flourishing a condition as at the present moment (May 1849); and, notwithstanding there has been a large increase in the importation of French gloves this year, there is now a greater demand for English leather gloves than at any former period. The quality and make of our gloves have also much improved since they were put into more direct competition with the French by the last reduction of duty; so much so that in some instances none but a practised eye could distinguish one from the other. As regards price, the English

‘ compete successfully with the French, especially in lamb-skin gloves, and I believe in this article would still do so, were the duty taken off altogether. In kid gloves, owing to climate or some other local circumstance, the French have some advantage, but this refers chiefly to the highest priced article, and probably to the pains and care in making them up.’ This information realises all the expectations entertained in this and similar cases by the advocates of free trade. So long as any branch of industry is hedged in by protection, those who follow it are without the stimulus needful for complete success; but once let them be made to feel that they must depend upon their own unaided exertions to make good their position, and those exertions will not long be wanting. If the object be one capable of accomplishment, our energetic countrymen will be sure to overcome all obstacles. Where the contrary is the case,—where protection is absolutely necessary to enable us to compete with other nations,—where, in other words, the public is laid under contribution in order that certain traders may carry on an otherwise unprofitable calling, all reasonable persons will answer—the sooner it is abandoned the better. We may be certain that the capital which will be withdrawn from it will not be suffered to lie idle; but that it will be turned to account in giving employment to industry in some new channel, much more to the general welfare of the community.

It is not in the glove manufacture only, that trades connected with leather are prospering. The tanners and curriers declared their conviction, while the measure for repealing the duty on foreign leather was under consideration in parliament, that they never could compete with the tanners of France, Germany, and the Low Countries; to one or other of those seats of the leather manufacture they were to transfer themselves and their capital,—abandoning their tan-pits in England, and leaving their workmen to be supported by the parish. What, however, has actually taken place, since the tanned and curried leather of their dreaded rivals has been let in free of duty? We answer in the words employed in its trade circular by one of the most extensive leather factors houses in London. That house, depending for its business upon the good opinion of the parties to whom its circular is addressed, would not assuredly venture to advance opinions upon this subject, which, if they could be refuted by the fact, must be most distasteful to its customers. Writing at the beginning of the present year, the party alluded to states:— ‘ We have often expressed our opinion of the injustice of that enactment towards tanners,’ (the measure affecting them of 1842) ‘ by depreciating the value of their heavy stocks—ne-

‘cessarily heavy, because a process of six months is necessary; —but we cannot help believing that the subsequent measure of 1845, making the trade entirely free, by removing all the duty from all the raw material, as well as leather, has in a great degree compensated the evils of the former measure; and present circumstances indicate that they will eventually be found advantageous to the manufacturer, by enabling him to produce his goods at a low rate, and thereby extending the exports:—at no period in the remembrance of the oldest individual, were hides and leather generally so low as at present; nor was there ever a time when the English leather manufacturer was so able to compete with any other in these branches of merchandise.’

The exorbitant differential duty which, up to 1846, was charged upon foreign spirits, did not originate in the desire to protect the distillers of the United Kingdom and its dependencies; but in feelings of hostility towards France, with which country we were at war when that high rate was first imposed. Being once imposed, however, it was thought to have the effect of encouraging our own distillers; and every attempt to lower it long met with the most determined opposition on their part. A duty of 22*s.* 10*d.* per gallon upon an article, the first cost of which ranges from 3*s.* to 5*s.*, could not but prove irresistible to smugglers,—a consideration which ought always to have great weight with governments. Of course we can have no means of knowing the extent in which foreign spirits were illicitly introduced; although a comparison of the Custom House Records of England with those of France leaves no room to doubt that smuggling was extensively carried on. In 1846 the duty was lowered from 22*s.* 10*d.* to 15*s.* per gallon, with the following result:—

	Gallons imported for Use.	Rate of Duty.	Amount of Revenue.
1843	1,052,260	22 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i>	1,201,339
1844	1,037,937	”	1,184,798
1845	1,073,778	”	1,225,869
1846	1,561,629	15 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>	1,203,920
1847	1,574,068	”	1,182,794
1848	1,632,710	”	1,233,437

That the increased consumption of foreign spirits (chiefly brandy), as shown by these figures, has not been accompanied by a lessened use of Colonial or of British spirits, notwithstanding the great diminution made in the protective duty, is also proved by parliamentary returns. Comparing the quantities used in the three years preceding the reduction in the brandy duty with

the three years during which the reduced scale has been in operation, it will be seen that the yearly average quantities and the revenue derived from them are even much greater in the latter period : viz.

	Three Years to 1845 inclusive.	Three Years to 1848 inclusive.
Average consumption of		
Colonial spirits	Galls. 2,257,147	Galls. 2,999,904
British spirits	20,865,148	22,326,957
Average yearly revenue on		
Colonial spirits	£ 1,053,427	£ 1,230,005
British spirits	5,274,726	5,561,815

It will place the policy of moderate duties in even a stronger light than is thrown upon it by the foregoing figures, if we turn to the facts connected with a kindred article—we mean wine,—in respect of which no fiscal change has been made for many years. In 1825 the duty on wine, except on that of France, was reduced from 9s. 1d. to 4s. 10d. per imperial gallon, and upon French wine from 13s. 9d. to 7s. 3d. The average yearly consumption during the five years which preceded this reduction, was 4,751,104 gallons; and during the five years which followed the reduction, 6,539,855 gallons. It might have been expected that this result would have encouraged the legislature to make a further move in the same direction; especially as the increased consumption, attained by the measure of 1825, had speedily reached its maximum, but more particularly since the quantity which has contributed to the revenue has, of late years, actually fallen off, notwithstanding the steady increase of our numbers and our wealth, and the more luxurious habits of society. The average consumption of the three years ending with 1840 having been 6,848,226 gallons, that of the three years ending with 1847, the latest for which the accounts are available, was only 6,510,098; although our population in the later period must have exceeded that of the earlier years by more than two millions. One move in the right direction was made in 1831 by equalising the duty on French and other wine, the effect of which has been to raise the consumption of French wine fully 60 per cent. : except for which circumstance, it is probable that the falling off in the general consumption of wine would have been greater than we have shown it to have been.

The only departure from the principle of Free Trade which has existed with regard to wine, since the above mentioned equalisation of 1831, is a differential duty in favour of the produce of the Cape of Good Hope. For the last thirty-five years, Cape wine has been admitted to consumption at rates never exceed-

ing half the duty charged upon the wines of Spain and Portugal. With how little benefit to the colony this favouritism has been attended, appears from the fact, that the consumption of Cape wine is now not one half of what it was a quarter of a century ago; and that the falling off is rapidly and steadily going on. The quantities on which duty has been paid, were

in 1825	670,639 gallons	in 1840	456,773 gallons
1830	535,255	1845	357,793
1835	522,941	1848	268,010

A result of this kind affords small encouragement to protectionist partisans. Doubtless the sale of Cape wine is as great as is justified by the quality of the importations; but the fact that, before the adoption of a differential duty in its favour, the wine of this colony did find its way into consumption in England, is in itself a proof that the quality was not always so uniformly bad as it now is; and leads strongly to the inference that its present inferiority is one of the never failing consequences of protection.

The effect of Mr. Huskisson's Free Trade measures concerning silk, has been so frequently discussed in these pages and elsewhere, and their policy so completely vindicated, that it cannot be necessary to revert to them on this occasion; except to show that the further step which was taken in advance in 1846, has not been productive of evil to the manufacturers of this country, but the reverse. The duty chargeable upon each kind of foreign-made silk goods, was, up to the year just mentioned, calculated to be equal to 30 per cent. on the value. This protection was reduced in 1846 to one-half or 15 per cent. All sort of ruin was thereupon predicted. We have made particular inquiries, and have the pleasure of stating that we are assured by one of the largest wholesale dealers in both British and foreign silks, carrying on business in the metropolis,—that ‘speaking generally of the silk trade of this country no prejudicial effect whatever has been produced by the last reduction of duty on foreign silks; but, on the contrary, a very beneficial one, by bringing the manufacturers of this country more closely into competition with the French, and thereby calling their skill into more active operation, by which the manufacture itself cannot fail to benefit.’ There can be no better proof of the advancing skill of the English silk manufacturer, than the fact of his productions meeting those of other countries in third markets. This they do to a considerable extent,—not, as has been asserted in the single form of silk yarn spun from the refuse of the throwing mills, but—in rich goods, stuffs and ribbons, lace, hosiery,

and almost all the other forms given by the loom and frame to the material. During 1848, when our export trade with Europe was materially lessened through political troubles, which more or less deranged the commercial pursuits of almost every continental state, our exports of silk stuffs, and ribbons, exceeded 400,000 weight.

Our woollen manufacture had for a long period been carried on in the face of low import duties; which were seen to be unnecessary for the encouragement of our home industry,—inasmuch as we every year exported woollen goods to the value of several millions sterling. In the year 1846 all import duties on these goods were repealed; and it would be impossible for any advocate of protection to show that a single shuttle has been laid aside in consequence. It is true that some Bradford manufacturers have complained of the quantity of some qualities of Merino cloths brought over from France, as interfering with English industry. Unfortunately, however, for the justice of this complaint, it is the fact that the goods thus introduced are of a description which are not, and which never have been manufactured in England. The manufacturers of Bradford cannot therefore characterise as a loss through foreign competition the absence of a trade which they never had; and which was prosecuted by the French as extensively before 1846 as since, and during the time when all woollen fabrics were subject to a duty of 15 per cent. on their value. We have now before us a letter from one of the most extensive mercantile firms in Bradford, in which it is said; ‘Our business as merchants in the home trade consists in the sale of Bradford goods, and we are also importers of French merinos. It would answer our purpose much better to have these goods made here, and we have been at great pains and expense in endeavouring to do so, but as yet have not succeeded.’

Our linen manufacture was long treated, as incapable of existing without protection. The country was taxed to provide a bounty for whatever linen was exported; while duties equal to 40 per cent. on the value were imposed upon the linens of other countries. The system of bounties ceased in 1832, after having continued for more than a century; during which the English people had paid a sum of from 300,000*l.* to 400,000*l.* yearly out of their hard earnings, in order that foreigners might purchase their linen fabrics below the cost of production. In 1846 the duty on foreign linen was repealed; and these successive measures have been so far from injurious to the manufacturers, that the trade has since assumed a degree of importance among the various branches of our national industry, to which

it had never before aspired. In the north of Ireland, this manufacture is said to afford the means of subsistence to nearly 300,000 souls; and the condition of its higher branches is thus represented in a paper read before the Dublin Statistical Society during the present year, by Mr. James Mac Adam, the secretary to the Royal Flax Improvement Society of Ireland, a gentleman peculiarly well qualified to give information on the subject: —

‘ I allude to the manufacture of damasks, and that of linen and cambric woven and printed in patterns. The damask manufacture was introduced from Saxony, and by degrees has attained to such perfection, that the Irish fabrics now vie with, and even surpass, the finest productions of the Saxon looms, in excellence of quality, evenness of texture, purity of bleach, and elegance of design. Our finest damasks are now found on the tables of the nobility, of the Queen herself, and even of several European sovereigns. Large quantities have been made for the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, the ex-King of the French, and even for the King of Saxony. The latter fact affords important evidence of our progress, that we have thus furnished damasks to the ruler of that people, who successfully prosecuted this branch of industry long previous to the mounting of the first Irish loom.’

In the foregoing remarks we have been necessarily brief; in order to bring within a reasonable compass some notice of the actual condition, under our reformed tariff, of each of our chief branches of industry. We will only refer at present to one other branch, viz., to the machine-wrought hosiery manufacture; which has existed almost exclusively in the three Midland counties, Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby, for full 200 years. For more than thirty years the hands employed in this manufacture have struggled for existence in a state of misery, which it is painful to contemplate. Mr. Felkin of Nottingham, a gentleman intimately acquainted with the hosiery trade of this country in all its branches, read a statement concerning it before the British Association at York in 1844, when the workmen engaged in it were in a less wretched state than usual, — not more than 10 per cent. of their number being unemployed; but when the wages of a man for a full week's work were nevertheless no higher than from five to six shillings. At the present time, we have the same excellent authority for saying, that every hand able and willing to work in a frame is fully employed at an advance of from 30 to 35 per cent. upon the highest wages that they have ever received during the last thirty or forty years; and that the demand for their goods has for some time been greater than can be supplied.

Without claiming, as we might, for Free Trade policy, all the merit of the improved condition of 50,000 of our fellow subjects, we run no risk of contradiction, when we say, — that the advocates for protection cannot find in it any confirmation of their forebodings, or build upon it any argument for going back to the practice of restriction which they dignify with the name of protection.

It is doubtless mainly owing to the cheapness of production, which places their wares within the reach of a greater number of persons, — and to the low price of food, which enables the masses to apply a larger part of their earnings to the purchase of comfortable clothing, — that this unexampled demand for hosiery has arisen. With the continuance of these favourable conditions, we may expect a continued state of prosperity for our artisans; nor are we dependent alone upon the well-doing of our home consumers for such continuance. The measures lately adopted by our legislature (the practical operation of which it has been our object to explain), have so far cheapened the products of our industry, as to open and extend for them various foreign markets; and have enabled us better than ever to rival the industry of other countries, in every branch of manufacture to which we may think it desirable to apply ourselves. In a letter recently written by a person of high authority on such matters from one of the chief commercial ports in South America, we find the following statement: — ‘The repeal of all duties on manufacturing materials in England, enables the British manufacturer to undersell every other by 25 and 30 per cent.; and this is so evident as regards this country, that foreign houses who used to promote the sale of their own manufactures have been obliged to turn their attention and capital to supplies from Great Britain, and are now as actively engaged in the importation and sale of British goods as they used to be in those from France, Germany, and Belgium.’ If we turn our view from the far west to the eastern extremity of Europe, we find equal evidence in favour of the wisdom of our recent liberal commercial policy. A letter bearing date in March of the present year, written from Jaffa, states, ‘British trade is greatly on the increase; indeed so much so, that I am led to hope it will be the principal foreign trade here. Cotton culture is taken up with great interest by the natives; and I think, within a few years, Jaffa will export largely of this article for Great Britain. The wheat of this district has already found good markets in the United Kingdom; and barley and sesamé seeds are also about to be shipped. All this tends to increase the consumption of British manufactures in these parts. The

‘ British goods already imported have met with a good sale, and
 ‘ we are expecting more ships from London and Liverpool with
 ‘ British goods.’

It is a favourite argument with the advocates for protecting duties, that they are required, in order to place England upon an equal footing with other countries, so long as other countries impose duties on the produce and manufacture of England. ‘ What !’ it is said, ‘ will you admit the untaxed labour of ‘ foreign countries to free competition with the highly taxed ‘ labour of your own country ?’ We answer, ‘ Assuredly, yes.’ In case such a thing as untaxed labour, in the sense here understood, is any where to be found, and in case its produce, being untaxed, is to be had at a lower cost, we would seek out that particular produce and import it in preference to any other, though the result of labour ever so highly taxed. Our object, in short, would be, to get the most we could for our money ; or, to speak more correctly, the most we could for our labour, since money is only the representative of labour. It by no means follows, however, that a high rate of taxation must render the productions of a country dear, or that such productions must necessarily be cheap in the absence of all taxation. It may be easily conceived, and, indeed, shown — how, in a country free from taxation, there would probably exist far greater obstacles to and much fewer facilities for production than are to be found in many highly-taxed communities. A great use of taxes, and the application of their proceeds, is to give security, — without which no industry can prosper, — and facilities of various kinds, which render labour more effective. One thing, indeed, must be clear upon the slightest examination ; that, whenever taxation on the part of *the state* is heavy, the people can less afford to *pay taxes to individuals*. And what is it but to pay taxes to individuals, when, through protecting duties, or other artificially created obstacles, the consumers are made to pay higher to the home producer than they would have to pay to the foreigner ? — in other words, are made to labour longer and harder, in order to obtain from a fellow countryman the article, which could be procured at a less sacrifice of labour from foreign countries.

We have, it is true, lately seen a member of the House of Commons boldly putting forward the long exploded doctrine, — that a nation becomes rich by the abundance of its exports, and poor through the abundance of its imports. We had thought, until we encountered the arguments of the Member for North Warwickshire, that this notion had died with the late Mr. Alderman Waithman ; and we certainly do not feel called upon seriously to say one word in its confutation. We still profess

the contrary belief. And, so believing, we venture to bring forward, as clear proof of our increasing prosperity, a fact established by a return to parliament during the present session. It shows the quantity in tons, of articles the produce of Europe, imported during each of the three years ending with 1847. These quantities were,

1845	-	-	-	1,814,608 tons.
1846	-	-	-	2,122,234
1847	-	-	-	2,745,687

Showing an increase of 307,626 tons in 1846 over 1845; of 623,453 tons in 1847 over 1846; and an increase in the two years of 931,079 tons. We may be quite certain that these importations did not reach our shores, without an equivalent amount of the labour which they represent being furnished by us in return. If they have come to us untaxed, or but lightly taxed, that equivalent labour will have been less burdensome to us; and unless we can be brought to see that labour is in itself a good, we must continue to believe that cheapness is a blessing. However these imports may have been taxed abroad, it is clear that we have obtained them in increasing quantities, and that we have paid for them by our industry. Either, therefore, we have procured them more cheaply, that is, have procured larger supplies at the same cost of labour; or we have found the means for making our own industry more productive. It does not much matter which of these two conditions is the fact, though we prefer the former. In either case, assuredly we have been able to command a greater amount of enjoyment than before.

We have always been confident, that great good must arise from the liberal measures on commercial subjects, which, begun by Mr. Huskisson a quarter of a century ago, have been, in recent years, more extensively adopted by Parliament. Nevertheless, we should hardly have allowed ourselves to hope that so much could have been realised in the presence of those untoward events, by which the last great changes in our commercial code have been necessarily impeded and overcast. The failure of the cotton crop in America, the destruction of the potato in Ireland, and the great injury sustained by our last harvest over a considerable part of England, — to say nothing of the disturbed state of Europe since the beginning of 1848 — would have justified the plea, if any had been needed, for further time, before we were called upon for a final judgment on the consequences of Free Trade policy. That, notwithstanding these misfortunes, the trade of the country has enabled us to bring forward such facts

as we have stated in the foregoing pages, must strengthen immeasurably the confidence of free traders in the soundness of their policy, and should quiet, we think, the doubts and apprehensions of its late opponents.

ART. VI. — *Corpus Ignatianum: a Complete Collection of the Ignatian Epistles, genuine, interpolated, and spurious; together with numerous Extracts from them, as quoted by Ecclesiastical Writers down to the Tenth Century; in Syriac, Greek, and Latin; an English Translation of the Syriac Text, Copious Notes, and Introduction.* By WILLIAM CURETON, M. A., F. R. S. London: 1849. 8vo.

NEXT to the exact sciences, there is perhaps no branch of human knowledge which has been so assiduously, and upon the whole so successfully cultivated, as the classical literature of Greece and Rome. Ever since the revival of letters in the fourteenth century, the monuments of this literature have been considered of paramount importance — as replete with varied and valuable information, as models of taste and composition, and as furnishing such a salutary discipline to both the mind and character as to be the indispensable ingredients of a liberal education. We are not now going to inquire how far this persuasion may have been carried beyond its just limits; but the effects of it are conspicuous in European literature and education. A great proportion of the choicest intellects of the last five centuries have made it their chief employment to imitate or rival the classical writers; or to render their works more accessible to the public by means of translations, commentaries, and critically correct editions.

The fruits of this diligence are upon the whole satisfactory. Confining ourselves for the present to the material portion of the subject, we may venture to affirm, that the writings of the Greek and Roman classical authors are now well understood, or, at all events, that the means of understanding them are within our reach. Ancient manners and customs, history and geography have been carefully studied, grammatical characteristics and idioms have been successfully investigated, and, what is not the least important, a praiseworthy industry and acumen have been exercised in restoring the texts of authors to their genuine form. A Greek text revised by Gaisford or Dindorf is perhaps not much inferior in accuracy to the copies commonly current in the æra of the Ptolemies; and is certainly more free from am-

biguity, and more convenient in every respect than the handiwork of scribes, who had no system of punctuation, and had not even learnt to divide one word from another.

A considerable amount of labour has also been expended upon the writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church. It may be doubted, however, whether those efforts, considered collectively, have been attended with equally satisfactory results. Though inferior in respect of language and composition to the best classical models, some of them are far from despicable even in an æsthetic point of view; the lights which they throw on civil and ecclesiastical history, and on the state and progress of opinion, are neither few nor unimportant; and they are intimately connected with matters on which, above all others, it is of consequence to be correctly informed, namely, religious belief and practice. Yet, except in particular instances, their works have neither been exhibited in a correct form, nor treated in a truly critical spirit; nor has there been any well-directed systematic attempt to elucidate their language and phraseology. The consequence is, that the student who wishes to attain a competent knowledge of their writings, finds his path beset with numerous difficulties, which nothing but long and severe training will enable him to overcome, — unless he is content to rely on guides whose skill or whose honesty he will often find reason to question.

This is an unpleasant state of things. It would lead us too far, were we to enter into a minute investigation of its causes. We conceive, however, that the one which has been the longest and most prejudicially in operation, is the party spirit which began so early, and still continues to prevail in the Church. The restorers of classical literature, and their successors, had definite objects in view; namely, to ascertain what their authors had written, and to put their readers in possession of the true meaning of the text. They acted, therefore, on uniform principles, and with a general unity of purpose; and consequently, if they could not attain perfect accuracy, they were continually coming nearer it. But, Patristic Divinity did not fare so well. When the spirit of ecclesiastical partizanship began to prevail over more simply Christian feelings, the literary champions on all sides acted on the policy of bringing prominently forward what suited their particular views, and of disparaging, stigmatising, or keeping out of sight whatever appeared unfavourable to them. Hence it is next to impossible to get a perfectly fair view of any consecutive period of ecclesiastical history, or a fair statement of the doctrines and opinions of many considerable sects. Every thing is tinged or distorted by

the prejudiced medium through which it has passed; and a large amount of valuable knowledge is entirely lost to the world, because those who were once in possession of it did not think it expedient to transmit it to posterity. In process of time, too, the dominant party manifested a disposition to substitute authority for evidence; and to insist upon having its dicta believed, whether it proved them or not. With that party, of course, writings which interfered the least with those pretensions, met with most acceptance; and much which opposed them or did not explicitly support them, was allowed to drop into oblivion, or was corrupted in various ways to make it harmonise with what was called the 'Voice of the Church.' Ample illustration of these positions may be found, in the whole history of the Church from the third century downwards.

It would be difficult to produce a more striking example of the influence of this mischievous party-spirit than is furnished by the fate of Origen and of his writings. It is universally allowed, that few men of his age equalled him in piety and active benevolence; that, in point of learning and industry, he occupied the very first rank; and that a greater amount of valuable knowledge, both sacred and profane, might be derived from his writings than from those of any other ecclesiastical author. He was not exempt, indeed, from eccentricities and errors; but they were in general calculated to hurt nobody but himself; and in consideration of his acknowledged merits, might have been overlooked, or, at all events, opposed with calmness and moderation. And this was, in fact, the course taken by Athanasius, Basil, Gregory of Nazianzum, and other illustrious Fathers. They speak of him with respect, while they combat his errors; and they thankfully bear witness to the benefit which they derived from his works. But, unfortunately, there was an influential party in the Church, composed of men of small capacity, strong prejudices, and a meddling, unquiet disposition, who deliberately undertook to stigmatise and ruin him. The characters and motives of this clique are graphically described by St. Pamphilus in his 'Apology for Origen,' of which an abstract has been preserved by Ruffinus. He informs us that the opponents of Origen were partly such as were unable to comprehend his writings, and partly persons influenced by malevolence and prejudice, which they carried so far as to brand with heresy all who even presumed to read him. Many of those who were most bitter against him never saw his books, and did not even understand the language in which they were written. There were others who, having made great use of him in their own lucubrations, studiously affected to decry

him, for fear it should be discovered that all their best things were stolen from Origen. By dint of restless activity, this contemptible faction prevailed over wiser and better men; and Origen was long held up as an object of odium throughout the greater part of Christendom. The consequences of this party-spirit have been seriously detrimental to the cause of learning and truth in a variety of ways. Many of his most important works have been completely suppressed; and much of what remains has been tampered with by enemies and injudicious friends; so that a calm inquirer of the present day can only avail himself in a very limited degree of the fruits of Origen's researches; and has only suspicious and garbled data for ascertaining his real opinions. Had he been a Pagan commentator on Aristotle, he would have been far more equitably dealt with.

Something of a similar fate attended another writer, who has perhaps still stronger claims on the notice and the gratitude of posterity—Eusebius of Cæsarea. Equal to Origen in learning, he excelled him in judgment; and, like him, he devoted a long and active life to the promotion of sacred literature, and the defence of the Church against its Pagan enemies. Yet he did not escape calumny and misrepresentation, either alive or dead; and, though his writings have, upon the whole, fared better than those of Origen, we have still to regret the loss of many of no small importance. This, of course, is partly owing to the calamitous condition of the Church under barbarian and Mohammedan dominion. But there can be no doubt that the orthodox Greeks could have preserved Eusebius as easily as St. Johnnes Damascenus, if they had liked him as well. We are under some obligations to the heterodox in this matter. The Syrian Jacobites have preserved the Theophania; and the Armenians have taken care of the Chronicle. If there is any Eutychian or Nestorian community in being, able to produce the lost books of the '*Demonstratio Evangelica*,' or the controversy with Porphyry, we do not scruple to say we should be happy to make their acquaintance. We should be thankful, in the next degree, to any scholar who would undertake to do for his collective works what the Dean of Christchurch has done for the '*Præparatio Evangelica*.' The attempt would probably have been made long ago, if the prejudice against him (to which we have adverted, and which is not yet extinct) had not interfered.

This spirit of sacrificing truth to party-feelings and interests sometimes operated equally mischievously, in a different way. When the controversies which distracted the Church in the third and fourth centuries raged most vehemently, the cham-

pions on both sides were naturally anxious to avail themselves of the authority of their most distinguished predecessors in support of their respective opinions. But it usually happened that little support could be derived by either side from the earlier Fathers, for this simple reason;—the questions afterwards most eagerly debated had never been mooted in their time. It, therefore, became a common artifice to interpolate their writings, or forge new ones in their name; and thus make them give suitable testimony, — whether they would or no. Both the orthodox and the heterodox accused their adversaries roundly of this dishonest course; and it is to be feared that neither side was perfectly free from the imputation. Such men as Athanasius were doubtless irreproachable on this head; but it may be questioned whether all their adherents were equally scrupulous. There is, for example, a pretty large collection of writings professedly by St. Clement of Rome. Some of them were undoubtedly forged by heretics; but others appear to have been the productions of persons, whose doctrine did not differ materially from that of the dominant party in the Church. Neither side would have taken the trouble, except with the view of countenancing their own opinions by the ostensible authority of a writer of the apostolic age. Considerable success attended the attempt; and the ‘Recognitions,’ in particular,—the work of a man of no principle, but of great learning and ability, — did much mischief, from the fables to which it gave currency, and the legendary spirit which it fostered.

A similar experiment was tried, at a little later period, upon the subject of the present article,—Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch in the first and second centuries. The fact of epistles being written by Ignatius to different Christian communities, a short time before his martyrdom, is sufficiently well attested. They are mentioned by respectable authors of the second and third centuries,—by Polycarp, Irenæus, Theophilus of Antioch, and Origen,—who refer to or quote three several epistles still extant; but do not intimate that any others were then in existence. In the fourth century, however, Eusebius specifies seven epistles, attributed to Ignatius, as being current in his time; but speaks of them in guarded terms, as if he were not perfectly satisfied of their genuineness. He states, indeed, that those addressed to the Romans and to Polycarp had been mentioned by ancient writers; and he might have added the testimony of Origen with respect to the one to the Ephesians. But neither he nor any one else adduces any ancient evidence on behalf of those to the Magnesians, Trallians, Philadelphians, or

Smyrnæans, which were circulated, along with the others, in the fourth century. Here, then, we have *three* documents, indubitably known at a very early period — placed in company with *four* others, which, as far as we know, were never heard of before the fourth century. The question, therefore, naturally arises, whether all seven are to be put on the same footing? or whether the same process of amplification was exercised upon Ignatius to which St. Clement had been subjected in the preceding century? This point was argued, *pro* and *con.*, with great ability in the seventeenth century; but—as is generally the case in controversies where the data are scanty, and the opponents equally matched and equally confident—with very unsatisfactory results. The same remarkable country which has enabled Champollion and his coadjutors to retrieve so much of what Time had forgotten, has furnished Mr. Cureton with the means of placing this particular question in an entirely new light; and, if we mistake not, of giving a conclusive and satisfactory solution of its doubtful points. In order to make the results at which he has arrived intelligible, it will be requisite to give a slight sketch of the rise and progress of this Ignatian controversy.

We have already observed, that three Ignatian epistles are mentioned by authors prior to the fourth century, and seven by Eusebius. We have no data for deciding whether Eusebius knew of any more than those actually specified by him; but we find two or three more quoted by writers of the sixth and following centuries. At the revival of letters, not fewer than fifteen were collected from various quarters,—twelve Greek, and three occurring only in Latin copies. No question appears to have arisen as to the genuineness of the whole or of any part of the collection, prior to the middle of the sixteenth century; when the Reformation, and the controversies consequent upon it, brought a vast accession of party feeling into play. In the epistles, as ~~they~~ then stood, the importance and high authority of the episcopal office are depicted in extravagant terms, and are repeatedly impressed upon the faithful as cardinal points of belief. This doctrine was not, of course, very acceptable to those who had just thrown off the yoke of the Romish hierarchy; and, consequently, many Protestant writers began to question the genuineness of the documents which taught it. There were various shades of opinion among the demurrers. Scultetus, for example, thought that there was a foundation of truth in the epistles, but that the copies then extant had been grievously interpolated. On the other hand, Calvin, whose anti-hierarchical feelings were

apparently stronger, did not hesitate to condemn them, in the mass, as a stupid forgery. The same reasons for which they were distasteful to the school of Calvin rendered them acceptable to Baronius and other high Romanists, who stand forward stoutly in their defence. The ground of controversy was somewhat narrowed by Archbishop Usher and Isaac Vossius, who published from MSS. Greek and Latin recensions in a more concise form, and who agreed in rejecting as spurious all the epistles not mentioned by Eusebius. The conclusions of these eminent scholars were generally acquiesced in by Episcopalians, Catholic as well as Protestant; but non-Episcopalians still found many grounds of exception. The ablest adversary of this class was undoubtedly the French Reformed minister, Daillé, whose examination of the Ignatian epistles is a masterpiece of critical acuteness and polemical dexterity. He has, indeed, advanced arguments against the genuineness of particular passages, which admit of no satisfactory answer. But, by endeavouring to prove too much, he gave a great advantage to an antagonist as able as himself. Bishop Pearson, in his celebrated '*Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*,'—at the same time that he deals very evasively with Daillé's direct proofs of falsification,—has no difficulty in showing that Daillé had overstated his case, and had excepted against things which furnished no reasonable grounds for exception. After all, the two redoubted champions left the matter nearly as uncertain as they found it. Presbyterians appealed as confidently to the demonstration of Daillé, as high Episcopalians did to that of Pearson; while learned and moderate men thought that the truth lay between the two, and that the epistles, as they then stood, were like the things seen in the Cave of Montesinos, — part true and part false. This was, in fact, the opinion of Usher himself, who delivers his verdict in the following terms:—'*De Græcis quæ circumferuntur Ignatii Epistolis hodie si quæretur; omnino respondendum esse concludimus, earum sex nothas, totidem alias mixtas, nullas omni ex parte sinceræ esse habendas et genuinas.*'

As long as suspicions of this character attached to the Ignatian Epistles, it is clear that no stress could be laid upon them, in the way of evidence for points of faith or practice. Archbishop Usher was the first to direct attention to the quarter, where assistance was to be looked for. He observed, that the Epistles were specified in a catalogue of Syriac MSS. at Rome—which had been brought to England by Sir Henry Savile; and he perceived at once, that this version might, in the absence of better Greek copies, be of paramount importance in settling the questions connected with the subject.

He was, however, disappointed in his expectations of obtaining a copy from Rome; and the persevering efforts of Dr. Fell to procure one from the East, were attended with no better success. Singularly enough, Huntington, the agent employed by Fell, visited the very monastery in the desert of Nitria where the copies, now happily in the British Museum, were deposited. But the monks, with true Oriental jealousy, would only show him one out of the hundreds of valuable MSS. then in their possession. The more successful results of the enterprising researches of our countrymen of the present day, cannot be better stated than in Mr. Cureton's own words.

'In the valuable collection of Syriac manuscripts procured by the late Claudius James Rich during his residency at Bagdad, and purchased after his decease by the Trustees of the British Museum, is an imperfect volume, containing lives of saints and martyrs; among them is found the fragment of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius, and of his Epistle to the Romans usually inserted therein, which is printed at pp. 222—225, 252—255 of this work. So early as the year 1839 I had transcribed this fragment; and I further entertained great hopes of being able to procure a complete copy of the Martyrdom of St. Ignatius, in which I concluded the Epistle to the Romans would be comprised, from a very ancient manuscript, containing numerous acts of martyrs, and among them those of St. Ignatius, which had been obtained from the monastery of St. Mary Deipara of the Syrians in the desert of Nitria, by J. S. Assemani in 1715, and deposited in the Vatican. I trusted to be able to procure from Rome a copy of one at least of these Epistles; and thus to have some grounds for forming an opinion as to what value we might reasonably expect should be attributed to the Syriac version of the whole collection, should it ever come to light. I was, however, sadly disappointed in this my expectation; for, although my application was made and repeated through a channel which I had every ground to suppose would prove successful, the only reply which I could obtain was, that no such book existed. It is, nevertheless, distinctly stated to be in the collection of Syriac manuscripts in the Vatican, both by J. S. Assemani, and also by his cousin, Step. Evod. Assemani.

'But fuller means of investigating this subject, than I had ever ventured to hope for, were unexpectedly thrown in my way by the acquisition of several very ancient Syriac manuscripts, procured from the same monastery in the Desert of Nitria, called also the Valley of Scete or of the Ascetics, by the Rev. Henry Tattam, now Archdeacon of Bedford, during his visit to Egypt in the years 1838 and 1839.

'No sooner was this collection deposited in the British Museum, than I anxiously examined the contents of every volume, to ascertain if any of the Epistles of St. Ignatius were among them; and I was rejoiced to discover, not only several extracts from these Epistles, cited by different ecclesiastical writers, but also the entire Epistle to St. Polycarp, in a volume of great antiquity.

'Several of these manuscripts contained notices of the donors, by whom they had been presented to the monks of St. Mary Deipara. Among them were some in the handwriting of Moses of Nisibis, some time superior of the convent; in which he stated, that in the year of the Greeks 1243, or 931 of our era, he had added to the library no less than two hundred and fifty volumes, which he had procured, by donation and purchase, during a recent visit to Bagdad. A few of these, I was aware, had been obtained and transported to the Vatican by Elias Assemani in 1707, and by J. S. Assemani in 1715; but from the accounts given to me by Lord Prudhoe, now Duke of Northumberland, who had visited this convent in 1828, and by the Hon. Robert Curzon*, who had also been a guest of the monks of the Nitrian, Desert about nine years later, I had every reason to conclude that there were still lying in obscurity, in the Valley of the Ascetics, at least two hundred volumes, of an antiquity anterior to the close of the ninth century. Encouraged by finding one Syriac Epistle of St. Ignatius to hope for the discovery of others, and extremely desirous of exploring the remainder of those volumes of venerable antiquity, and of rescuing them from the obscurity in which they were lying and from the destruction with which they were threatened, I naturally felt a most intense anxiety that some measures should be speedily taken to obtain for the library of the British Museum the rest of the manuscripts belonging to the Nitrian convent. Archdeacon Tattam, equally zealous with myself in the same cause, voluntarily offered his services to undertake another voyage into Egypt, and to endeavour to negociate for the purchase of them. The present Duke of Northumberland, most cordially approved and effectually aided our endeavours; and in the year 1842, the trustees having applied for and obtained a special grant from the Lords of the Treasury for this purpose, Archdeacon Tattam shortly afterwards started upon his second expedition into Egypt, in quest of manuscripts. This undertaking was crowned with very great success; and on the 1st of March, in the year 1843, between three and four hundred additional volumes from the monastery of the Valley of the Ascetics, arrived in the British Museum. I immediately began to examine their contents, and had the rare satisfaction of having my hopes realised by finding among them not only several additional passages from St. Ignatius, quoted by various authors, but also *three* entire Epistles, — to St. Polycarp, to the Ephesians, and to the Romans, — in a volume of very considerable antiquity.'†

Though the good monks of St. Mary Deipara professed to dispose of their entire remaining collection to Archdeacon Tattam, it turned out that they withheld nearly one half of it for their own prospective benefit. These volumes, however, found their

* In his most agreeable '*Visit to the Monasteries of the East*,' Mr. Curzon has since enabled all our readers to understand the difficulty with which these '*treasures of the tomb*' were won.

† *Corpus Ignatianum*, Introduction, pp. xxvi.-xxviii.

way to the Museum four years later; through the intervention of M. Pacho, and the liberality of the present Lords of the Treasury. Among them Mr. Cureton had the satisfaction of finding another ancient copy of the same three Ignatian Epistles. He had previously perceived that this Syriac text presented the subject under an entirely new aspect; and he lost no time in preparing an edition of the Three Epistles in a volume of moderate dimensions; in which he assigned strong reasons for regarding these as the only genuine remains of the venerable martyr. The success of this publication, in conjunction with a controversy to which it gave rise, determined the learned editor to lay the entire subject before the public; and thus furnish all, who are disposed to investigate the matter, with the means of judging for themselves. This merit, at least, may be fairly claimed for the '*Corpus Ignatianum*,' and will, we think, be freely allowed to it by all parties. All that has at any time been attributed to the venerable Bishop of Antioch is here exhibited in its various forms and modifications; and the evidence on both sides is fairly and elaborately stated,—especially that furnished by ancient writers,—which is clearly the most to the purpose. Our limits forbid us to attempt more than a brief statement of the argument, as it now stands; and indeed the real merits of the case appear to lie in a small compass.

The first point, and that not an unimportant one is, that the Three Epistles, as opposed to the larger collection, can lay claim to a very good prescription. The Greek and Latin copies in that collection are notoriously of no antiquity; and all the manuscripts without exception are admitted to contain a certain amount of spurious matter. 'The Medicen MS., the one chiefly relied upon by the advocates of the Seven Epistles, exhibits several not recognised by Eusebius; and, doubtless, when entire, contained all the twelve acknowledged by the Latin copies of the shorter recension. If, therefore, the authority of those MSS. is worth any thing, it is as good for the Epistles rejected by Usher and his followers as for those admitted by them. But the Three Epistles of the Syriac copies stand on a very different footing. They are found in MSS. some six centuries older than the Greek and Latin ones, closely agreeing in contents and phraseology. There is a sufficient number of orthographical and verbal discrepancies* between them to show their independence of each other; and they betray none of those marks of deliberate

* It is but just to observe, that several emendations suggested by Mr. Cureton in his first edition, are confirmed by the MS. procured by M. Pacho.

interpolation, so glaringly manifest in the Greek copies. It would violate every fundamental rule of evidence and criticism, to place the authority of the latter — so much more recent and so notoriously falsified — on a level with that of the former.

The next point in the argument, is the direct evidence in favour of the Three Epistles, furnished by ancient writers. It has been already observed, that writings of this character by Ignatius have been mentioned, or directly cited, by Fathers of the second and third centuries. One of those, Polycarp, was the Saint's contemporary; and two others, Irenæus and Theophilus of Antioch, lived in the middle of the same century. All references made by them, as well as by Origen — the most learned and voluminous author of the following age — apply to the Three Epistles found in the Syriac copies, and to them only; and their citations regularly agree with the Syriac text — never with the passages superadded to it in the Greek and Latin recensions. The four remaining Epistles are never once mentioned by the early Fathers, directly or indirectly; nor, indeed, by any other writer prior to Eusebius; in whose time it is notorious that many spurious writings were current, which he does not always sufficiently discriminate from the genuine ones.

But the internal evidence in favour of the Three Epistles is, in our opinion, still more decisive. When the attention of scholars began to be directed to the Ignatian Epistles, in the form under which they appeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, impartial and discerning men could not but perceive that they exhibited a great deal of very suspicious matter. It was not very probable, that a man in close custody for the capital offence of being a Christian, and already ordered to Rome for execution, should find time and opportunity for writing so many Epistles; still less that he should digress into such multifarious and extraneous topics. The circumstances, too, under which he is alleged to have communicated with the different churches, are grossly improbable, and beset with chronological and geographical difficulties which it is next to impossible to get rid of. A still more fatal objection, is that neither the language, nor the sentiments, nor the doctrines of the Greek Epistles are those of the period in which Ignatius lived. The style, the terminology*, the ex-

* A signal example occurs in the Epistle to the Smyrnæans, c. iii. p. 105. of Mr. Cureton's edition, where Christ is represented as saying 'Ἰδετε ὅτι οὐκ ἐπὶ δαμόνιον ἀσώματον.' This passage is quoted by Eusebius, who states at the same time that he does not know where Ignatius got it. It was however known a good many years before to

travagant hierarchical pretensions, all savour of the fourth century, and are totally inconsistent with the character of the second. There are, moreover, numerous and direct allusions to heresies, which had never been heard of in the time of Ignatius; specially to those of certain sects of the Docetæ, of Valentinus, and even of Arius. On this point it is worthy of notice that Irenæus, who wrote an elaborate refutation of the Valentinian heresy, and who avails himself of the aid of ancient writers wherever he can do so, does not say a syllable about the censure of the doctrine by Ignatius, though he was well acquainted with his writings. These and many similar objections apply to the Seven Epistles as edited by Vossius and Usher, no less than to the entire collection. In fact the shorter recension exhibits a greater proportion of incongruities and glaring anachronisms than the longer. They are of course ably and powerfully urged by Daillé.

The Three Epistles found in the Syriac version are, however, of a very different character. Being translations, they can, of course, furnish no direct criterion of the style and phraseology of the original; but the Syriac diction is pronounced by competent judges to be that of an early and pure age, and to bear the impress of the second century or early part of the third. They are written throughout in a plain unpretending style; and in a devout and affectionate tone; and contain nothing but what Ignatius might very well have said, under the circumstances in which he is known to have been placed. They are comprised within reasonable limits; they are addressed to persons with whom he was in immediate contact; and they dwell on topics which the occasion would naturally suggest. The fabrications of the Greek copies were plainly meant to serve the particular purposes of the authors;—to discountenance certain opinions, and to exalt

Origen — not however as being employed or sanctioned by Ignatius, but as occurring in the apocryphal ‘Doctrine of St. Peter.’ The learned father, moreover, stigmatises the word *‘ἀσώματος’* as one never used by an ancient ecclesiastical author. This proves clearly that the Epistle to the Smyræans was fabricated after the time of Origen, and that materials not very orthodox or respectable were made use of in its compilation. Mr. Cureton’s labours would have spared Dr. Arnold the commentary on the Epistles of Ignatius, which takes up so large a portion of his ‘Fragment on the Church.’ The Epistle to the Smyræans contains the remarkable passage: ‘It is good to acknowledge God and the bishop. He who honours the bishop is honoured by God; he who does any thing without the knowledge of the bishop, serves the devil.’ Arnold might well feel grateful that God had not permitted any such language to appear in the writings of the apostles.

certain orders of men. But to forge compositions like the three under consideration would have been a very gratuitous task; consisting as they do of practical moral and religious exhortations, little calculated to favour the designs of the interests of any party. On these and various other grounds, which we at present abstain from specifying, we feel quite willing to acquiesce in the conclusion of the learned editor, which it is but just to give in his own words:—

‘ Upon the whole, therefore, the Three Epistles, as they are now restored by the aid of the ancient Syriac version, appear to have as strong and substantial claims to be considered and received as genuine and authentic, as any writings whatever of Christian antiquity. The grounds of their credibility are not at all affected by any of the forcible negative arguments which have been urged against the Ignatian Epistles generally; and they remain uninjured by any of the attacks which have been directed against the two recensions of the Greek. This of itself affords a very strong presumption in their favour. The chain of external evidence likewise dates from the very period at which they were written. * * * * * There is also another consideration, which I ought not perhaps to omit in this place, because it affords incidental evidence of no inconsiderable moment to the genuineness of those epistles; which is, that the discovery of this Syriac version fulfils in a manner various predictions, which the acuteness of several critics had announced respecting the genuine Epistles, should they ever be brought to light. Archbishop Usher, as I have stated above, looked forward to the recovery of the Syriac version, as a means in all probability calculated to throw much light upon the very difficult and intricate question of the Ignatian Epistles. Tenzel expressed his conviction, that unless a fresh and genuine copy should be discovered—intimating at the same time his expectation that it must come from Asia—all hope of restoring the Epistles of Ignatius to their original and genuine state must be abandoned. Griesbach pointed out the probability that both the Greek Recensions might be a paraphrase or expansion of the genuine letters of Ignatius, which once existed in a shorter form, made by different sects of Christians for their own peculiar purposes. Semler observed, that the Epistles of Ignatius were certainly known to Irenæus; but that they could not at that period have contained any of those sentences directed against the Valentinian heresy—and that these must have been added subsequently. Ziegler expressed his belief that, when all the spurious and interpolated parts should be removed from the Ignatian Epistles, the original matter remaining would be but small: and Baumgarten-Crusius propounded an opinion, that it was not improbable that another and a different recension from the two hitherto known might yet come to light.

‘ How, then, are all these anticipations fulfilled by the discovery of the ancient Syriac version, of which this present volume gives the result? Another recension of the Ignatian Epistles, hitherto unknown, is now brought to light—less both in number and quantity

than those previously known — exhibiting the basis or foundation of an original work, which had been amplified and augmented into the two collections of the Greek Receptions — known to Irenæus, but not containing any reference whatever to the heresy of Valentinus — found, indeed, in a monastery of the African desert, but carried from Asia, and deposited there nearly a thousand years ago; and this in a Syriac version, which has indeed thrown a new and full light upon the whole of the difficult subject of the Ignatian Epistles.

‘To regard all these coincidences as a mere matter of chance, is utterly opposed to all the most certain rules and calculations of probabilities. They can, therefore, only have their origin in the propriety and accuracy of the criticism which foretold them, and in the truth and certainty of the facts by which the prediction is fulfilled.’*

To the above lucid and convincing statement we shall merely add, that similar conclusions, drawn from similar evidence, would have been acquiesced in at once, in the case of a profane author. Let us suppose that certain passages appearing in a play of Euripides, known only from one or two manuscripts of the fourteenth century, had been pronounced spurious by Bentley and Porson, on the ground of their faulty versification, barbarous phraseology, and allusions to events of the period of Augustus or Tiberius; and that, when these were cleared away, all the rest was worthy of the reputed author, and suitable to the age in which he lived. The criticism, if well supported by facts, would certainly be entitled to consideration. But, suppose further that, years after the death of these critics, manuscripts six or seven centuries older should be produced from an Egyptian catacomb, in which the precise passages excepted against were omitted, to the manifest improvement of what remained, the literary world would immediately admit that Bentley and Porson had been in the right, and would unite in applauding their learning and sagacity. But in the theological world such convictions are established much more slowly; for, in that world, unfortunately, there is always a larger class of men who will resolutely shut their ears against the demonstrations of common sense, rather than renounce one of their favourite idols. For example, Sir Charles Lyell says:— ‘it is well known by those who have of late years frequented the literary circles of Rome, that the learned Cardinal Mai was prevented, in 1838, from publishing his edition of the *Codex Vaticanus*, because he could not obtain leave from the late Pope (Gregory XVI.) to omit the interpolated passages, and had satisfied himself that they were wanting in all the most ancient MSS. at Rome and Paris. The Pontiff refused,

‘because he was bound by the decrees of the Council of Trent and of a Church pretending to infallibility, which had solemnly sanctioned the Vulgate; and the Cardinal had too much good faith to give the authority of his name to what he regarded as a forgery.’ — (*A Second Visit to the U. S. of N. America*, vol. i. 223.) The consequence is, that the only Greek edition of the New Testament ever printed at Rome, remains unpublished. No difficulty of the kind would have occurred, if it had been the case of conflicting Palimpsests of Cicero’s *De Republicâ*. One of the interpolated passages abandoned by Cardinal Mai still retains its place, we fear, in most Protestant Bibles:—we mean the celebrated verse of the ‘Three Heavenly Witnesses.’

In fine, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Cureton on what we believe to be a successful effort to exhibit Ignatius in his true form and dimensions,—and though curtailed in bulk, greatly increased in intrinsic value. The venerable Father’s testimony to the Canon of Scripture is surely more trustworthy, when no longer mixed up with appeals to the ‘*Doctrina Sancti Petri*,’ nor is his recognition of our present form of Church government at all the worse, for being purged from ultra-Hildebrandine assumptions of priestly supremacy. It is not, however, to be dissembled, that the attempt to place an ancient ecclesiastical monument on the simple basis of truth—resolutely discarding every thing spurious or adventitious,—is a task ‘*periculosæ ple-num aleæ*,’ and particularly at the present period. There is a numerous party in the Church who will not thank the editor for robbing them of their favourite ‘*Loci communes Ignatiani*,’ and the more clearly he proves them to be good for nothing, the more angry they will be. They prefer the lead of the fourth and fifth centuries to the silver of the second; and think it very orthodox to make it pass current as precious metal. We are told by Guibert, Abbot of Nogent in the tenth century, that it was not safe to question the current popular legends of miracles; as the old women not only reviled bitterly those who did so, but attacked them with their spindles! The Corpus Ignatianum will excite something of a similar feeling—though the feeling will probably not be manifested in precisely the same manner. There may not be material inkstands thrown at the editor’s head; but there will be brandishing of pens, and a considerable amount of growling in cliques and coteries. However, *magna est veritas*; and those who assail it will in the end damage nobody but themselves.

The phases in which the modern passion for making credulity a virtue manifests itself, are sometimes not a little ludicrous; but

they all appear resolvable into an ill-dissembled hatred of truth, reason, and common sense. The last-mentioned quality indeed is regarded with about the same feelings as the dragon of the old romances;—a horrible and pernicious monster, which it was the duty of every true knight to endeavour to demolish. In a series of works professedly intended for the young, we find the wildest fairy tales of the German school introduced by prefaces, intimating that a disposition to believe in the possibility of such wonders is far more amiable than the dry matter-of-fact scepticism which rejects them utterly. The next step of course is to claim the same indulgence for miraculous ecclesiastical legends—which it must be allowed are equally possible, and which, moreover, we are assured, it is praiseworthy and pious to believe. A docile readiness to acquiesce implicitly in every moral or doctrinal axiom laid down by a certain class of teachers, is the natural accompaniment of such training,—is its cause in some cases, its effect in others. The boldness of the experiments thus made on the credulity of the age, is sometimes absolutely astounding. There is an Anglo-Catholic series of lives of saints, professing to be derived from nothing but authentic and credible sources. It begins with the *Gallic* (!) Dionysius the Areopagite, does not forget the laudation of his *admirable works*, and winds up with the gigantic St. Christopher! We can readily picture to ourselves the sneer of contempt that Launoy or Tillemont would have bestowed upon such a publication—which would have been laughed at even in Spain, if ventured upon in the time of the Benedictine Feyjóó. Bellandus, in his preface to the ‘*Acta Sanctorum*,’ slyly observes, that the lives of the Irish, Scottish, and British saints are perfectly monstrous, and made up of miracles almost incredible;—either because those people were eminent for the constancy of their faith and the simplicity and purity of their lives,—or certainly because of the greater simplicity of their *writers* (‘*aut certe quia scriptores simplices*’). We sincerely wish we could give our modern hagiologists the credit of this amiable simplicity. But it is to be feared that they cannot be acquitted of a very common-place form of knavery, in recommending as true what they believe and know to be false, or what a small amount of research would quickly prove to be so. Much stress, for example, is laid upon the miracles wrought among our forefathers by St. Augustine; and all who are sceptical respecting their reality are twitted with downright sinful presumption, for doubting what has been formally attested by Pope Gregory I. As if the testimony of one of the most notorious fabulists that ever existed were good for any thing in a matter of this sort. Let those who may doubt

how far this character is deserved, read a few pages of his *Dialogues*, and judge for themselves. For instance, as a sample of his discrimination, he gravely retails (lib. 4. c. 36.) a profane piece of diablerie concerning a soul taken by mistake to the infernal regions, and ordered back again. To say nothing of the impiety of the idea, the story is notoriously from the very dregs of Paganism. It had been previously told both by Plutarch and Lucian, under different names; but with no variation in the particulars, further than that the Pope keeps carefully out of sight Tantalus and Sisyphus, and other features of the heathen Hades. Yet this is brought forward in a Christian dress, and duly vouched for by the worthy Bishop of Rome, as a fact which occurred within his own knowledge. Neither are the miraculous powers attributed to him in his own person of a kind to add to his credit as a witness. It is related of him, in an analogous story, that he continued weeping on behalf of the soul of Trajan, until it was revealed to him that the virtuous Emperor had been taken out of hell,—upon condition that the saint would never pray to God again for any other heathen! Under these circumstances, we may be excused, we hope, for suspending our belief respecting marvels attested by Pope Gregory; as well as for thinking what we please of the wisdom or honesty of those who would have us pin our faith upon his sleeve. Surely a single specimen of this sort of credulity (and there are many) entitles us to decide how far the writers of such a school are to be relied upon as editors and expounders of the writings of the Fathers and other monuments of Christian antiquity.

We trust, however, that this department of literature—so important in itself, and in which so much remains to be accomplished—is likely to get into more trustworthy and competent hands. We sincerely hope that Mr. Cureton will not stop in the career which he has entered upon so auspiciously, but will continue to avail himself of the resources fortunately placed within his reach. If we mistake not, they will be found available in clearing up many points of considerable interest and importance. For example, the treatise of Titus of Bostra against the Manichæans, defective in all known Greek copies, exists in a perfect state in a Syriac MS. of the very commencement of the fifth century. It would be worth while to examine whether the portions wanting in the Greek have dropped out by accident, or—what is by no means unlikely—through the dislike of certain persons to the sentiments contained in them. At all events, a treatise of this character ought to be restored to its integrity, when the means are in our power.

Again,—there are among the Syriac collections of the British Museum, voluminous writings of leading Nestorians and Euty-

chians, calculated to throw considerable light upon their history and real doctrines. Without entering into the merits of the controversies, in which these sectaries were involved, we do not hesitate to express our conviction that they themselves were grossly calumniated and most arbitrarily and unjustly treated by the dominant party. It is equally certain that the barbarous persecution so long carried on against them was dishonourable to those who promoted it, and that it brought calamities upon Christendom from which it has not yet recovered. As yet, we scarcely know their history and tenets, except from prejudiced and hostile sources. It is essential, therefore, to the cause of truth, that we should know what they were able to say for themselves; and we trust that some capable and impartial person will give the contemporary documents relating to them a thorough investigation.

Those who have no taste for logomachies and sectarian disputes, will here find abundant matter for research of a different description. Histories and chronicles, translations from Greek philosophers, curious apocryphal legends, and the biographies and correspondence of distinguished ecclesiastics, cannot fail to elucidate the chronology, transactions, and prevailing opinions of the period which they embrace, and add to our stock of interesting knowledge on many more points than we can now stop to specify. We believe that Mr. Cureton's attention is already directed to some of these questions. But the unaided efforts of one man cannot accomplish every thing,—especially of one who can only devote the intervals of laborious official duties to the task. The 'Corpus Ignatianum' would be a creditable monument of the industry and skill of an editor who had been at liberty to give it his undivided attention; it becomes still more so when we consider it as the product of detached hours and half-hours snatched after the fatigues of unremitting daily occupations.* The energies of a willing labourer ought not to be taxed too heavily. We gladly, therefore, invoke the aid of coadjutors of similar qualifications, and, *si fieri potest*, with a little more leisure. It must be confessed that Syriac is not in itself a particularly attractive language; and what we have extant in it is not remarkable for elegance of composition or purity of taste, if estimated by classical standards. But it is of more easy acquirement than Hebrew or Arabic; and a moderate amount of industry bestowed on it might at the present time be turned to good account by any intelligent and honest student. The world would have to thank him for being brought acquainted with many important facts which hitherto have been either im-

* See 'Corpus Ignatianum,' preface, pp. ff. iii.

perfectly recorded, or kept out of sight by parties who loved darkness rather than light.

The 'Corpus Ignatianum' is dedicated to the Prince Albert; and the terms in which the dedication is couched, necessarily lead us to infer that this is not merely an empty form, but an expression of gratitude on Mr. Cureton's part for the personal interest his Royal Highness has taken in the progress and success of an arduous and difficult task. The task being nothing less than the settlement of a very intricate but important question, which has engaged the attention and divided the opinions of the most learned and acute theologians for at least two centuries. We trust that we may be allowed to say on such an occasion, that it reflects no small credit upon his Royal Highness, that his own acquirements should have enabled him to appreciate an undertaking of this description: And the favourable manner in which he appears to have regarded Mr. Cureton's exertions may, we hope, be looked upon as an earnest that similarly well directed efforts will also be likely to meet with similar encouragement in the same exalted quarter.

ART. VII. — *King Arthur*. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.
Second Edition. 8vo. London: 1849.

A VERY remarkable poem, written by a man of celebrity and genius, cannot well be overlooked in the chronicles of literature.* It is also particularly interesting to note the appearance of a work like 'King Arthur' in the present state of our poetical climate; which, although not cold or foggy enough to check vegetation, has yet, for not a few years, allowed no fruit to be matured except effusions that are lyrical in substance if not in form. We cannot, therefore, but receive, in a kindly and thankful temper, an elaborate narrative poem, which aims at relating, with symmetrical regularity of plan, manly force of sentiment, and imaginative embodiment of thought, one of the most fascinating of all national and chivalrous legends.

The highest poetic minds of modern times have recognised, with willing homage, the romantic beauty of the Tales of the Round Table. But by most of them the legend seems to have been regarded with that sort of reverence, not unmingled with awe, which might have been felt by the knights it celebrates, — when, riding along the glades of solitary forests, they saw, glimmering through the moonlight and the mist, ruined chapels where fairy tapers burned, and unearthly voices chaunted requiems over the dead. In this aspect it obviously appeared to the great Italian poets who chose as their theme the other of

the two great chivalrous cycles, — that of Charlemagne and his Paladins. Thus, likewise, did it appear even to Spenser. In his immortal work no part of the ancient story of Arthur is really told; although the vast and significant design is mainly worked out, through the use of characters and scenes instinct with the spirit of the old romances of which he was the hero.

In more recent days, the design of making this story the groundwork of an epic was cherished by two of our greatest poets. It was one of the dreams of Milton's youth; when the heroism of chivalry and the marvels of fairy-land were contemplated by him with a delight which was not extinguished in those after days, in which his imagination, solemnised by a life of trials, teemed with the awful scenes heralding and accompanying the fall of man. It was a thought of Dryden, too, in his desolate old age; when he looked back with sorrow on his wasted years, and yearned to prove, by one noble effort, that he who had but sent forth the stream of poetry to flow over barren sands, was worthy to rebuild its broken fountain. But, in both of these finely endowed minds, the design died away without fruit. The execution of it seemed to be prevented by a spell like that through which, in the legend itself, the Perilous Seat at the Round Table was guarded, by invisible hands, from rash intrusion.

Whether the Perilous Seat is to remain in the possession of the champion who has now ventured to place himself in it, is a question only to be determined by many concurrent suffrages, and not till after a long probation of the aspirant. By us, at least, no attempt shall be made to pluck him down.

The manner in which the poet treats the legend, makes it necessary to note both of the aspects in which it is presented to us by the writers of the middle ages. From these, it may be said, we receive two Arthurs. The one is the Arthur of our half-fabulous histories; — the Arthur of Geoffrey and Tyssilio, whose achievements were profusely transferred to the metrical chronicles of the Anglo-Normans, and had already been enigmatically hinted at in the Welsh Triads. The other is the Arthur of chivalry; who is the central figure of the Norman French romances, and of the English * romances translated, imitated, and

* Le Grand has given a singular turn and contributed an unexpected illustration to the nationality, of which Arthur was originally the creation and the hero. He treats him as a mere pretender to the royalties of Romance, — set up by the English, out of their ignoble jealousy of the French and Charlemagne! — and he draws a very appropriate moral from the assumption; against the application of which nearer home, we think it might not be amiss, were his countrymen to

compiled from these ; and who was celebrated also in the Welsh romances called the *Mabinogion*.

The Arthur of history is represented as a Celtic or Cymrian prince of the sixth century, under whose brave leading the Britons were for a time powerful and victorious. His reign was speedily followed by the restriction of the native independence to the western mountains. His life and character were then dwelt on with increasing fondness, both in Wales, and among the kindred Celts of Armorica or Brittany. Long before the Norman Conquest, the traditional records of the vanquished race,—whose survivors guarded the valleys of Snowdon, or wandered in exile on the banks of the Loire,—had received, alike from patriotic bards and from monkish chroniclers, a semi-mythical aspect. Even then, it is likely, the incidents resembled closely those which are related in the British chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, compiled in the early part of the twelfth century, and professedly derived from Armorican sources.

Arthur's historical position is evidently that of a petty Prince of Wales,—one of the last defenders of the British independence against the growing Heptarchy. But the dignity of a small sovereignty, and the pure glory of patriotic resistance to invasion, were not dazzling enough in the eyes of later generations of the Cymrians. They make Arthur's tributary kingdoms to stretch, not only over all Britain, but also from Iceland to the roots of the Pyrenees ; and he is on the point of descending into Italy to unseat an imaginary Roman emperor ! Already, too, the chivalrous colouring begins to be laid on. He fights giants in single combats, and in pitched battles slays hundreds of the enemy with his own hand. The tragical close of his life assumed much of that supernatural and mysterious character with which it was

be a little more upon their guard. 'L'invention de la Romancerie fut accueillie par l'Angleterre avec la même ardeur que par nos autres voisins. Mais ce peuple jaloux, et dès-lors envieux de la France, ne voulant pas donner à ses Paladins un chef français, tel qu'eût été Charlemagne, il imagina de s'en choisir un autre, parmi les rois, et d'en faire un héros fameux, qui par ses exploits eclipsât le nôtre. Le personnage destiné à ce beau rôle, fut Artus ; prince ignoré, et d'autant moins propre à le remplir, que dans l'histoire il n'en joue aucun. Mais ce qu'on trouvera, je crois, plus mal-à-propos encore, c'est qu'au nombre de ses conquêtes, ce preux des preux met une partie de la France ! et qu'il se donne pour vassaux plusieurs des roitelets qu'on suppose y regner. Or, maintenant, si l'on se rappelle qu'au tems où s'écrivaient ses fictions mensongères, l'Angleterre conquis obéissait à des princes français, on conviendra qu'aux yeux de lecteurs attentifs, il en est des nations dans leurs écrits, comme des individus : toujours le caractère y perce par quelque endroit.'—*Préface : Fabliaux du XII. et du XIII. Siècle.*

afterwards so thoroughly invested. Like Harold, and Roderick, and Sebastian, he was believed not to have died. Fairy-land only sheltered him till his time should come: And for many generations the Welsh peasant, as he looked out from his eastern hills, and saw the hated standard of the Saxon waving its Pale Horse on the castles of the marches (once crowned by the Dragon flag of the British princes), dreamt proudly of the hour when the hero-king should re-appear, and lead forth his Cymrians to a new career of victory and dominion.

Our readers must not suspect that, in analysing Geoffrey's chronicle, we have forgotten Sir E. B. Lytton's poem. We have begun, indeed, in Bayes's phrase, 'to insinuate the plot.' Other illustrations will present themselves still more copiously, if we pass to the new aspect which the legendary history assumed, when it was seized by the Anglo-Norman minstrels as the favourite theme of their interminable series of romances.

This series opened within a very few years after the completion of Geoffrey's work. From him, or from his lost originals, — aided, doubtless, by oral traditions, — the French minstrels derived the outline of the story. But, in their hands, the national and historical stamp of the legend was speedily effaced. Not only did Arthur's wars and conquests retire into the back-ground; not only was he himself metamorphosed, in act as well as in character, into a genuine knight-errant; but, in most of the pictures, his figure lost its prominence, or altogether disappeared. His regal court became the chivalrous Round Table; founded and guarded by supernatural powers, and designed to be the centre from which knightly and romantic deeds should spread over the whole earth. Each of its knights found minstrels to make him the hero of new adventures; new heroes were created when the older tales had been told to satiety; and the personages and the tales rapidly attained an alarming number and perplexity. At length, soon after the wars of the Roses had come to an end, Thomas Malory selected a few of the leading romances; and, with the design of forming a connected narrative out of the principal features of the legend, compiled them into the fine old prose romance of the 'Morte Arthur.'

Among the champions of the Round Table, there were only three who, in the earlier romances, rivalled the poetical pre-eminence of the King. Two of these, Gawaine and Lancelot of the Lake, are personages in 'King Arthur.'

First of the three appeared Sir Gawaine, the only one of them whom the Norman poets borrowed from the native histories. In the Triads, under his Welsh name of Gwalchmai, 'the golden-tongued,' he is celebrated as one of the 'three chiefs of eloquence;' and his powers of persuasion are exhibited pro-

fusely in 'Peredur' and the 'Lady of the Fountain,' two of the Welsh romances in Lady Charlotte Guest's interesting collection. In the French romances, excepting some of the later ones in which his reputation seems to have been sacrificed to the desire of contrasts, he is 'the sage and courteous' Gawaine; and a touch of the comic is given to his character by the authors of several of the *Fabliaux*,—by whom whimsical adventures attributed to him were chosen as themes for their familiar stories.

Britanny furnished to the romance-writers Tristan and Lancelot, who became the heroes of adventures at once poetical in adornment, immoral in principle, and tragical in issue.

While even the oldest romances which made these three knights their heroes, diverged more and more widely from the track of the national legend, yet, in some that appeared early in the series, attempts were made to return to the historical ground. The way in which the chivalrous adventures are introduced, as being the causes of the tragical catastrophe, is singular in more than one view, but especially on account of its moral significance. There is, it must be allowed, no old romance whatever whose ethical lessons would now receive the fiat of any enlightened censor: and revolting incidents, which cannot be removed without a total subversion of the story, pollute all the leading romances of the Round Table. Yet there is a recognition of moral responsibility and retribution—a recognition indistinct indeed, but very striking—in the manner in which Lancelot's guilty love for the queen, and Arthur's attempt to punish it, give rise to the fatal contest in which the Round Table is destroyed. A flight yet higher is taken in the wild legend of the Saint Graal; where heaven itself is represented as displaying its terrors, to warn a guilty race of impending punishment.

The holy vessel of the Last Supper, brought to England by the descendants of Joseph of Arimathea, had vanished for generations from the eyes of sinful men. But now again its presence is mysteriously intimated, in inscriptions written by no human hand, and shadowy processions passing through royal halls, and thrilling voices speaking from the depths of forests. The full attainment of the beatific vision is solemnly announced as the crowning achievement of chivalry; and the knights, full of short-lived repentance and religious awe, scatter themselves on the holy quest, leaving their king alone and dismayed in the midst of enemies. But the sinners return—all unsuccessful and humbled. The glory and the blessings of the adventure are reserved for one who is not yet among them—one who is pure as well as knightly. It is achieved by the young and unknown

Galahad; and he, while the vision is still before him, prays to be released from a world of calamity and sin, — and dies upon the spot, calm and happy!

Then, with one of those harsh discords which jar continually upon the ear in the legends of barbarous times, the tone of the story sinks to its former level. But it rises again in the tragic close. In the fatal battle of Camlan, or before it, Gawaine and most of the other knights are slain; while Tristan has perished already in private feud. Arthur himself, wounded and dying, is carried away by the Fairy of the Lake to the mystic Isle of Avalon; and Lancelot and the few other survivors retire to convents or hermitages, — to mourn over their own sins and the approaching ruin of their race.

The plot of ‘King Arthur’ is constructed by a union of the historical view of the legend with the romantic.

The historical portion of the poem, to which every thing else is professedly subservient, is in itself extremely simple. King Arthur is the sovereign, not of England, but only of South Wales. The conquest of his territories is attempted by his nearest Saxon neighbours — who, by a slight and convenient anachronism, are represented as already united under Crida, king of the Mercians. The invaders besiege for many months Caerleon-upon-Usk, Arthur’s chief town, to which (probably for reasons of prosody) the poet appropriates the uncertain name of Carduel. The Welsh at length repulse their assailants; a peace is agreed on; and from the marriage of Arthur with Crida’s daughter, Genevieve (in name, but in nothing else, the Guenever or Genevra of the romances), begins the amalgamation of the blood of the hostile races.

The independence of Wales being thus the purpose of Arthur’s struggles, there is vindicated for him, without any direct violation of historical truth, what the author calls ‘the epic glory of success.’ His personal character and position, freed from all by which the early traditions had debased them, are raised into a region of purity and loftiness worthy of the patriotism and the ‘Lord of young Romance.’ From the bosom of present happiness he looks forward, at the close of the strain, to the national greatness of his race, and to his own poetic immortality.

That the manners and costume of the chivalrous times are adopted, is a circumstance which, as the author truly observes, our familiar associations absolutely required. But the chivalrous view is incorporated yet more closely into the structure of the poem. The approach of the historical incidents is briefly announced at the beginning: their actual occurrence is related in

about two Books at the end. The whole intervening space is taken up with the chivalrous wanderings and adventures of the king, which are connected with the national contest by the influence they have on its issue.

Arthur is prophetically warned by Merlin that, for success in the patriotic struggle which lay before him, he must be armed by the possession of three talismanic gifts — to be attained by solitary journeys and perils. The wanderings in which he accordingly engages have thus a Supernatural character imprinted on them from the beginning; and this character adheres to them throughout. How far this part of the design is judicious, is a question as to which we shall have something to say hereafter. But we may, in the mean time, endeavour to place ourselves at the point of view from which, if we mistake not, the poet, on the assumption that his supernatural machinery is to be accepted with due poetic faith, would desire that its several parts should be contemplated.

The contest which rages around the walls of Carduel is not between nations only, but between religions. Its direct issue is the triumph, not only of the British race, but also of their Christian creed. The champion by whom this victory is to be won has, therefore, to approve himself worthy of his mission, by trials in which a part is taken by Supernatural Powers, both friendly and hostile.

The author announces, in his preface, an intention of making but a very cautious and reverent use of the supernatural elements suggested by the doctrines of Christianity. The higher of these he does not venture to introduce at all. He accepts, as sufficient for the poetical purpose, 'the Fairy, the Genius, the 'Enchanter,'—the personages peopling the supernatural world of the romances. But there are two points in which his conception of these unearthly ministers and their office is peculiar.

In the first place, all these imaginary beings of romance are, with him, consecrated to the service of truth and goodness. He will know of no malignant elves, no evil genii, no demon-prompted sorcerers or prophets. Merlin is the patriotic sage, whose wisdom is devoted to the rescue of his country; — the divinely-taught seer, who is obeyed by good though awful spirits, and who uses the mysterious knowledge they impart only for the furtherance of the designs of heavenly benevolence. The Weird Lady of the Lake—whose attributes and history in the romances are perplexing, and not unfrequently degrading—rises here above the world of fairy-land, and becomes a solemn and dimly-seen spirit, who watches over the destiny of the chivalrous king,—appeals only that she may arouse to action,—and sends him forth to

perils, not that he may suffer or sin, but that he may obtain moral strength, and wisdom, and purification.

Secondly, throughout the whole of the action which flows out of the influences exercised by these supernatural characters,—and to some extent even in the conception of the characters themselves,—there is a strong mixture of Allegory; sometimes an obscure hint, and sometimes a clear enunciation, of momentous or touching truths that lie hidden under the outline of the poetical images. The individuality even of the Lady of the Lake herself is not allowed to rest untouched by indications of a recondite meaning. The whole panorama of richly-imaginative pictures, representing the trials to which the hero is subjected in her realm beneath the waters, is avowedly and directly allegorical. The Dove herself (a singularly fine poetic thought, not altogether satisfactorily worked out), a figure whose personal reality is essential to the action of the poem, is yet not without an obvious signification.

The Christian machinery of the story, then, consists of influences friendly to the hero. With the Heathen superstitions he is brought into direct hostility. Their agency is exerted to seduce or destroy. It is in his manner of handling the materials here available, that the poet has deviated most widely from the romantic precedents: And it is this innovation, which enables him to throw over the legend a colouring which had never before been given to it. In antithesis to the ethereally significant forms through which he has striven to individualise the romantic idea of Christianity; he places before us successively the sensuous beauty of the classic mythology, and the stern grandeur of the warlike religions of the North.

The scenes suggested by this design, display, as it seems to us, great philosophical discrimination, as well as poetical taste.

The paganism of Classical Antiquity is represented in one of its oldest shapes,—the faith of the Etruscans,—the germ (for so we may allow the poet to assume) both of much that is characteristic in Grecian mythology, and of yet more that is simply beautiful in Grecian art. But the faith is virtually dead: it does not attach itself to any real objects of fear or worship. No supernatural agent is exhibited as personifying it. Its priests possess nothing more than old prophetic traditions. Its character is embodied only in temples, in works of sculpture and painting, in exquisite landscapes, and in beautiful human forms.

The paganism of the Gothic North is differently treated. It was against it—in the modification of it professed by the English Saxons—that the national contest was directly maintained; and therefore there was a just reason for making it more promi-

ment in the poetical picture. But in the management of it there is a nicely-calculated gradation.

Out of the Saxon paganism of the besiegers of Carduel there does not arise any supernatural incident; unless this description may be applied to the utterance, by one of Odin's priests, of a raving and ambiguous prophecy. The display of unearthly might is reserved for the Scandinavian mythology, and transported to a distant place. Even from it, also, there springs nothing that is unequivocally above nature, in any incident in which a part is taken by the subordinate personages. Arthur alone, amidst the icy islands and volcanic convulsions of the Arctic Seas, beholds gigantic terrors guarding the sleep of the Malignant Principle of the Norse Fables; and then, as soon as the actors have been shown in a kind of tableau, the curtain drops,—hiding the awful struggle in which the champion of Goodness and Truth is to disarm the Powers of Evil.

Perhaps we have prefaced too diffusely. Some of those who have accompanied us in surveying the exterior of the building, and the prospects which its site commands, may have begun to look impatiently for the opening of the door. But it has appeared to us that a consecutive view both of the older forms of the legend of which the poem treats, and of the sources from which its mythology is derived, would not only facilitate our own duty of analysis, but might also place others in the best position for fairly appreciating a composition which claims from its readers intelligent study as well as poetic susceptibility.

‘ Our land’s first legends, love and knightly deeds,
And wondrous Merlin, and his wandering king,
The triple labour, and the glorious meeds
Sought in the world of Fable-land, I sing.
Go forth, O Song, amidst the banks of old,
And glide translucent o’er the sands of gold.’

The opening scene is an airy sketch of rural elegance and social enjoyment—a landscape with figures, in the manner of Watteau. Arthur and his court hold a May festival, by a stream in a woody valley near Carduel. The gaiety is interrupted by the appearance of an indistinct phantom, which Arthur, spell-bound, follows into the forest. He returns, solemn, anxious, and silent; and at night seeks the turret in which burned the lamp of his wizard-teacher, Merlin. To him the king relates how the shadow had shown him, in a dark pool, an image of the Saxon dominion over the whole island. An incantation, worked by Merlin, evokes spirits, at whose approach Arthur falls senseless; and, in the morning, the enchanter announces to him the knowledge he has gained from his invisible ministers.

Arthur is commanded to lay down the crown and take up knightly arms; and to seek, for twelve months, in solitary wanderings, three magical gifts which shall suffice to defend his menaced throne. Under the guidance of the Weird Lady of the Lake, who will become visible to him through a charm gathered from a grave, he must gain the Diamond Sword, watched by genii in the caves of a forest which grows beneath the waters, from a single stem. The Silver Shield in which the Scandinavian god Thor was cradled, must next be wrested from the dwarf, who guards it amidst the icebergs of the North, where the Valkyrs—the demons of war—sit round the bed of Lok, the sleeping Destroyer. The third and last enjoined labour, enigmatically described here, is left, throughout the poem, in an obscurity which is evidently intentional, but which will be a stumbling-block to inquisitive and matter-of-fact readers. There must be found before the Iron Gate of Death, a child-like guide, ‘with golden locks, and looks that light the tomb;’ or, the ‘year of proof’ will have failed.

Arthur rides forth alone. He must reject even the attendance of Lancelot, the dearest of the three knights who are to take, after him, the principal part in the story. Two of them, however, will bye and bye be allowed to follow his steps. Lancelot, the type of pure love and faithful friendship, will be at hand in the most romantic of his adventures; and will himself be the hero of events, at once resembling those which happen to the king, and contributing to their favourable issue. Gawaine, the man at once of jest, and speech, and action, will be Arthur’s companion when bodily evils are to, endured with cheerfulness, or to be overcome by valour. For Caradoc, the knightly poet, (who in the Welsh traditions is merely a brave warrior, and is quite obscure in the romances), is reserved a sadder yet a nobler destiny. He remains in Carduel to guard his country, to inspire its defenders by song, and to sanctify its defence by self-sacrifice.

When the King has reached the sea-shore, there is fulfilled, though not, perhaps, in the manner we might have anticipated, the promise which the prophet seemed to have made of a guide on his perilous journey. A snow-white Dove flies from a rock, and nestles joyfully in Arthur’s bosom. The dove forthwith shows the way to a boat, which the king enters with his steed; and the bark, unmoored, bears them away to the continent.

His first landing is in a colony of the Vandals, on a site which it is not difficult to conjecture. Here is introduced one of those satirical sketches of very recent events, which the poet limns with evident alacrity and delight; but of which, since we cannot help regarding them as blots on the page, we

shall say as little as possible, till we have leisure to recommend a pretty free use of the sponge. That which has happened at the Vandal court, however, leads to other events, which are well managed, and which bear closely on the subsequent progress of the tale.

Arthur, pursuing his journey, sleeps in a desolate forest, near the roofless temple of some old Teutonic creed, in which Faul, the priestly chief of a wandering Aleman horde, watches to seize and sacrifice a predicted enemy of heathenism. The King rescues the assassin from a wolf, binds up his wounds, and teaches him the heavenly lessons of love and forgiveness. The savage idolater bows in reverence to the agent of Divine Benevolence, and, with his band, follows at a distance to protect him from threatened danger.

They have soon an opportunity of saving his life. Harold, a Mercian earl, having been sent to ask for the alliance of the Vandal prince, in an invasion of Wales, which was about to be undertaken by Crida the King of Mercia, has pursued Arthur in the hope of making him captive. Harold, who becomes an important personage towards the close of the poem, is here made known to us with noble and generous attributes; and we are also now first informed what the danger was which immediately threatened the Cymrians, and which was to be averted by Arthur's acquisition of the enchanted gifts.

But from the quest of these he is drawn aside by the fascinations of the Happy Valley. This part of the story, occupying nearly three of the twelve Books of the poem, is full of classically beautiful scenery, and touching tenderness of feeling. At first we are apt to suppose it merely episodical. Yet, it is not really so. The external connexion is, indeed, somewhat slight; but, as a poetical representation of one of the steps in the evolution of Arthur's character, the adventure has a significance, in respect of which the conception of it does seem to us to be one of the finest thoughts embraced in the design.

In the long-past days of early Rome, a fugitive colony of Etruscans had found shelter in a romantic valley, deep in the recesses of the Alps. There, shutting themselves up from all intercourse with those without, they had preserved the serenity of an ideally rural life, unimpaired even in the dark ages which had now arrived, when all Europe besides was agitated with the throes of a new life. Into this Happy Valley, however, state-policy had found its way, veiling itself under the forms of an effete religious system. The sovereignty is hereditary; the ruling family survives only in the person of the young queen Ægle; and, in obedience to time-honoured prece-

dents, the continuance of the royal line is to be secured by the admission of a foreign bridegroom, who is to enter the valley through one of its two gates, and is afterwards to be dismissed to death through the other.

Arthur has heard from Faul, his Aleman convert, a wild tradition, leading him to believe that in the southern regions of Europe should be sought 'the phantom and the bark,' by whose aid he is to reach the forest beneath the waters, and gain the talismanic sword. The Dove, too, has flown invitingly before him, when, leaving the Aleman, he travels towards Italy. He arrives at the entrance of the Happy Valley, is allured to enter, and conducted to the Maiden Queen. There, sitting at the feet of the artless *Ægle*, he forgets, during months of pure and gentle happiness, the mandate which had consecrated him as the champion of his mountain-land. If he thinks at all of home, or remembers duty, conscience is hushed by the sweet hope of teaching to the innocent daughter of the Rasena, the faith which grew up amidst the palms of Palestine.

At this point there is a temptation to quote profusely. And a few stanzas must be given, at all events, as specimens, both of the style of the poem in its passages of serious repose, and of the manner in which it interweaves imagery and sentiment :

' Before them, at the distance, o'er the blue
Of the sweet waves which girt the rosy isle,
Flitted light shapes the inwoven alleys through ;
Remotely mellowed, musical the while,
Floated the hum of voices, and the sweet ;
Lutes chimed with timbrels to dim glancing feet.

* The calm swan rested on the breathless glass
Of dreamy waters ; and the snow-white steer
Near the opposing margin, motionless,
Stood, knee deep, gazing wistful on its clear
And life-like shadow, shimmering deep and far,
Where on the lucid darkness fell the star.

* * * * *
' Light as the soul, whose archetype it was,
The Genius touched, yet spurned, the pedestal ;
Behind, the foliage, in its purple mass,
Shut out the flushed horizon. Claspings all,
Nature's hushed giants stood, to guard and girth
The only home of peace upon the earth.

* * * * *
' She spoke of youth's lost years, so lone before,
And, coming to the present, paused and blushed :
As if Time's wing were spell-bound evermore,
And Life, the restless, in that hour were hushed :

The pause, the blush, 'said, more than words, "And thou
Art found!—thou lovest me!—Fate is powerless now!"

' That hand in his — that heart his own entwining
With its life's tendrils, — youth his pardoner be,
If in his heaven no loftier star were shining —
If round that haven boom'd unheard the sea —
If in the wreath forgot the thorny crown,
And the harsh duties of severe renown.

* * * *

' Now, as Night gently deepens round them, while
Oft to the moon upturn their happy eyes —
Still, hand in hand, they range the lull'd isle:
Air knows no breeze, scarce sighing to their sighs;
No bird of night shrieks bode from drowsy trees;
Nought lives between them and the Pleiades;

' Save where the moth strains to the moon its wing,
Deeming the Reachless near: — the prophet race
Of the cold stars forewarned them not; the Ring
Of great Orion, who for the embrace
Of Morn's sweet Maid had died, look'd calm above
The last unconscious hours of human love.' (Book iv.)

The dream of youth is abruptly broken. There alights beside
Arthur a raven, the well-known messenger of Merlin. A scroll
tied to its wing is reluctantly unrolled: —

' And these the words: "Weak Loiterer from thy toil!
The Saxon's march is on thy father's soil!"

' Bounded the Prince! — As when the sudden sun
Looses the ice-chains on the halted rill,
Smites the dumb snow-mass, and the cataracts run
In molten thunder down the clanging hill;
So from his heart the fetters burst; and strong
In its rough course the great soul rush'd along.

Vast precipices make escape impossible, except through the
shut and guarded gates. He demands dismissal from the
priest; who at length, in phrases studiously ambiguous, promises
that, if *Ægle* consents, his wish shall be granted. He hurries
to his promised bride, pours forth his tale with headlong vehe-
mence, and vows by the honour of knighthood to return and
claim her when his father-land is free.

' Dim through her struggling sense the light came slow,
Struck from those words of fire. Alas, poor child!
What, in thine isle of roses, shouldst thou know
Of earth's grave duties? — of that stormy wild
Of care and carnage — the relentless strife
Of man with happiness, and soul with life?

* * * *

- ‘ “Thou bid’st me trust thee! — This is my reply :
 Trust is my life — to trust thee is to live!
 And ev’n farewell less bitter than thy sigh
 For something Ægle is too poor to give.
 Thou speak’st of dread and terror, strife and woe;
 And I might wonder why they tempt thee so ;
 And I might ask how more can mortals please
 The heavens, than thankful to enjoy the earth :
 But through its mist my soul, though faintly, sees
 Where thine sweeps on beyond this mountain girth :
 And, awed and dazzled, bending I confess
 Life may have holier ends than happiness !”
- * * * *
- ‘ Then, as she felt his tears upon her hand,
 Sorrow woke sorrow ; and her face she bow’d :
 As when the silver gates of heaven expand,
 And on the earth descends the melting cloud,
 So sunk the spirit from sublimer air,
 And all the woman rushed on her despair.
- ‘ “To lose thee — oh, to lose thee! To live on
 And see the sun, not thee! Will the sun shine,
 Will the birds sing, flowers bloom, when thou art gone?
 Desolate — desolate! Thy right hand in mine,
 Swear, by the Past, thou wilt return! — Oh, say,
 Say it again!” — Voice died in sobs away! (Book iv.)

The pressing need for Arthur’s return to England is now exhibited through a short scene in Carduel. Merlin announces the speedy approach of the Saxon host: the beacons are lighted from hill to hill; and preparations are made to concentrate the force of the kingdom for the defence of the city. In the council hall of the Cymrians are seated the Twelve Knights of the heroic Table; the three chiefs of council, the three of war, the three of eloquence, and the three knights of love. Most of the names are taken from the Welsh, not the Norman sources; and this, by the way, with the repeated use of the mystical number three, appears to be nearly the sum of the author’s obligations to the Triads and the Mabinogion. In the descriptions of these knights, — which, though spirited, are neither very poetical nor very characteristic, — we ought, as we are assured, to recognise portraits of modern English statesmen and warriors. But we have neither patience nor ingenuity for reading such riddles; and we do fret a little at being called away, to parliamentary debates in Westminster, from the approaching catastrophe of the romance of the Etruscan valley.

The Augur, having conducted Arthur into the dark recesses of the Temple of the Shades, sternly points out, as the only means of egress, a raft floating on a lurid stream, which flows

swiftly into a cavern, whence is heard the portentous roar of falling waters. Arthur, seizing a torch, leaps on the raft, and drifts along the torrent. The Dove, unseen during his repose of love, has now, in his hour of peril, returned to nestle on his breast. Fluttering before him through the rocky vault, she guides him to a path by which he may escape. But Ægle, awaking from a swoon, has rushed to the temple, has seen the raft entering the darkness, and has thrown herself into the stream: her pale face gleams from the surface as she is swept past; and her lover plunges in and grasps her. They are precipitated together down the stupendous cataract, and cast ashore at its foot.

Near this spot, by the banks of a mountain Lake, lingers Lancelot, who had been dispatched by Merlin, and led southward by a magic ring, which now refuses to guide him farther. The Dove, already heard of in his wanderings as the king's companion, flies to his side; and he follows it to the place where the lovers lie, — Arthur senseless, and Ægle dead! In one and the same hour, the Etruscan maidens in the Valley celebrate, in fanciful song, the carrying away of their queen by a god that had loved her; and in a grey convent on the bank of the Lake, Christian monks are chaunting a beautiful hymn over her corpse on the happiness of the soul, when angels take the young.

Arthur mourns over Ægle's grave; while Lancelot soothes, and the Dove caresses, unheeded. But Lancelot had heard from the king the secret of his triple quest; and he, the fairy-nursling, had the power of discerning fairy-forms that were invisible to others. Now when, through the breathless night-air, the moonlight shines upon the glassy lake, the knight discovers, gliding like mist along the water, 'the phantom and the bark.' Arthur sees nothing, till the Dove comes, carrying in its beak a leaf from the grave of the dead. Then he remembers the words of Merlin, describing the charm which was to reveal the Lake that hid the sword. He receives 'the bitter treasure;' and straightway he beholds the Phantom Lady, and the land blooming beneath the waters.

The first of the three adventures is now begun. It may be well that, before watching the course of it and the rest, we collect a few of the poet's scattered hints, both as to the import which these are designed to convey, and as to the relation between them and the incidents that have already been exhibited to us.

The quest of the talismanic gifts evidently represents poetically the probation and development of Arthur's character. By that quest he is to approve himself worthy of being the defender of his country, the founder of a race of kings, and the

type which is to reflect to the imagination of future ages the splendours of chivalrous heroism. The trial of his strength has really been in progress from the very commencement of the poem. Immersed in sportive and luxurious enjoyment, he has sprung up to action on the first summons of duty. The encounter with the Aleman assassin has exhibited him as benevolent and forgiving. The idyll of the Alpine valley has opened his warm and loving heart. The sympathy thus excited for him will not be effaced. It will add to our admiration for this noble mind, if, already felt to be gentle and loving, it shall be proved by harsher trials to be heroically firm.

But there is yet another truth implied in the tragical close of the Etruscan tale. Grief is the teacher of Faith. The bitter thoughts which spring up from the grave of the beloved, call us away from life, and time, and earth, — to dwell in meditation among worlds to which the lost have gone, and to see through the evanescent darkness of human suffering the solemn and ineffable glories of immortality. Arthur, thus purified and enlightened by sorrow, is ready to seek, in solitary passage through the fairy-land of thought, the Sword which the patriot wields, and the wearer of which is worthy of poetic fame through ages. But the gift is to be won, not by the valour of the knight, but by the moral greatness of the man; not by warlike deeds, but by resistance to strong temptation, and by clear perception of the relative importance of conflicting duties.

Very probably this ethical reading of ours may appear to the author, or to more intelligent readers, an unfaithful or imperfect exposition of the text. But a work like this, — a work designed in so lofty a spirit, and executed with so fine a sense of the noblest functions of poetry, — is assuredly not worthily appreciated, unless by those who have in some measure apprehended that world of suggestive thought which the poet aims at embodying in his imaginative scenes and figures; and, if a series of poetic images suggest, to diverse minds, diversified trains of reflection and emotion, this is perhaps the clearest evidence of their poetical intensity and truth.

It is not until after the author has sought to relieve the romantic sadness of the preceding parts of the narrative, by a long interlude of comic misadventure and satirical innuendo, that he allows us to sink, with Arthur and the Lady of the Lake, to the enchanted region beneath the waves, which is very fancifully described. The wealth of gems which glitters on the trees of the Magic Forest is first offered, and frowningly rejected. Then, the phantom-lady disappearing, Arthur passes alone into the Hall

of Time. In it he sees the charmed sword, sheathed to the hilt in a rock (a figure, by the way, from the romances). On three thrones beside it sit three gigantic kings: the rigid and death-like Genius of the Past; the haughty and triumphant Genius of the Present; and the Genius of the Future, with his face half-veiled, asleep about to give way.

Arthur is invited, by the Spirit of the Present, to choose between three forms of happiness, emblemed by visions rising in arches of the shrine.

The thoughtless Pleasure of Youth is briefly shown, and hastily rejected. Royal Pomp is rejected likewise: for behind the throne are poverty, and hunger, and labour breeding disease and death and discontent, vengeance and despair; — a scene which is bitterly described as the quintessence of modern civilization, ‘the perfect sway of merchant kings.’ Last comes the pageant of Death, — death glorified by the immortality of Poetic Fame.

‘So turned, with generous tears in manly eyes,
The hardy Lord of heav’n-taught Chivalry.

Lo, the third arch and last! — In moonlight, rise

The Cymrian rocks dark-shining from the sea;
And all those rocks some patriot war, foregone,
Hallows with grassy mound and starlit stone.

‘And, where the softest falls the loving light,
He sees *himself*, stretch’d lifeless on the sword!

And, by the corpse, with sacred robes of white,
Leans on his ivory harp a lonely Bard;

Yea, to the Dead the sole still watchers given
Are the Fame-singer and the Hosts of Heaven!

‘But on the kingly front the kingly crown
Rests; the pale right hand grasps the diamond glaive;
The brow, on which ev’n strife hath left no frown,
Calm in the halo Glory gives the Brave.

“Mortal! is *this* thy choice?” the Genius cried:

“Here Death; there Pleasure; and there Pomp! — ‘Decide!’”

‘“Death,” answer’d Arthur, “is nor good nor ill,
Save in the ends for which men die; and Death
Can oft achieve what Life may not fulfil,

And kindle earth with Valour’s dying breath:
But oh! one answer to one terror deign!

My land — my people! — Is that death in vain?”

‘Mute droop’d the Genius: but the unquiet form,
Dreaming beside its brother king, arose,
Tho’ dreaming still: — As leaps the sudden storm
On sands Arabian, — as with spasms and throes
Bursts the Fire-mount by soft Parthenopé, —
Rose the veil’d Genius of the Things To Be!

* * * *

‘The Genius rose; and through the phantom arch
Glided the Shadows of Ilis own pale dreams.’ (Book vii.)

And now there pass, in homage, before the dead ‘sire of
‘chivalry,’ the shapes of his royal successors—from the knightly
Plantagenet to the discrowned Stuart. Round these are grouped
the brave, and wise, and imaginative, who have made England
glorious and great, with other figures representing the character
of the successive ages. The procession is closed by a scene
imaging our own times in faint outline—a scene of gentle day-
light, with one cloud in the distant sky. All is calm here,
amidst the crash of falling dynasties.

‘Mild, like all strength, sits Crownèd Liberty,
Wearing the aspect of a youthful Queen:
And far outstretched along the unmeasured sea
Rests the vast shadow of her throne. Serene
From the dumb icebergs to the fiery zone
Rests the vast shadow of that guardian throne.

‘And round her group the Cymrian’s changeless race
Blent with the Saxon, brother-like; and both
Saxon and Cymrian, from that sovereign trace
Their hero-line;—sweet flower of age-long growth;
The single blossom on the twofold stem;—
Arthur’s white plume crests Cerdic’s diadem.

* * * *

“Behold the close of thirteen hundred years:
Lo! Cymri’s Daughter on the Saxon’s throne!
Free as their air thy Cymrian mountaineers;
And in the heavens one rainbow cloud alone,
Which shall not pass, until, the cycle o’er,
The soul of Arthur comes to earth once more!

“Dost thou choose Death?” the giant Dreamer said.
“Ay! for in death I seize the life of fame,
And link the eternal millions with the dead!”
Replied the King. And to the sword he came,
Large-striding—grasped the hilt;—the charmed brand
Clove to the rock, and stirr’d not to his hand.’ (Book vii.)

A last temptation has yet to be withstood. On a ruby
pedestal in the hall stands the statue of a crowned Child,
smiling, though its wreath was of thorns, and though vipers
twined round its limbs, and a hungry vulture watched it from a
rock above. The Dove flies forth from the king’s bosom, and
perches on the statue’s wreath. The vulture rises to seize it,
and the vipers coil upwards. But they pause as the statue is
stirred with life.

“Mortal!” the Image murmured, “I am He,
 Whose voice alone the enchanted sword unsheathes;
 Mightier than yonder Shapes — eternally
 Throned upon light, tho’ crowned with thorny wreaths;
 Changeless amid the Halls of Time; my name
 In heaven is YOUTH, and on the earth is FAME.

“All altars need their sacrifice; and mine
 Asks every bloom in which thy heart delighted;
 Thorns are my garlands: would’st thou serve the shrine,
 Dread is the faith to which thy vows are plighted,
 The Asp shall twine, the Vulture watch the prey,
 And Horror rend thee, if but Hope give way.

“Wilt thou the falchion with the thorns it brings?”
 “Yea — for the thorn-wreath hath not dimm’d thy smile!”

“Lo! thy first offering to the Vulture’s wing,
 And the Asp’s fangs!” the cold lips answered; while
 Nearer, and nearer, the devourers came,
 Where the Dove resting hid the thorns of Fame.’ (Book vii.)

But there rushes on Arthur’s heart the memory of sweet companionship, and confiding tenderness, and mysterious love seeking to console grief. For fame and country he will sacrifice life; but even for them he will not betray trust reposed by affection. He springs to snatch the victim, and places it again in the shelter of his breast!

“Let then the rock the Sword for ever sheathe!
 All blades are charm’d in the Patriot’s grasp!”
 —He spoke: and, lo! the Statue’s thorny wreath
 Bloomed into roses; and each baffled asp
 Fell down and died of its own poison-sting:
 Back to the crag dull-sailed the death-bird’s wing.

“And from the Statue’s smile, as when the morn
 Unlocks the Eastern gates of Paradise,
 Ineffable joy, in light and beauty borne,
 Flowed; and the azure of the distant skies
 Stole through the crimson hues the ruby gave,
 And slept, like Happiness, on Glory’s wave.’ (Book vii.)

He now draws the sword easily from the rock; a gratulatory hymn resounds through the vaults; and an unspeakable vision, opening on his eyes, casts him into a swoon. He awakes to find himself lying on the sea-beach, the falchion in his hand, and the Dove pruning her wings in the sunshine. Now, in a dream, the dead *Ægle* appears to him: she commands him not to grieve for her whom he had led to heaven, — and tenderly encourages him to admit a new affection which was about to spring up in his heart.

(Lancelot, meanwhile, watching by the lake, has met with an

adventure which not only influences his own fate, but is intimately connected with the whole progress of the story.

The Mercian earl, Harold, whom we have encountered already, had a daughter named Genevra, who, brought up in Saxon heathenism, has been secretly taught Christianity by a Cymric captive. Her father, betrothing her to a fierce Scandinavian chief, has sent her to her bridegroom in a ship manned by Norse warriors. Her pious serenity in a tempest has softened and converted her rude conductors: and, on her petition to be saved from her heathen husband, they sail with her towards the south. After a voyage, whose geography is easily adjusted according to romantic precedents, they reach a shore adjoining the Alpine lake where *Ægle* lay buried. Straying to its banks, she meets Lancelot, is loved by him, and loves him in return.

In telling him her story, she makes us, as well as him, aware of the existence of a mysteriously concealed personage, whom we seem to encounter here for the first time, but who will stand in the foreground hereafter. Along with Genevra had been converted her friend Genevieve, the young daughter of the Mercian king Crida. There is carefully indicated the musing and sensitive character of Genevieve; and also the delight with which she was wont to think of Arthur, the pure and dauntless champion of the creed she had learned to love. We are told likewise that, some months before, going out to meditate in the woodland, she had suddenly disappeared; and that the magic of demon-compelling runes had revealed only a mysterious relation borne by her fate to Arthur's life and the glory of the Cymrians — a relation which could not be broken but by the death of Arthur and the destruction of Carduel. It is this prophecy which has impelled Crida to his invasion of Wales. Travelling, as we are, through the marvels and metamorphoses of Fable-land, most of us, perhaps, are tempted by these hints to suspect, that we and Merlin could tell where the dove-like Genevieve had found shelter.

Arthur soon encounters Lancelot and his Saxon lady. These he despatches to England. He himself, embarking in the Scandinavian ship with its crew, follows the leading of the Dove, which carries them northward till they reach the Arctic seas. They are there shipwrecked among the icebergs; and pass, on the uninhabited coast, a winter of dreary suffering. The shipwreck, and the scenery and animal life of the polar deserts, are described with much accuracy as well as vigour. Yet we are not sure that the poetical effect is adequate to the author's labour, or correspondent to the partiality with which he seems to regard this part of his work.

The next occurrences of the northern sojourn oblige us to

look back to the history of Sir Gawaine—who has been left unnoticed by us longer than by the poet. It has appeared already that the modulation of the poem comprehends several different keys; and, unable in this hasty reading of the score to give the intermediate chords through which the transition is effected, we have passed over some of the most decided of the contrasts. But the comic adventures of Gawaine come back so frequently, occupy so large a space in the composition, and appear to be so much reckoned upon by the author as a means of setting off its more elevated parts, that a false impression of the whole would be conveyed were they not to be briefly noticed. Our bare summary may be exposed to the risk of exaggerating the dissimilarity between these and the serious passages: yet it will hardly present them with less of ideality than they receive from the poet—except only that even they have touches of strong feeling and rich scenery.

Merlin has sent out Gawaine in search of Arthur—giving him as a guide his messenger raven. But it stays with him only till it has involved him in a train of ludicrous mishaps, none of them seeming at first, but all of them proving afterwards, to forward the purpose of his journey. He is inveigled into a mock-marriage, deserted by his wife, and not deserted by his dog; all, as in one of the *Fabliaux*. He is next preached at and pinched, by a band of fairies in a wood, as a punishment for avarice. The raven then deserts him too; but not without first luring him into the hands of a crew of Danish pirates, who carry him home in their ship to be offered up to Freya, the goddess of love. Gawaine ‘the golden-tongued,’ who piques himself as much on his logic as on his jokes and good spirits, has the mortification of being confuted in argument by the pirate captain—by whom the reasonableness of sacrificing the prisoner is proved convincingly, on the principles of the utilitarian philosophy. From the hard fate of being roasted for the greatest happiness of the greatest number of Danes, he contrives however to escape, by the assistance of his dog; and, finding his way on board of a becalmed whaling-ship, and mistaken by the mariners for the priest whose robe he wore, he justifies their faith in him as a wizard, by howling Welsh verses till the wind rises. His grateful and admiring hosts carry him with them to the north seas; where, the vessel being cast away, he alone is saved. He falls among the *Esquimaux*; and with them, honoured for his strength and bravery in bear-killing, he has become a sort of king, and vegetates in tolerable comfort; his main grievance being, that the ladies of the court have eaten all his tallow-candles.

Those who are assisted by our rough hand only, may feel that

it costs them an effort to rise, from these farcical distresses, to the renewed contemplation of the heroic part of the story.

Arthur and the remnant of his Gothic followers, dying of hunger, are saved by the appearance of Gawaine and his pigmy subjects. The sick and worn wanderers wait, in patient repose, for the close of the long polar winter. The reappearance of the sun, and of spring following in his track, is, as we think, magnificently described: it wears an air of real epic grandeur, enhanced by an originally modified Homeric reminiscence:—

‘Sudden in the sky

‘Stands the great Sun!—Like the first glorious breath

Of Freedom to the slave, like Hope upon
The hush of woe, or through the mists of death

The pardoning Angel—comes to earth the Sun
Ice still on land—still vapour in the air;
But Light—the victor Lord—but Light is there!

‘On siege-worn cities, when their war is spent,

From the far hill as, gleam on gleam, arise
The spears of some great aiding armament—

Grow the dim splendours, broadening up the skies;
Till, bright and brighter, the sublime array
Flings o’er the world the banners of the Day!

‘Behold them where they kneel!—The starry King,

The dwarfs of night, the giants of the sea!

Each with the other link’d in solemn ring,
‘Too blest for words!—Man’s sever’d Family,
All made akin once more, beneath those eyes
Which on their Father smiled in Paradise!’

(Close of Book ix.)

‘Spring, on the Polar Seas!—not violet-crown’d

By dewy Hours, nor to cerulean halls
Melodious hymm’d; yet Light itself around

Her stately path sheds starry coronals.
Sublime she comes; as when, from Dis set free,
Came, through the flash of Jove, Persephoné.

‘She comes—that grand Aurora of the North!

By steeds of fire her glorious chariot borne:
From Boreal courts the meteors flaming forth,

Ope heav’n on heav’n, before the mighty Morn,
And round the rebel giants of the night

On Earth’s last confines bursts the storm of light.

* * * *

‘Now life, the polar life, returns once more:

The reindeer roots his mosses from the snows;

The whirring sea-gulls shriek along the shore;

Thro’ oozing rills the cygnet gleaming goes;

And, where the ice some happier verdure frees,
Laugh into light frank-eyed anemones.'

(Opening of Book x.)

Arthur's pilgrimage to the North is, of course, designed to place him where he may attempt his second task—the winning of the Shield which had been Thor's cradle. In meaning, not less than in form, this mythological scene is very unlike the first. The sword, whose possession conferred immortal renown, could not be won unless by a champion who, through the force of strong temptations, had been proved to possess noble moral endowments. The shield, which was to defend freedom, is next to be won, by heroic valour shown in desperate combat against appalling enemies.

This adventure, however, is related much more briefly than the former. Indeed, as we have already hinted, nothing of it is really described, except the scene and the personages. But these are very strikingly depicted. There is great force of imagination in the accumulation of wild images of terror; and the use made of the Scandinavian fables is so sparing as to render it (we think) easily intelligible to all readers.

The place in which the shield is said to be hidden is indicated by the pigmies. It is guarded by a shadowy and hideous being, half-giant half-dwarf, who hovers, attended by a herd of bears, about the caverns of an extinct island-volcano. Even on the sight of him 'fear was on the bold;' and, after his fierce attendants have been repelled, he taunts and strives to terrify his daring visitor.

'The Demon heard; and, as a moon that shines,
'Rising behind Arcturus, cold and still
O'er Baltic headlands black with rigid pines,—
So, on his knit and ominous brows, a chill
And livid smile revealed the gloomy night,
To leave the Terror sterner for the light.

* * *

'Then, striding to the cave, he plunged within:
"Follow!" he cried; and, like a prison'd blast,
Along the darkness, the reverberate din
Roll'd from the rough sides of the viewless Vast;
As goblin echoes, through the haunted hollow,
'Twixt groan and laughter, chimed, hoarse-gibbering, "Follow!"

'The King, recoiling, paused irresolute;
Till through the cave the White Wing went its way!
Then on his breast he signed the cross, and, mute
With solemn prayer, he left the world of day.
Thick stood the night, save where the falchion gave
Its clear sharp glimmer lengthening down the cave.'

(Book x.)

By red flashes bursting through the subterranean fogs, the avenue of the place of dread is seen to be peopled, in horrid lifelessness, by vast and monstrous skeletons, for whose conception the discoveries of fossil geology are put in requisition. In the inner caves toil Troll-fiends, the malignant dwarfs of the Norse creed, who scowlingly work at instruments of human suffering, but pause now to follow eagerly the footsteps of their expected victim. Through waste iron-mines, the path goes inward still to a mighty vault, where the vapours vanish, and all is one glare of fierce light. The corpses of armed giants, from the early ages of the earth, kneel with their glazed eyes fixed on the curtained couch of the demon Lok. Round it sit also in a ring the awful Valkyrs, 'the choosers of the slain,' weaving silently their bloody web of fate.

'Fierce glared the Dwarf upon the silent King.

"There is the prize thy visions would achieve!

There where the hush'd inexorable ring

Murder the myriads in the webs they weave;

Behind the curtains of Incarnate War,

Whose lightest tremor topples thrones afar,—

"Which ev'n the Valkyrs with their bloodless hands

Ne'er dare aside to draw;—go, seek the Shield!—

* * * *

'Mute on his knee, amidst the kneeling dead

He sank. The dead the dreaming fiends revered,

And he, the living, God! Then terror fled;

And all the king illumed the front he reared.—

—Firm to the couch on which the fiend reposed

He strode:—the curtains, murmuring, round him closed.'

(Book x.)

His Norsemen, who at a distance had followed him to the entrance of the cavern, are terrified by dire and mingled noises: the volcano breaks out anew, the whole isle reels, and in the smoke and darkness of the eruption they fall senseless. When they recover, all is calmness and light. The Dove floats high in the air, over the place where Arthur lies in a swoon. His armour is hewn and crushed, his sword foul with blood; but the wondrous shield, won in the unutterable strife, is firmly clasped upon his arm.

The mystery of that unseen conflict is never told by him to human ear; but the memory of 'the struggle and the scathe' never, till death, passes from his soul—or ceases to impress on his heart its deep solemnity.

A friendly ship now receives Arthur and his company. The Dove flies on before, and directs the voyage towards England,

— much to the amazement of Arthur, who remembers that the third and crowning labour is still unaccomplished. The guiding wing, however, leads the vessel to a Mercian creek. Arthur, departing alone, travels till night overtakes him among the glades of a pine forest, where stand the hoary ruins of a vast temple, built by the votaries of the oldest Druidic faith. He lies down to muse by the fallen pillars: and sleep begins to fall on him, accompanied by a nameless terror, presaging some unearthly visitation. Looking up from time to time to seek the Dove, he finds that it has disappeared. Then he sinks into a trance of deep horror.

The scenes which follow arise out of the calamity and deaths which have already happened in his Roman-built city.

‘The Pale Horse rushes, and the trumpets swell:
King Crida’s hosts are storming Carduel!’

The Pendragon hold has been beleaguered for nine months. The king’s fate is unknown; famine rages among the people: and the chiefs are divided by discord, prompted by — ‘Pride, the evil angel of the Celt!’ The hour has come when mind triumphs over body; but it is the hour when to will bravely is to be invincibly strong. The Cynrian citadel is only to be saved by a costly sacrifice — the self-devotion of one of its noblest hearts. This incident is, alike in idea and in development, touchingly fine. It is with regret that, by relating any part of it in our own lumbering prose, we exclude our readers, for a time, from the pleasure we ourselves have enjoyed in the poet’s animated and moving recital of it.

Merlin accosts Caradoc the Bard, who is musing sadly at eventide, on the broken rampart. He tells him that the cause of freedom has become desperate; and, with solemn affection, announces to him, that his life is the only price by which rescue can be bought.

‘Thrill’d at that voice the soul of Caradoc!

He heard, and knew his glory and his doom:

As when in summer’s noon the lightning shock

Smites some fair elm in all its pomp of bloom,

Mid whose green boughs each vernal breeze had played,

And air’s sweet race melodious homes had made.

‘So that young life bow’d sad beneath the stroke

That sear’d the Fresh and stilled the Musical.

Yet on the sadness, thought sublimely broke;

Holy the tree on which the bolt doth fall!

Wild flowers shall spring the sacred roots around,

And nightly fairies tread the haunted ground.

‘ There, age by age, shall youth, with musing brow,
 Hear Legend murmuring of the days of yore;
 There virgin love more lasting deem the vow
 Breathed in the shade of branches green no more;
 And kind Religion keep the grand Decay
 Still on the earth, while forests pass away.’

(Book xi.)

The Bard passes with his harp into the midst of the despairing multitude. His song, rising from melancholy beauty to terrific pictures of misery, and invocation of the free and glorious dead, swells at last into the battle-hymn of the Cymrian race. It kindles a universal enthusiasm, which is next communicated to the chiefs. As the scaling-ladders touch the walls, the Cymrians pour from the gates; and the invading host is driven down the valley.

‘ And ever in the van, with robes of white
 And ivory harp, shone swordless Caradoc!
 And ever floated, in melodious night,
 The clear song, buoyant o’er the battle shock;
 Calm as an eagle when the Olympian King
 Sends the red bolt upon the tranquil wing.’

But the success is short-lived. The Cymrians recoil. Then Caradoc announces the prophecy which Merlin had revealed to him. Their land is rescued, if a bard shall be slain in the battle, and if his countrymen shall bury him on the spot where he fell.

The grave is to be Caradoc’s own; and, to fulfil the prophecy, he dashes, at headlong speed, into the heart of the enemy’s ranks, where the ghastly standard floated over the head of the Teuton king.

‘ Wrench’d from the heathen’s hand, one moment bow’d
 In the bright Christian’s grasp, the gonfanon;
 Then from a dumb amaze the countless crowd
 Swept,—and the night as with a sudden sun
 Flash’d with avenging steel! Life gain’d its goal!
 And calm from lips proud-smiling went the soul!’
 ‘ Leapt from his selle the king-born Lancelot;
 ‘Leapt from the selle each paladin and knight;
 In one mute sign that, where upon that spot
 The foot was planted, God forbade the flight:
 There shall the Father-land avenge the son,
 Or heap all Cymri round the grave of one.

* * * *

‘ They flag—they falter—lo, the Saxons fly!—
 Lone rests the Dragon in the dawning sky!’ (Book xi.)

To Arthur, whom we left entranced in the Druidic ruins, the soul of Caradoc now appears, and leads him in a vision to the completion of his last adventure. In the description of it,

there is, we fear, as much, at least, of mysticism as either of poetry or of philosophy. For our own part, perhaps by reason of our Saxon dulness, we fail to find firm ground, either in the Celtic ghost's lessons on theology, or in the sweetly musical dialogue that ensues. However, when the apparition leaves Arthur, we begin again to recognise the poetic version of nature and reality.

' All dark above :—ho ! at his feet reposed
Beneath the Brow's still terror o'er it bowed,
With eyes that lit the gloom thro' which they smiled,
A Virgin shape, half woman and half child !'

This, at least, has been more than a vision. For, when the dreamer awakes, the maiden lies sleeping at his feet ; and her eyes open as he gazes on her.

' Words cannot paint thee, gentlest cynosure
Of all things lovely, in that loveliest form
Souls wear—the youth of woman ! brows as pure
As Memphian skies that never knew a storm :
Lips with such sweetness in their honied deeps
As fills the rose in which a fairy sleeps ;

* * * *

' And Arthur looked, and saw the Dove no more :
Yet, by some wild and wondrous glamoury,
Changed to the shape the new companion wore,
His soul the missing Angel seem'd to see ;
And, soft and silent as the earlier guide,
The soft eyes thrill, the silent footsteps glide.

* * * *

* * * their parting ray
On Arthur's brow the faithful memories leave ;
And the DOVE's heart still beats in GENEVIEVE !'

Whatever other characters may have been borne by the Maiden of the Tomb, she is now speedily recognised as the lost daughter of the Mercian king. A few incidents, which we cannot take time to analyse, restore her to her father ; and this restoration brings on a crisis, in which, and not till then, the king's third adventure is completely accomplished. Fame has been won in the glimmering fairy garden, and Freedom amidst the fabulous darkness of the world of winter : Happiness is only to be gained by acts performed in the broad daylight of actual and human life.

If we pass hastily over the closing scenes of the story, we are doing as the poet does—rather perhaps than as he would bid us. In the twelfth and last Book, event presses upon event, actors crowd each other : all is rapidity and hurry. Without doubt this concentration of interest is designed. It is the rapid bursting of

the flower-bud from its sheath, after months of slow growth,—the issuing of long-gathering impulses into quick and decided action, when impulse has become irresistible. For poetic musing there is no leisure, in the crisis of a mighty dramatic entanglement.

Yet, if our own feelings are a fair test, this sudden accumulation of actors and acts is unfavourable to the vividness of impression which the work should leave upon the mind at its close. The poet's step, epically stately even in quick march, becomes unsteady when he accelerates his pace to a run. His figures stand out brilliantly from the canvass when he colours them carefully, and relieves them by deep light and shade in the background; but their outline is hardly strong enough to command the eye powerfully, in the rapid sketch of moving groups—where the landscape is wanting. Our imagination, prepossessed by the romantic loveliness and unearthly terrors which have been so long floating before us, requires a more deliberate and more formal communication, to grasp completely and distinctly the sterner image of the great national struggle. We still dream of the mountain-lake as we stand on the breach of Carduel; the dead *Ægle* has become dearer to us than even the soothing Dove; and while Genevieve herself, the crowning prize of the chivalrous toils, becomes but faintly known to us in her human character, it costs somewhat too great an effort to combine that character, in fancy, with the touching attributes which have idealised her mythological form.

Yet the warlike and tragic events, which lead to the catastrophe of victory and reconciliation, are painted with equal picturesqueness and spirit. The book opens, too, with a very beautiful strain of imaginative reflection : —

‘ Flow on, flow on, fair Fable’s happy stream,
Vocal for aye with Eld’s first music-chaunt ;
Where, mirror’d far adown the chrystal, gleam
The golden domes of Carduel and Romaunt !
Still one last look on knighthood’s peerless ring,
On moonëd Dream-land and the Dragon King ! —

‘ Detain me yet amid the lovely throng !
Hold yet thy *Sabbat*, thou melodious spell !
Still to the circle of enchanted song
Charm the high Mage of Druid parable,
The Fairy, bard-led from her Caspian Sea,
And Genius, lured from caves in Araby !

‘ Though me, less fair, if less familiar ways,
Sought in the paths by earlier steps untrod,
Allure—yet ever, in the marvel-maze,
The flowers afar perfume the virgin sod :

The simplest leaf in fairy gardens cull;
 And round thee opens all the Beautiful!
 'Alas! the sunsets of our Northern main
 Soon lose the tints Hesperian Fancy weaves;
 Soon the sweet river feels the icy chain,
 And haunted forests shed their murmurous leaves;
 The bough must wither, and the bird depart,
 And winter clasp the world—as life the heart!'

Fierce debate has raged in the Saxon camp. The Heathen priests, performing gloomy rites of divination, have proclaimed that the Teutonic host can be saved only by the sacrifice of a Christian virgin. Hardly has the prophecy been announced, when Genevieve rushes into her father's arms. Avowing her faith, she is instantly claimed from Crida by the priests; and, after a short struggle, the superstitious old man abandons her to them. The bloody offering, however, is scornfully opposed by Harold, who had been spared by Lancelot in the battle, and to whom, by Merlin's command, his daughter Genevra had been restored. He extorts a consent that the sacrifice shall be deferred till he again attempts to storm the walls. The two maidens are left in Odin's temple, under the guard of the priests.

In the battle which ensues, the Saxons, encountered both from within the city and from without, are defeated at all points. Arthur himself, guided by a message from Merlin, directs his attack on the centre of the Mercian camp, where the shrine of Odin stands. He reaches the place, just as the chief priest, with his knife drawn to slay Genevieve, has been struck down by an arrow from Faul, the king's Aleman convert. Arthur's sword, lifted over the fallen Crida, is arrested by the Saxon's kneeling daughter. The last resistance is offered by the brave and generous Harold, who, when all is lost, offers to retreat on honourable terms. The Cymrian king instantly accepts the proposal.

Then, on the prompting of Merlin, comes that double plighting of hands, towards which the love-scenes had been visibly tending. It takes place with frank acquiescence from Harold,—with a proud consent slowly wrung from Crida. Out of Arthur's marriage with Genevieve is to arise, in the slow course of ages, that permanent reconciliation and fusion of the two races, which the poet desires to indicate as the historical issue of the events he has related.

'There flock the hosts as to a holy ground,
 There, where the Dove at last may fold the wing;—
 His mission ended, and his labours crowned,
 Fair as in fable stands the Dragon King—

Below the Cross, and by his prophet's side,
With Carduel's knighthood kneeling round his bride.

'What gallant deeds in gentle lists were done,
What lutes made joyaunce sweet in jasmine bowers,
Let others tell :—Slow sets the summer sun ;
Slow fall the mists, and closing droop the flowers ;
Faint in the gloaming dies the vesper bell ;—
And Dream-land sleeps round golden Carduel.'

(Close of Book xii.)

In looking back on the manner in which we have introduced this elaborate poem to our readers, we find that we have, almost unconsciously, handled it as if it had been a work which had already been acknowledged as worthy of a permanent place in literature, and the study of which we desired merely to recommend and facilitate.

A mode of treatment like this implies a high estimate of the value of the work ; and such an estimate we have no hesitation in expressing. The author is, we think, right in believing this to be the least perishable monument of his genius. Not only do we confidently pronounce it to be the ~~most~~ vigorous and original poem that has lately appeared among us ; but, while feeling the uncertainty of all critical raticinations, we regard it as not only worthy, but likely, to take its place among those fine though not faultless performances, which will hereafter represent the poetical literature of England in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The poet, bringing to his task powers in their full maturity, and long and variously exercised, has not contented himself either with telling a pathetic love-tale, or with weaving together effusions of lyric emotion. He has conceived the bold design of constructing, out of materials wonderfully varied, a symmetrical and powerful work of epic art : and, in the poem thus produced, he has proved himself to possess, not only the genuine feeling and imagination of the poet, but also that which is rarer and higher still, the deep thoughtfulness of the poetic artist.

In welcoming thus cordially, from an author of established reputation, a valuable addition to the poetical treasures of our language, we are not entitled only, but bound, to judge the work, in its details, by a standard much more severe than that which we might apply, if we were encouraging a young aspirant to repeat a promising effort, or consoling a writer already successful, for a new attempt in which he had failed. We must say, then, that there are in '*King Arthur*' many things which we cannot but consider as faults ; faults, too, entering deeply

into the substance of the composition. Some of them do, as it appears to us, detract absolutely from the poetical merit of the work; others, while they do not make it less pleasing to those more sensitive and thoughtful spirits in which a poet's verse finds its most harmonious echo, may yet, we are inclined to fear, diminish its chance of being extensively popular.

The first of the points thus hinted at is, the manner in which the Comic elements of the poem are treated. Our doubt is not as to the propriety of the attempt to relieve the heroic and pathetic passages by the interspersion of gaiety, wit, or humour. We might even allow this to be one of the merits of the plan. We can perceive, in some degree at least, the theoretical principles which, first leading the author to engraft the rich and varied interest of the individual adventures on the grand but bare outline of the historical fable, have next induced him to attempt at once contrasting different parts of his work with each other, and obtaining for such of his readers as may be in want of a little relaxation, a change of tone, through the introduction of those sportive touches, used so freely by some of the older poets when treading, like him, on chivalrous ground.

That to which we take exception then, is not the intention, but the manner of its execution. The comic portions of the composition are, we venture to think, very imperfectly harmonised with the serious; and the evil, as it seems to us, lies in this, that the comic passages are pitched on much too low a key. In some of them, indeed, the chords that are struck do not, to our ear, make music at all.

For the mere levity into which the cheerful scenes have a tendency to pass, we can sometimes discover what may be a plausible or even a sufficient reason, in the relation which these scenes are intended to have towards others. Thus, in the opening of the poem, the light and careless gaiety of the summer festival is designed, not obscurely, to found a contrast, both in event and in character, between Arthur's voluptuous repose when motives to exertion are absent, and his prompt starting into action on receiving the unearthly call. But in other places, where short passages of this kind occur, the effect on our own feelings was grating; and reflection has not removed the harsh impression. An instance is furnished by the discussions—political, theological, ethnological, and philological—which the King very needlessly holds with the Augur on his entrance into the Happy Valley.

The tone, however, which breaks in thus jarringly on the higher parts of the work, is by no means confined to short or

episodical passages. It prevails through whole scenes, and occupies no inconsiderable proportion of the whole. Its great field is the series of misadventures in which Sir Gawaine is entangled. In the description of these there is not a little which is in itself well conceived and executed with spirit, and not a little which is exceedingly amusing; although there is not any thing to justify the belief that, for writing of this kind, the author is very eminently qualified. There are ebullitions of mirth, sometimes temperate, though often loud; strokes of broad and pointed humour, which scarcely rise into wit; frequent pieces of satire, always sarcastic rather than playful; with but little done to idealise them, either by serious feeling or by felicitous imagery. While we cannot but think that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton might, under any circumstances, have been more worthily employed than in penning scenes like these, our regret principally rests on the positive injury which they cause to the pathos, and beauty, and grandeur of a very noble poem. Indeed, nothing surprises us more than to observe how much, in these comic scenes, he has sunk below the tone in which these or similar incidents are treated in his romantic authorities. The difference is strikingly exemplified on comparing the marriage of Sir Gawaine with its original,—the Fabliau of the ‘*Chévalier à l’Epée*.’

The sarcastic temper so frequent in these interludes reaches its climax in certain scenes, for which we easily detect parallels in the history of the present day. There are such also in Sir Gawaine’s travels; the outline of which, however, is ingeniously connected with the main thread of the story. But the unlucky episode of the Vandal Court is entirely of this description; and has not even the excuse of being naturally introduced.

While these portraits of the actual present, clothed in the costume of the imagined past, are distasteful to us for the same reason as the more lightly comic passages, they have this additional fault,—that the objects of the satire are not worthily selected. A poem which aims at immortality, and which is not generally unworthy of its proud pretensions, ought not to require, in any of its parts, elucidation from newspaper paragraphs. In a philosophical diagnosis of the great agony with which Europe is at present convulsed, the events and persons here delineated would never be put forward as the true symptoms or causes either of the political or of the religious disorganisation. As well might a theatrical critique, meant to describe the opening scenes of a new tragedy, confine itself to drawing a likeness of the candle-snuffer, or chronicling the catcalls of the impatient pit.

These remarks are made reluctantly; and we should be

sorry to be as ungrateful as we must appear if they should be thought hypercritical. The poet's justification will be complete, if it shall be found that the passages on which we are now animadverting, serve to enhance, or even that they do not impair, the profound impression which the poem, as a whole, is calculated to make on minds susceptible of the finest influences of poetry. Nor will we endeavour to render this result less probable, by making any answer to such defence as may be set up on the plea of poetical precedents. We willingly leave both the farce and the satire of 'King Arthur' to take such benefit as they may, from the example of Pulci—to whose tone of humour they come, perhaps, nearer than to any other; from the contemporary satire occasionally introduced by Ariosto and Berni; or from the sombre bitterness with which, even in the midst of majestic terrors, the satirist's scourge is so frequently wielded by the mighty hand of Dante.

To say the truth, it would not very much surprise us, if readers, to whom the genuine poetry of 'King Arthur' is *caviare*, should be attracted by the keen portraiture of Puseyism and political ethics; of Irish repeal and rates-in-aid; of French royalties revolutionised, and republics retrogressive. Many to whom 'The New Timon' appealed in vain, through its pathetic imagination and its despondingly thoughtful philosophy, looked with infinite zest on the daguerreotype miniatures of the illustrious passengers in the Park. But Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is not to be suspected of a desire to purchase the approbation of vulgar minds, by any unworthy condescension.

Indeed, he has deliberately, and not altogether through necessity, incurred a risk of placing 'King Arthur' beyond the range of ordinary sympathies—by the second of the peculiarities, respecting which we intimated our inclination to except. We allude to his copious use of the Supernatural and Allegorical—and the aspect and relations under which the supernatural agency is represented.

It is right, however, to say, at once, that over our own minds these marvellous personages and incidents exert a delightful witchery, which we do not seek to resist. They have created for us a world of new and beautiful images; and the pleasure which they bestow is not impaired by any interference with cherished associations; it is increased, on the contrary, and ennobled by the suggestion of touching and momentous truths, of which the unreal pictures become the representatives and exponents. The old dreams come back, but with new interpretations. It is still the beings of romance that rise before us; but

they are seen through a bright and tinted atmosphere, cast around them by modern thought and knowledge.

The Supernatural elements were introduced, it may be assumed, with the view of raising the story into the heroic sphere: And the incorporating of them in the forms consecrated by romantic fable gives them that hold upon our sympathies, the loss of which, inventions entirely original could not often be fortunate enough, to replace, by a stronger spell. Such supernatural figures, too,—the objects of a faith which has perished, and therefore wanting much of their ancient charm,—recover their poetic life, when there is thrown over them the transparent veil of Allegory: And it appears to us, that, in the poem now before us, the poetical character of allegorical invention is for the most part very justly apprehended and effectively embodied. The image alone is represented: the associated truth is hinted only through the image. There is a value even in the uncertain dimness in which the significance of the picture is not infrequently wrapped—notwithstanding the tendency to mysticism which is thus occasioned, and which, indeed, is the besetting sin of all poetry that is intensely thoughtful. Distinctness is possessed by the Symbol only: it is the hard and dark shadow which the mountain casts upon the plain. In mere Allegory, the shadow falls on the glassy surface of the lake, where, though in fainter and more airy tints, are reflected all the glories of colour and of light and shade: But the image trembles in the tremulous haze and under the gentle breeze; and it is not the same image for spectators who stand at different points upon the bank.

Those to whom poetry is at once an object of meditative study, and a source of refined enjoyment, will feel that the lofty design of the poem has been admirably advanced by the enchanted Forest of the Lake, with its beautiful and majestic figures, so magnificently grouped and so profoundly suggestive,—by the gigantic terrors of the Polar Cavern, faintly seen through their shifting shroud of clouds and darkness,—by the half-revealed spells and prophecies of the august wizard of Carduel,—and by that bewitching shadow, which wanders like an angel by Arthur's side on his path of unearthly perils,—to take the loveliest of human shapes at last, and soothe his heart with the holiness of human love.

The evil which we are most afraid of, is, that readers of this class will prove less numerous than we, as well as the author of '*King Arthur*,' would like to see them. If those other merits of the work which are more generally appreciable shall command for it, as we sincerely wish they may, such attention as to make it an instrument of raising the standard of

taste among those to whom the poetry of our day is addressed, it will have conferred on literature a benefit even greater than that which it must confer through its intrinsic excellence as a literary work. Yet the poet himself cannot but be aware that, if 'Arthur' is to be widely popular, it must become so, by partly *creating* the taste to which it appeals,—by teaching, through attractive example, the precious lesson, that poetry is then most worthy of its high rank among human energies, when it seeks to please through the excitement of manly emotions and widely-reaching sympathies, and of emotions and sympathies of whose evolution energetic activity of intellect is a necessary condition;—by teaching also this other lesson, not less needed by the literary audiences of our times, that these highest ends of poetic art cannot be attained, unless there be allowed to the poet a range of imaginative invention extending very far indeed beyond the limits of the actual.

Now, the doctrine of respectful tolerance for the license of poetic imagination never commands assent so slowly, as when its application is sought to be extended to the introduction of Supernatural Agency. In this region, indeed, is raised the barrier by which, more than by any other, the free movement of modern poetry is confined. All superhuman beings whose real existence is an object of religious faith, are now guarded, by a salutary awe, from the rash touch of fancy. A modern poet, in a narrative whose interest depends chiefly on the concerns of time and earth, must, if he would not entirely renounce the serious and elevating charm which the Supernatural alone can bestow, seek it by clothing the idea in some of those forms which have received a sanction from the striking but decayed superstitions of older times. But wizards, and fairies, and guardian genii, beings whose existence is no longer believed, in losing their reality have lost their power. They are now nothing more than decorations or instruments of poetry; the introduction of them is only one of those expedients which, although contradicting our sense of reality, the poet is allowed to adopt, as a means of attaining the paramount purpose of his art.

Whether society be, or be not, founded on an original compact, it is certain that poetry is founded on something which is not unlike one. It is the prerogative of the poet to substitute, in certain respects, the unreal for the real; but he holds his kingly right, on this tenure,—that he shall, in consideration of it, perform certain duties to his voluntary subjects. He is bound to excite, in the minds of his audience, one variety or another of those pleasing emotions, the excitement of which is the purpose of poetry as of the other fine arts. But the awaken-

ing of poetic pleasure depends very much on the permission given to the poet to combine with the real, something unreal which stands in relation to it: And therefore those who would experience the pleasure must give the permission.

It is thus that the poet is universally allowed to place his personages, even when strictly historical, in circumstances which, we know, could not have been those that actually surrounded them; but only so long as he makes us feel that he is thus enabled to represent, with greater pathos or sublimity, human character, and human act and suffering. There is an obvious limit, therefore, to our willingness to receive that which might have been, instead of that which is. The limit is differently fixed by different minds; nor is any one mind inclined to allow it to the same extent in regard to all the classes of objects which poetry may represent. We willingly give way to illusions which are pleasing; but we instinctively recall the consent when the pleasure ceases to be experienced. Now the pleasure which poetry can give is, for most minds, evolved far most easily out of those emotions which are the proper elements of the tragic—such emotions as pity or terror. It is only minds of a higher order and of finer cultivation, which are strongly susceptible of the pleasure arising from the contemplation of serene and elevated Beauty: and this kind of pleasure is confined to a narrower and narrower circle, as the images which are calculated to awaken it require for their adequate conception a higher and more comprehensive exertion of intellectual energy.

Considerations such as these tell powerfully against the introduction of supernatural agents, evidently unreal, into the poetry of modern times. They make it, indeed, impossible for Epic Poetry, now or hereafter, to recover the ancient ground from which modern enlightenment has driven her, and for the loss of which she is but partially repaid, even by the development of the new resources available to her in the territory still subject to her sway. The author of '*King Arthur*' not only comprehends philosophically the nature and value of these resources, but has shown an admirable skill, as well as a vivid imagination, in the use which he has made of some of the richest of them. Yet it may reasonably be doubted, whether, through the very boldness with which he has dug into the chambers of the mine, some of the most brilliant of the gems placed in his cabinet, will not dazzle and weary, rather than gratify, the eyes of many of the beholders.

But it is not only that the actions and sentiments of such beings as fairies and genii are deficient in the power of arousing lively sympathy for themselves: this want of power operates also

reflexly, in chilling the feelings which might otherwise be awakened by the human persons with whom the imaginary beings are brought into relation. Hence accordingly, readers to whom the Magic of this poem is a stumbling-block, will not only look with indifference on those by whom the spells are worked, but will also take less interest in the vicissitudes of the hero, whose most striking adventures are almost all achieved in unearthly company, and under supernatural prompting. Perhaps, too, this risk is increased, in regard to minds of an unreflective cast, by some points in the management, which may have been really dictated by a delicate sense of the poetic relations of such inventions. Thus the scenes in the forest beneath the lake, are just a series of pageants, or pictures, passing before Arthur's eyes: he is scarcely called upon to act; only to reflect, and feel, and resolve. The poet has probably done wisely in thus keeping his mythological personages in a kind of motionless distance from us; but he may thus have diminished in some degree the interest excited by the position of his inert hero.

The Allegory of the piece, again, fine as it is, will, beyond doubt, be completely thrown away upon many persons, who would be affronted by a hint that the gods had not made them poetical: and with them, too, the unfavourable impression thus made will be apt to communicate itself to the other parts of the poem. But upon this it is needless to dilate.

We do not know that there is in our language any work which is very like 'King Arthur.' Probably, indeed, it could not have been written but by one who had been a reverential student of the 'Faery Queen;' and, both in conception and in execution, it is not an unworthy fruit of lessons learned at the feet of the great romantic master. It may be remarked, also, that the same reasons which may limit the number of visitors to this modern chateau, built upon antique ruins in haunted ground, have probably deterred many from entering the limned and storied chambers which fill the vast though unfinished palace of Spenser himself. But the chateau and the palace are as unlike in plan and elevation as they are in extent.

Among the English poems of our own century, we look in vain for any thing to which 'King Arthur' could be compared, except in one quarter only, where the resemblance is merely external. Nothing can in substance be more unlike to this thoughtful, regular, and comprehensive epic, than the spirited, picturesque, and fragmentary metrical romances of Scott. Yet, in two slight sketches of his, the 'Harold' and the 'Trie'main,' we have both the Norse and the Fairy mythology; but to the treatment of them the present author is not at all indebted.

If it were necessary to find parallels therefore, they must be sought abroad; and even in foreign literature there occur none that are very close. The three celebrated Italian poets who related the stories of Charlemagne and his paladins, have indeed shown (little, perhaps, to our poet's advantage), the possibility of combining successfully playful or sarcastic wit with the perils and wonders of chivalry; and two of them at least seem to have furnished him with the germ of some of the more fanciful scenes and figures. But, without venturing on any critical parallels, it must be said, that neither from Berni nor from Ariosto has he derived any prompting for the bold significance of his design; and that he has the advantage of both, and especially of the latter, in the skill with which he weaves together the complicated threads of his story, even if we consider them merely as intended to be easily comprehended and remembered.

With Tegner's 'Frithiof' in some respects, and Wieland's 'Oberon' in others, — two works of great, though dissimilar poetic beauty, — 'King Arthur' might be compared, more fairly than with any other poems that are known to us. In some parts it has a colouring not unlike that of the Norwegian landscapes of Tegner: it has much of his luxuriance of imagery, and not a little of his romantic sweetness of sentiment. The 'Oberon,' while it wants alike the thoughtful meanings of our poem, and its high moral purity, and never aims at such a pitch either of grandeur or of pathos, is, doubtless, much superior to it, not only in the animation of its narrative, but in the harmony established between its gaiety and its heroism.

Treating this striking poem rigidly as a work of art, and desiring chiefly to ascertain the point from which it should be viewed, and the manner in which the parts contribute to the effect of the whole, we have not left ourselves room, and are indeed little inclined, to indulge in minute criticism of particulars.

There are not a few passages which seem to us exquisitely beautiful, both in conception and in language. Some such have been quoted; and it is with reluctance that we abstain from giving others, which are at least equally delightful, but which were not, like our specimens, conveniently available in an analysis of the story. The character of the diction is quite the poet's own — though its distinctive peculiarities are more easily felt than described. Its chief fault; perhaps, is a want of ease, a tendency to the artificial. Occasionally the meaning is not a little obscure. This seems to arise partly from a laudable desire of energetic brevity, too often obtained through severe inversions, partly from the metaphysical turn which pervades the author's mode of

thought, partly from its crowded personifications and its mythological or other learning, and, in a still greater degree, from the formidable difficulties thrown in the way of a long and connected narrative, by the rarely used but very musical stanza which is adopted. The versification, though unequal, is, in its best places, masterly; at once finely toned, and skilfully and broadly varied. The couplet at the close of the stanza, in particular, often sinks on the ear with ravishing melody. The imagery — which is abundant almost to excess — is exceedingly diversified, and, in many passages, not only poetically beautiful, but really new. Some of the most delicate images are drawn from classic fable and art; and, since the preface announces that these have been objected to, we must say it would distress us much to lose them.

Here, however, as in his other works, both in prose and in verse, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has neither sought nor found the great means of his success, either through felicities of style, or through beauties of description. His field is neither lyrical fancy, nor the delineation of nature, nor even poetic exhibition of abstract thought. It lies in the representation of human life and action, through striking and interesting incidents; and in this, yet more than in his earlier works, the power of the representation is less owing to the excellence of particular parts, than to the vigorous and skilful organisation of the whole. His practice in the composition of prose narratives has been no inapt preparation for the more ambitious task which he has here undertaken; and it has but seldom affected unfavourably the character of his poem. Here and there, doubtless, we can trace a complication of events, or a kind of melodramatic grandiosity, or an anxiety about details, alien from the greatness and simplicity of the heroic. An instance occurs, we fear, even in the closing scene of the 'Happy Valley;' others are, the sacrificial spectacle in the Twelfth Book; and the pains thrown away in repairing, by the perplexing supposition of an identity of names, the damaged reputation of Queen Guenever.

The Moral conception, both of the characters and of the events, is interesting, not only on its own account, but as a fact in the mental history of the author. Here, as in more than one of his recent works, there is an evident recoil from the sombre aspect in which he was once so much disposed to view human nature and social relations. Picturing scenes of modern and artificial life, keenly observant of the flaws of modern society, and possessed with a profound sense both of the strength and the sufferings of humanity, he has been apt to evolve the interest of his stories out of a direct and irreconcilable antagonism between

character and situation. From this tendency most of his works have derived a deep tinge of satire, or of despondency, or of both. But now it seems as if, weary at heart in contemplating a present world, filled with desires which wrestle together, and aspirations which die unfulfilled, he had been attracted towards the free and shadowy world of the distant past, by feelings akin to those under the pressure of which, thoughtful and religious men formerly fled away from warring cities, to build hermitages in the peaceful desert.

'King Arthur' is conceived in the temper which might be induced by wanderings, after long imprisonment, through a beautiful and sequestered country. The miseries which the traveller lately saw, and the disgusts which he lately felt, could not well have been forgotten; although, as we have presumed to hint, the memory of them need not have been so emphatically expressed. But the dominant tone of feeling is cheerful, hopeful, buoyant; and, above all, the imagination, animated by new and enchanting excitements, invests every object perceived with hues of unclouded radiance. In such circumstances it was natural, not only that the ethical thought and sentiment of the poem should be pure and lofty, but that the ideal personages with whom this ideal world is peopled, should be endowed with moral attributes, which exalt them something too far above the region of common sympathies. Something of this, perhaps, has happened. We can suppose, at least, that a more intense interest might have been awakened in the fate of Arthur and Lancelot, of Ægle and Genevieve and Genevra, if they had been presented to us as a little less ideally pure, and generous, and devoted; if some of the chances in which they are involved had made them touch the earth rather more firmly, even though their step had not always been quite steady.

Yet, in saying this, we are conjecturing what may be felt by others, rather than describing the feelings with which we ourselves have come to regard this nobly-conceived image of purified humanity. If the impression did ever strike us, it has faded while we made ourselves, by repeated perusal, more familiar with the design of the work, and more alive in fancy to the beautiful and majestic world which it has sought to create. 'The Lord of young Romance' has won upon our affections as we become, at due distance, more intimately acquainted with him: And not only do we view with increasing pleasure the scenery and groups by which he is encompassed; but we watch him, on his path of grief, and heroic achievement, and danger, with lively sympathy as well as warm admiration.

ART. VIII. — *The Island of Sardinia, including Pictures of the Manners and Customs of the Sardinians, and Notes on the Antiquities and Modern Objects of Interest in the Island. To which is added some Account of the House of Savoy.* By JOHN WALLIS TYNDALE, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1849.

IT would be difficult to name any other region, situated in the middle of so much that attracts the eye and interests the imagination, which has obtained so little of the notice of the curious world as the island of Sardinia. It occupies a central position between Spain, Italy, and Barbary, much as the Isle of Man is placed between the three divisions of the United Kingdom. Its position is therefore in the very high road both of modern and ancient commerce. It is inhabited by an Italian race, and is an appendage of one of the most important secondary monarchies of our times. Though it be not strictly true that the sentinels of Populonia, or of any Italian town, can—

‘descry
Sardinia’s snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky,’

as Macaulay sings, on the authority of the eyes of Strabo, certainly not his own*, yet a few hours’ sail from the coast of Tuscany or the Campagna, will bring its romantic outlines full in view. Notwithstanding which, it is less visited and described than several islets of the Pacific. While her sister Sicily forms an essential part of the steamboat tour of the Mediterranean, Sardinia is left to the tunny fishermen and coral divers. She has indeed great deficiencies in point of adventitious interest. She has no art, no literature, and the dullest and most obscure of histories. To the stores of memory accumulated in the mind of ordinary students she has contributed absolutely nothing. We question whether one in a hundred of our own readers has ever heard of

* Cramer, in his ‘Description of Ancient Italy,’ has also trusted to Strabo’s personal observation. If the great geographer did not begin his gigantic work till he was eighty-three years old, and wrote at all from memory, he may have made some confusion with the snowy Apennines above the gulf of Spezia. But the island of Elba lies opposite Piombino, and effectually shuts out Sardinia, even if it were within visible distance. See Dennis’s ‘Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria,’ ii. 239.

the achievements, or even the name, of a single native Sardinian.* No one, in short, who is not, like Mr. Tyndale, surfeited with wanderings in the beaten tracks of Italy, Spain, and the Levant, is likely to feel tempted to linger in this dull half-way house between those great objects of travel.

Yet if nature alone could compensate for the want of more fashionable attractions, or if there was in reality among Mediterranean tourists half that love for her unadorned beauties which they are usually so zealous in professing, this great island would not remain thus unexplored. For in this respect, it may well assume even to outvie its more celebrated rivals. It presents at the present day, thanks to a thin population and uncommercial habits, the aspect which over-cultivated Italy, or the exhausted shores of Sicily and Greece, might have exhibited in the days of their pristine freshness. It is clad in that luxuriant natural vegetation which has for ages disappeared from the neighbouring coasts; that lovely, though bastard, vegetation of the Mediterranean basin, which has few distinct types of its own, and displays the forms of the north in the huge deciduous oaks and chesnuts of its mountains, mingled with the cosmopolite pine, and the palms and cacti of the tropics. Sardinia was never a populous country; and has now scarcely half a million of inhabitants, on a surface as extensive as that of Sicily. One-fifth of its surface is forest; but the forests are contiguous to luxuriant plains, still, from unhealthiness and other causes, in a state of nature. The traveller in many parts passes for days over what Mr. Tyndale terms 'a continuous wilderness of forests and flowers,' whole districts being 'blanched' with the blossoms of the richest kinds of cistus, which reminded him of 'the extravagant prices given during the winter seasons at Paris for a single bouquet of this plant — nearly as many francs as would purchase an entire acre of land in the district of Gallura.' The aspect of the island is such as we may almost fancy the shores of Italy to have presented to the companions of Ulysses, or the fugitives from Troy.

Travellers of another class, or of the same class, for the pursuits have much in common, will hear with satisfaction that these solitary regions are full of the wilder varieties of game. The wild boar and deer, and the problematic 'moufflon' of Sar-

* We are compelled to strike off one name from Mr. Tyndale's scanty list, and at the same time rescue the memory of a hero from a suspicion of inconstancy. 'Emma Lionna,' Nelson's reputed passion — whom Mr. Tyndale calls the 'belle of the island' — a popular character in the Mediterranean, — and whose birth is equally claimed as an honour by Sicily, is only the double of Lady Hamilton herself.

dinia, still abound in the woods. The marshy plains of the south are frequented, not only by quails and snipes, but by multitudes of wild swans, cormorants, herons, and other water-birds; and in September the sky at Cagliari seems dotted with 'clouds of living fire,' as the wedge-shaped phalanxes of the flamingoes arrive in close array from the south. The numbers of these birds congregated at one time on the Stagni, near Cagliari, have been estimated at between two and three hundred thousand. But the flamingo does not appear to maintain in Sardinia the culinary reputation which it enjoyed among those eccentric *gourmands*, the Romans. Cetti, the naturalist, gallantly ventured on the tongues of a brace of flamingoes, though unprovided with the sauce which Apicius invented for them;—but the result was unsatisfactory. Although they were only mouthfuls, he says, 'm' accorsi che andava a dare gran lavoro allo stomaco 'per questa notte.'* The Sardinians, however, use the shank bones to make their *flagcolts*, or 'launeddu;' thus illustrating the original meaning of the word 'Tibia.'

The following specimen of a travelling party's dinner, and its prices, may serve to show that such primitive enjoyments may yet be obtained by those who relish them, without crossing the Atlantic and the Mississippi:—

'Three lbs. of eels, or any other fish, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$; a whole lamb, $1s. 3\frac{1}{4}d.$; half a wild boar, small, $2s.$; twelve eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$; two quarts of wine, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$; a pound of cheese, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$; amounting to $4s. 3\frac{1}{4}d.$ '

'This my *Sarde cürte à manger* was more than sufficient for the dinner and supper of my two servants, my extra guide, and myself. My kitchen and dining room were furnished *au naturel*, and the routine is as follows. The first thing on halting for the mid-day's rest, having taken off baggage and saddles, and turned the horses loose to graze, no matter where—is to cut a quantity of fire-wood, the arbutus, cistus, lavender, myrtle, and thyme being selected for the delicious flavour they give to the meat. The live ashes are made into a pile of about eighteen inches high and two feet square, with a stone at each corner, supporting four long horizontal arbutus stakes, on which the lamb and wild boar are spitted. These are occasionally turned and put diagonally across the embers, so that all parts of the meat are well roasted; and while this operation is going on, the small travelling frying-pan turns out the fish and omelet. The wine is already iced in the cold transparent stream flowing close by: the green grass table-cloth is already laid: the mountain air and seven hours' ride serve in lieu of the sauce *en matèlotte* and *aux tomates* for the meats, and the perfume from the ashes supplies the *à la vanille* for the omelet." (Vol. ii. p. 23.)

The early history of Sardinia is, if possible, even more mysterious and confused than that of the other islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean. It has its own peculiar monuments, the so-called 'Noraghe,' ancient tombs, temples, houses, or fortresses, whichever they may be; which are as great a puzzle to the Italian antiquaries as the round towers of Ireland to our own, and are much more surprising, from their great numbers and curious architecture. When tolerably perfect, a 'Noraghe' consists of a central conical building, containing two or more vaulted chambers, each forming a separate story, with wings or side chambers of similar construction attached to it. The name has been variously derived, but certainly bears a suspicious resemblance to that of 'Norax,' the leader of the Iberian colonists of Sardinia according to Pausanias, and whom modern antiquaries identify with 'Father Sardus,' the fabulous first inhabitant of the island. 'Nothing like them,' says Mr. Tyndale, 'has been discovered any where else, except some equally problematical remains of antiquity in Minorca.' But to our minds the description of them bears a striking resemblance to that given by ancient writers of some Etruscan monuments, and partially confirmed by their disinterred remains. The unlearned reader will find translated for him by Mr. Dennis, Varro's strange account of the tomb of Porsena at Clusium; so strange, that Niebuhr, after his fashion, set it down without hesitation as a 'myth;' while, as if to show the vanity of the great scholar's *à priori* reasonings, recent inquirers have detected, piece by piece, counterparts of almost every particular of Varro's specification, in their researches among the buried cities of Etruria. Now this stupendous mausoleum seems to have been very like a gigantic Noraghe; and it is singular that the traditions of the Sarde peasantry, who certainly never heard of Porsena or of Varro, preserve the memory of a point of similarity to what seems at first sight the most fabulous item in the Roman's description. 'Each pyramid of the tomb of Porsena,' he says, 'supported a brazen circle or petasus, from which bells hung.' Now Mr. Tyndale (who has no suspicion of the analogy, and is therefore quite a fair witness for the purpose) says, that according to report, 'in some Noraghe a metal ring is suspended from the apex; but the fact is yet to be proved; and the current belief of the peasants is, as a Sarde author has observed, like that entertained by them of the existence of spirits in these buildings: "che come gli spettri, si veggono, e non si lasciano toccare." (Vol. i. p. 112.)

However this may be, the extraordinary number of these buildings seems to prove conclusively, that they must have been

either dwellings or sepulchres. There are said to be more than 3000 still in existence, whole or in ruins; and when it is considered, what an incalculable number must probably have been demolished for the daily uses of the peasantry during at least 2000 years—for at that distance of time, ancient writers, Aristotle among others, had already mentioned them as objects of impenetrable antiquity,—it seems plain that their original multitude must have far exceeded anything which could well be required for purposes of religion or of defence. On the other hand, the circumstance that they are often found near ancient burying places, of a singular and uniform construction (*sepulture de is gigantes*), seems to argue that the Noraghe themselves were not sepulchral. Beyond these faint indications, all is mere conjecture; and Mr. Tyndale's Canaanitish theory, the chosen hobby of British antiquaries, may probably pass muster quite as fairly as the Pelasgic, Iberian, and Carthaginian doctrines, which find more favour in general among Italian philosophers. Perhaps not the least plausible conjecture is that, which imagines them to have been the dwellings of the primæval shepherd inhabitants of the island, living apart from each other in patriarchal state, like the Cyclopes of Sicily:—

‘High upon hills, or airy cliffs, they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell:
Each rules his race, his neighbours not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.’

Neither under Carthaginian nor Roman supremacy did Sardinia ever attain to marked prosperity or celebrity. It was chiefly famous among the Romans for its fertility and unwholesomeness; both of which qualities eminently distinguish it to the present day. The ‘intemperie,’ the fever-and-ague of Sardinia, regularly desolates the plains and low valleys during the hot season. All sorts of conjectures as to its origin are rife among physicians and natural historians; many of whom, as in continental Italy, seem to attach unnecessary mystery to this peculiarity of climate, as a kind of excuse for the indolence of the community which suffers by it. Now, although the causes which regulate the local distribution of the ‘aria cattiva,’ as well as those which aggravate or remove it, are unquestionably capricious, yet, in the main, there seems no reason to doubt that in Sardinia, as elsewhere, it yields to drainage and cultivation.

The ‘Sardonic smile,’ so celebrated in antiquity, baffles research much more than the ‘intemperie;’ nor have modern physiologists thrown any light on the nature of the deleterious plant which produces it,

‘ spiacevole e villana,
 La qual gustata senza fallo uccide :
 E così come e rea e molto strana ;
 Che 'n forma propria d' uomo quando ride
 Gli cambia il volto, e scuopre alquanto i denti ;
 Sì fatto morto giam mai non si vide.’

The tradition, at least, seems still to survive in the country ; and Mr. Tyndale adduces some evidence to show that the ‘ *ranunculus sceleratus* ’ was the herb to which these exaggerated qualities were ascribed. Some insular antiquaries have found a different solution of the ancient proverb. The ancient Sardinians, they say, like many barbarous tribes, used to get rid of their relations in extreme old age by throwing them alive into deep pits ; which attention it was the fashion for the venerable objects of it to receive with great expressions of delight : whence the saying of a Sardinian laugh — *vulgò*, laughing on the wrong side of one’s mouth. It seems to us not impossible that the phenomenon may have been a result of the effects of ‘ *intemperie*,’ working on weak constitutions and in circumstances favourable to physical depression — like the epidemic chorea, and similar complaints, of which such strange accounts are read in medical books. Mr. Tyndale mentions another nervous affection, possibly of the same family, as not uncommon in the unhealthy parts of the island. This is the ‘ *timoria* ’ (vol. ii. p. 246.), — a ‘ violent panic terror, with prostration of strength and spirits,’ which the force of the patient’s imagination, infected with the popular belief on the subject, attributes to some particular person or object as its exciting cause. The same notion prevails in Sicily, where the complaint is called ‘ *lo scanto*.’ Of course it is regarded as of magical origin ; and the Sardinian popular remedies are of so disagreeable a kind that it may suffice to refer those who are curious in such matters to Mr. Tyndale’s account of them.

The mountain districts of the interior of Sardinia held out against the Romans, as they have held out against modern civilisation and centralised government almost to the present day. The wildest region is that round the highest mountain of the island Gennargentu (*Janua Argenti*, the Silver Gate or pass). Here Hampsicoras, the only native Sardinian hero, maintained the Carthaginian cause with great pertinacity against the conquering republic ; nor were his countrymen ever fully subdued, — though put down for the time with great slaughter by Tiberius Gracchus. The same mountaineers held out for many years against, and at last repulsed, the troops of Justinian ; and it was at this time they are said to have acquired their name of

Barbaracini (Barbarians), from their language, unknown to the Greeks. The district is still called *La Barbagia*. Mr. Tyndale says the Barbaracenes became Christian under Gregory the Great; but their conversion must have been very incomplete; for the author of the '*Dittamondo*' speaks of them as retaining their Paganism and their barbarous language 700 years later.

'Io viddi, che mi parve meraviglia,
Una gente ch' alcuno non l' intende,
Ne essi sanno quel ch' altri bisbiglia.
Quel che sia cresa e battesimo non sanno:
Le Barbacé gl' è detto 'n lor paese:
In sicura montagna e forte stanno.'

La Barbagia and the neighbouring district of *Ogliastro*, are to this day the most uncivilised and thoroughly Sardinian quarters of the island. Here the mountains are occupied by 'banditi' or 'fuorusciti;' not banditti, however, in the common sense of the word, but gentlemen who have fallen out with the law for various reasons, chiefly connected with the fearful *vendetta*, which here, as in Corsica, lasts from generation to generation, and literally depopulates whole villages and parishes; for no member of a clan subject to a *vendetta* is safe, until the original offence has been purged by some of the methods recognised by the unwritten Lynch law of the island. The king, the monks, and the fuorusciti, all take tythe of the peasant, and have each a prior claim on his little harvest. At Fonni, a town of 3000 souls, Mr. Tyndale found forty-six ecclesiastics, thirty 'acknowledged' fuorusciti, with a similar conjectural number of unacknowledged ones; and, in addition, six lawyers. Of the whole Fonnese population, one in fifty-seven could read and write. But the exactions under which these people live, though of course much complained of, do not seem to be very severe in the solitary and outlying districts. The Fonnese, like other peasantry similarly circumstanced, appear to live in tolerable though rude affluence.

After various vicissitudes of fortune under the Greeks, Vandals, and Goths, Sardinia was overrun by the Saracens, and finally rescued from them by the Pisans and Genoese in the beginning of the 11th century. The few buildings of the middle ages extant in the island seem to have been chiefly of Pisan foundation; and are decorated with those doggerel Leonine inscriptions in which Tuscan taste was particularly fond of displaying itself, just before the 'vulgar language' began to be reduced to writing. The institution of the Sarde 'judges,' the most peculiar feature in the history of the island, is commonly

attributed to the Pisans. But this is a mistake. The 'judges' are mentioned as early as the times of Gregory the Great. The reader will find the history of the title in a special chapter in Mr. Tyndale's appendix. The island was divided into four 'giudicati.' The judges were not only what their name imports, but in fact kings of these provinces. Their title was hereditary, descendible to females; and many 'giudicesse' reigned on different occasions in the island. Sometimes appointed by the Pisans, sometimes their feudal vassals, and sometimes at war with them, the judges exercised a considerable share in the sovereignty, until the Pisans transferred the island to Aragon in 1324.

Under the Aragonese Kings we find a complete feudal system established. The 'Stamenti,' or feudal 'Estates,' were convoked by Peter the Ceremonious, in the fourteenth century, after the model of those of Aragon. Sardinia from thenceforward formed a part of the great Spanish monarchy; until the grand plucking of the feathers of the double eagle which took place at the peace of Utrecht. By the first draft of that treaty it was assigned to the Elector of Bavaria; afterwards it formed part of the share of the Spanish dominions allotted to the Emperor.

Victor Amadeus the Second, then Duke of Savoy, had even more than the inconstancy which has been sometimes attributed to his House in contracting and breaking political engagements. 'Nul prince,' says Voltaire of him, 'ne prenait plutôt son parti, quand il s'agissait de rompre ses engagements pour ses intérêts.' It must, however, be confessed that a prince hemmed in between Louis the Fourteenth, Spain, and the Empire, could ill afford to be over-scrupulous in such matters. He was one of those bold calculators who keep the highest aims deliberately in view, while they are at the same time ever ready to seize the momentary chance afforded by every turn of the game. According to an early Whig draft of the Treaty of Utrecht, he was to have had Spain and the Indies; and it is said that a treaty of commerce between him, in that capacity, and the Queen of England, were ready signed. But the accession of the Tory party to power dissipated his magnificent visions. Instead of Spain, he got Sicily for his share. It is worthy of notice that this cession of Sicily was afterwards made the ground of a distinct article of impeachment against Harley, as an injury done to our Austrian ally.

King Victor Amadeus celebrated his coronation at Palermo, on St. Thomas's Day, 1714, with a pomp of which the Sicilian annals had hitherto afforded no precedent. The nation, so long oppressed by Spanish dominion, seemed to welcome the arrival

of a native Italian prince, with one of those treacherous bursts of popular feeling, which have so often heralded abortive attempts at independence in that quarter of the world. But in gaining his island, Victor Amadeus acquired also a lawsuit with the Pope. As Voltaire recounts the story, after his sarcastic fashion of deducing great events from little causes, a basket of green peas produced one of the most serious conflicts which have taken place of late times between the ecclesiastical and temporal powers. The question whether vegetables raised in the Archbishop of Lipau's garden should pay a market toll in the hands of a purchaser, ably ventilated by the Sicilian lawyers and churchmen, drew after it the whole disputed subject of ecclesiastical exemptions; set the tribunal of the monarchy in opposition to the bishops, the Pope against the tribunal, and ultimately brought an interdict on the greater part of the island. Victor Amadeus discovered, as many sovereigns have found before and since, that a mere diplomatic title to a kingdom is very far from conferring what the most ancient hereditary right, the most rooted national attachment, can scarcely give—power to engage in battle with the Church. Almost before the negotiators of Utrecht had closed their business and reached their homes, he felt his island slipping away from under his feet. It was said that he corresponded underhand with Alberoni, and that it was a knowledge of this fact which caused him to be altogether abandoned by the parties who concluded the Triple Alliance. However this may be, he left the island in 1718, with scarcely a recollection of his brief pageant of royalty, to be once more the battlefield of Spain and Austria, and to be finally disposed of by the victorious fleet of England. Sardinia was ultimately conceded to Victor Amadeus, in exchange for Sicily—perhaps the only negotiation, says Lord Mahon, which the House of Savoy had ever yet carried on without extracting from it some advantage. It was undoubtedly a poor acquisition. It was no loss to the empire, as the Sardinian historian of these transactions candidly avows, and no gain to the conqueror; but it enabled him to retain his station among the crowned heads of Europe—a distinction long and eagerly coveted by the House of Savoy, whose Oriental titles had never been recognised by European diplomacy;—for the kingdom of Cyprus was contested by Venice, and the kingdom of Jerusalem by Naples.

Ever since that time the name of the island has been connected with that of the celebrated family which wears its crown. Mr. Tyndale's chapter on its genealogy, though slight and deficient in particularity, will not be found without interest at a

time when the course of events has once more invested its fortunes with European importance.

Few distinct episodes in European history are read with more of that peculiar pleasure which arises from the contemplation of difficulties overcome, a strong policy courageously and successfully pursued, adversity patiently borne, and success converted into the insurance of future successes, than the narrative of the gradual advance of the Piedmontese monarchy, the Prussia of Southern Europe. The greatness which may be achieved with small means, through unity of purpose and the steady adherence to certain political maxims, was never more fully exemplified than in the Sardinian monarchy, such as it was before the outbreak of the first revolution. The historian Botta, when speaking of it, uses a comparison strange to our ears, but not so to those of an Italian versed in the annals of his own country, for whom the word Republic has scarcely yet acquired its latest meaning, or become a mere synonym of democracy. From various causes, he says, 'procedette in quello stato una opinione generale stabili, che da generazione in generazione propagandosi, rendè questa monarchia somigliante alle repubbliche, nelle quali, se cangiano gli uomini, non cangiano le massime, ne le opinioni.' Much must be attributed to the position of the monarchy. For eight hundred years it has maintained its position, like Castle Dangerous on the Scottish marches, a stronghold fixed on narrow and precarious ground between the greatest monarchies of Europe.

'E di prisco valor ripiena e calda,
La Regina dell' Alpi in sull' entrata
Ponsi d' Italia, e tiensi ferma e salda.'

But this peculiarity of political situation has been, singularly enough, coupled with a force of character almost unique in the reigning house itself; which in all that space of time has furnished a 'succession of men fit to undertake the conduct of so difficult a government: men of energy, counsel, and parsimony for the most part, and, with scarcely an exception, renowned for personal bravery. The problematic motto of the Green Count of Savoy, *FERT*, which has puzzled the brains of so many generations of Piedmontese antiquaries, might well be interpreted as expressing at once the patient qualities of the Savoyard people, and the peculiar characteristics of the dynasty; not to be shaken by adverse fortune; — enduring all things, and certainly ~~hoping~~ all things.

For the traditional ambition of the House of Savoy is closely connected with these its traditional virtues. It has been involved from generation to generation in the quarrels of France,

the Empire, Spain, and Austria: courted on all sides with lavish promises and the most tempting baits of aggrandisement. Its princes, themselves connected by repeated intermarriage with the greatest houses, have lived like poor nobles introduced by family connexion into the mansions of great and wealthy spend-thrifts: and the personal superiority which so many of them have possessed over the cotemporary sovereigns of the greater monarchies, in whose counsels of peace and war they were called to share, has often instigated them to the achievement of greatness at the expense of wealthier but less able allies. Constantly, also, has the very existence of the House itself, as an independent power, hung on one scale, its aggrandisement on the other. Many a conquest of the House of Savoy has been a mere alternative for annihilation.

But the temptation, however natural, was not without its evil effects. And accordingly the whole history of the family is full of the most visionary attempts at greatness, alternating with the labours of that patient and persevering industry which builds up real power. If the House of Savoy will accept of another illustration, less flattering than the last: its story often reminds us of that of a second-rate gambler, of small means and singular perseverance, who is accidentally admitted into the company of deep players — and whose days are spent in sedulously scraping together means enough to venture on an occasional throw for some great stake, to hold which seems disproportionate to his ability, while to lose it is utter beggary.

Strangely varied have been these daring ventures, as we trace the fortunes of the house through the changes and vicissitudes of modern European history. Whatever may have been the prevailing fancy or absorbing interest of an age, we are certain to find the dynasty of Savoy deeply engaged in it, and foremost, when practicable, to derive advantage from it. It has mixed itself up with the foreign plans and internal revolutions of France and Spain for many generations; has not been without its influence, at various times, on the fate of the empire; and once even furnished remote England with a prime minister, in the person of Count Peter, commonly called the Little Charlemagne, — the same who built the Savoy in London, and the Castle of Chillon in Switzerland. When chivalry was in its zenith, the Green Count and the Red Count were the recognised leaders of the chivalrous follies of the day. When the crusading spirit pervaded Europe, the house of Savoy became involved in Oriental politics — carving out nominal kingdoms and principalities for itself in the Levant, and reigning over the phantom realms of

Achaia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem. When Church questions got uppermost, it plunged zealously into the religious quarrels of the age. It has furnished one Archbishop of Canterbury (Boniface) and one pope of questionable legitimacy (Felix the Fifth). When European politics assumed their modern form in the 16th century, and territorial conquest became the passion of potentates, it entered boldly on that career of active partizanship in the great continental quarrels, in which it has ever since played a part so far beyond its apparent power.

It is, however, without sufficient discrimination that this career is represented as a continual progress, and that its steady policy of aggrandisement is imagined to have met with uninterrupted success. It is forgotten how many of its most daring schemes have entirely failed; how many of its more practicable projects, formed centuries ago, remain unaccomplished; how often the obstinate valour of its Alpine soldiery has been wasted on adventures, in which neither they nor their leaders had any substantial interest; and how often, after all, the House has been rescued in extremity by the forbearance or policy of more powerful neighbours, who might have extinguished it and its lofty pretensions for ever. Too many of its sovereigns have had occasion to bemoan themselves in language like that of Duke Lewis to his daughter-in-law, Charlotte of Lusignan, when she came to plead for assistance in her hopeless contest against James the Bastard: '*Sabaudiam exhauriit Cyprus. Quicquid pinguedinis fuit ad vos transiit. Vacua provincia est. Vos in Cypro regnum perdidistis, et nos propediem in Sabaudiâ carituri sumus imperio.*' In contemplating the great increase of the Piedmontese dominions on the side of Italy, we are apt to forget counterbalancing losses on that of France. Before the Reformation, the fiefs of the dukes of Savoy and their vassals extended far along the banks of the Rhone and the Saône,—over Bresse and Gex, great part of the Jura, and all French Switzerland. In the magnificent view which they commanded from their domain at Ripaille on the Lake of Geneva, there was scarcely a point which was not either their own or held by some feudal dependant. It is probable that the subsequent acquisitions of their descendants on the side of Piedmont, prior to the Treaty of Vienna, scarcely compensated, in actual value, for the French provinces which they had lost. And even now, considering the relative increase of the French and Austrian monarchies, the King of Sardinia, probably, occupies a less important position in Europe than the dukes of Savoy held when their dominions extended from Nice nearly to Châlons-sur-Saône;

and when the Spanish proverb ran, ‘There is only one King’ (Spain), ‘one Duke’ (Savoy), ‘and one Count’ (Orange).*

The reign of Emanuel Philibert, the duke thus highly esteemed by the Spaniards (1553—1580), may perhaps be taken as the critical point in the history of his dynasty, when its centre of gravity was transferred from one side of the Alps to the other. He was the first duke in whose household Italian was commonly spoken — French having been exclusively the language of the court of his ancestors. He seems first to have recognised the policy of setting his back to the Alps and his face to the East; to have understood that his dominion must gradually recede on the one hand before the advancing power of France, but that Upper Italy was the ‘artichoke,’ according to the saying we have elsewhere quoted, which the House of Savoy was destined to pull leaf by leaf. But Emanuel Philibert was in truth one of the greatest among those remarkable princes of the 16th century, — the men of transition, whose habits and education were those of the mailed knights of the Middle Ages, while their political views were framed to meet the exigencies of a time of printing and gunpowder. His contemporaries chiefly admired him for his chivalrous qualities of personal valour and his extraordinary bodily strength†: but there were some among them, such as the sagacious Venetian residents, (as we learn from their reports concern-

* The following was the order of ducal precedence established by Paride de Grassi, Master of the Ceremonies to Popes Julius II. and Leo X.:—Britanny, Burgundy, the Palatinate, Saxony, Brandenburg, Austria, Savoy, Milan, Venice, Bavaria, Lorraine, Bourbon, Orleans, Genoa, Ferrara.

† The Venetian ambassador Morosini relates how he was once invited to join a hunting party by the duke. They started from Bourg-en-Bresse, across the Jura, crossed nine or ten mountains, and killed a stag fifty miles off. The few who were in at the death then hurried in to the nearest feudal tower or fortified house they could discover. The duke finding a scarcity of fire-wood to cook the eggs, set to with an axe, and chopped logs ‘con una destrezza, e forza ‘mirabile.’ As soon as he had dispatched his omelet, he exercised himself with the crossbow till dark, and then played at *le pedrelle* (?) till one in the morning, ‘seeming as if he had gone through no fatigue ‘the whole day, while we, who were with him, could scarcely stand on ‘our legs, though we had undergone far less labour than he; At which, ‘when I marvelled, his Excellency said to me as follows: “I am “accustomed to the fatigues of war, and many and many a time I “have sweated under my armour, and slept in the same shirt, “without shifting my linen or taking off my boots or spurs for “thirty days together—and, thanks be to God, I never was the worse “for it.”—*Relazioni Venete*.

ing him to their commonwealth,) who were capable of discerning the qualities of the founder of a state beneath those of the soldier and the huntsman, and anticipated the judgment which a more enlightened posterity has passed upon him.

If Emanuel Philibert was perhaps the ablest representative of the conservative, persevering, and constructive character of his family, his successor, Charles Emanuel, may stand as the type of its adventurous spirit, and of the dangerous ambition of which it is accused. He had all the instincts of a Louis XIV. or a Napoleon,⁷ with the cunning and address imposed on him by the inferiority of his position. No enterprise was too great for him, or too distant, or too insignificant, provided that it promised aggrandisement. It was only at the expense of more powerful but distracted states that this aggrandisement could be effected; and he was as familiar as later monarchs have too often shown themselves, with the policy of adopting popular watchwords, and stimulating the fever of the day which was consuming the vitals of neighbouring nations, in order to profit by their madness. When the social body of France was threatened with utter dissolution by the ferment of the league, he became a zealous leaguer; assumed the protectorate of Provence, and entered Marseilles amidst cries of 'Vive la Masse.' There was scarcely a crown of Western Europe at which, first or last, he did not aim, at least in imagination. The Duke of Mayenne wished to make him King of France. He had claims on the crown of Spain. He aspired at one time to the Empire. He wanted to be king of Arles, king of Bohemia, Lombardy, and Liguria. Yet he was no visionary; but one of those men in whom the shrewdest heads are habitually engaged on the wildest projects, — 'infinement fin et dissimulé,' says the chronicler Hurault: 'Ung des princes du monde le plus ambitieux, double, et sans parole.' His heart, it was said, was as inaccessible as his country. His own favourite maxim explained the moral by which he justified, at least to himself, his most extravagant schemes, — 'Si l'on veut atteindre un but, il faut viser au delà.'

It is, perhaps, the sense of this unnatural position between moderate powers and high designs — the habitual disappointment of minds thrown back on the petty cares of a third-rate sovereignty, after mingling in the great game of European ambition — which has influenced the dispositions of so many of the princes of this race; and produced an early tedium of busy life, and the longing to seek relief in abdication, until the latter practice has become a kind of hereditary fashion among them; a token, as some have called it, of hereditary 'inconstancy of character.' Even in the middle of courts and camps, the

thoughts of some of its greatest leaders seem to have been constantly directed towards the lonely castle, or the more retired convent. Yet such retirement, when achieved, can rarely satisfy the cravings of minds wearied rather than sated with excitement, and destined to experience, as Voltaire expresses it with more feeling than is usual to him, ‘*combien il est difficile de remplir son cœur, sur le trône—et hors du trône!*’ The life of Amadeus VIII., the first Duke, Voltaire’s ‘*bizarre Amédée,*’ seems almost the narrative of a fantastic dream. Like the fisherman’s wife in the German children’s story, he became dissatisfied, one by one, with the various pre-eminences of earthly glory. He exchanged the title of count for that of duke. He reunited with his duchy the fiefs of the princes of Achaia, and became nominal sovereign of a vast Eastern dominion. Suddenly, in the very middle of his schemes of earthly ambition, he descended from the throne, to shut himself up in the priory of Ripaille with a few chosen knights-companions; concerning whom the world is still in doubt, whether they and their sovereign formed a body of religious ascetics, or were simply attached to the modern order of the Screw. Years rolled by, and the schism which had disunited the papacy, and threatened its utter destruction, drew towards a close; the busy envoys of both sides paid frequent and mysterious visits to the hermit of Ripaille; the forgotten duke issued from his retreat as suddenly as he had entered it, to assume for a few short months the supremacy of Christendom as Pope Felix the Fifth, and then to vanish with the same speed and silence into final obscurity.

From this time the favourite idea of abdication seems to have haunted all his successors. Even Emanuel Philibert, one of the most practical men of his age, used to discuss with the Venetian ambassador Morosini his design of entrusting the internal affairs of the duchy to his son, and retaining for himself only the conduct of its foreign affairs. He would then retire, he said, to his ancestors’ home at Ripaille for the summer, and enjoy the fresh breezes of the Leman Lake; his winters should be spent at Nice, where he projected a ducal ‘*pleasance*’ of the most luxurious kind, amidst the orange orchards of the sunny coast. Emanuel Philibert was never able to realise his tasteful scheme. Yet in modern times no less than five kings of his race, men of widely different motives and characters in other respects, have voluntarily descended from the throne.

But the history of the later sovereigns of the direct line of Savoy is too weighty a matter to be dealt with in a careless essay. They were all princes with estimable, some of them with high qualities: however on the whole, since Charles Emanuel the

Third at all events, they have scarcely been fitted by personal character to maintain their precarious post, in critical times, at the entrance of Italy; still less fit to guide the development of a growing and busy nation. They have been wanting, less to the traditional policy of their house, than to those exigencies of change which a changing world imposed upon them. Some one has said that the world is divided between the representatives of Themistocles and those of his friend: one man can fiddle, and another can turn a small city into a great nation: but he who can do neither only cumber the earth. These princes could do neither. They were deficient in political energy — and not less deficient in those more humane graces which have placed other Italian sovereigns at the head of peaceful civilisation. Turin, the capital of the most powerful Italian monarchy, has, until very recently, always fallen in literature, art, and learning far behind the other great Italian cities, though these were much less favoured in a political point of view. It has had less to attract foreigners, and less to afford ground for national pride to its citizens. Its sovereigns, even with the best intentions, had few or no points of contact with the people. They were military martinets in a nation, brave indeed, but without warlike tendencies: religious bigots, ruling over religious, but gentle and enlightened subjects. Hence, in revolutionary times, although their cause was maintained with steady discipline to the last, they never met with zealous loyalty: their retreat from the continent was witnessed without a struggle, their return without a triumph. As the signs of decay multiplied about the ancient line, the fatal and ill-omened Order which broods over the decline of dynasties established itself in its palaces; and the progeny of Victor Amadeus, the implacable enemy of the Jesuits, died out in the odour of Jesuitry.

In 1831 the branch of Savoy Carignan (that which counts Prince Eugene among its heroes) was called to the throne in the person of the late king, Charles Albert, — a singular instance, in genealogy, of the effect of the Salic law; for Charles Albert was eight generations removed from the common stock of Charles Emanuel the First. Our concern on the present occasion is not with the strange and chequered events which, since that accession, have once more fixed European attention on the ancient line of Savoy. But respect for the fallen and unfortunate may excuse one parting tribute to the self-dethroned sovereign. When the politics of 1848 are forgotten, he may yet be remembered as the greatest benefactor his island of Sardinia has ever known, — the author of the abolition of its feudal system. This great object he effected without violence or injustice. The rights of the feudal

owners were purchased by the Crown, and the dues converted into money payments. Existing interests were carefully protected, while the emancipation of the peasantry was fully carried out. That feudal system—introduced, it is said, by the Pisans—had been for centuries the bane of Sardinia. Its evil effects, as well as its oppressive usages, have, no doubt, here as well as elsewhere, formed a favourite topic of popular exaggeration. That a Sardinian peasant, for instance, was obliged, only fifty years ago, to kneel on all-fours in order to give his lord a seat on his back whenever he was tired,—although the story is very seriously repeated by Mr. Tyndale,—sounds to us a little too much like some of the romances respecting French feudalism, which were current in the time of the first National Assembly. But the mischief of a system under which more than three fourths of the land was held by absentee nobles, chiefly resident in Spain, and which at once prevented the formation of a local gentry and the improvement of the condition of the peasantry, scarcely requires to be magnified by the aid of invention. Since the abolition (which was completed only in 1838) some disappointment has been manifested, as usual in such cases, by the poorer classes, who had formed exaggerated notions of the advantages of emancipation; and far too little time has passed to test the progress which the island may have made under the measure: but there can be little doubt of the ultimate success of a plan founded in justice, and modelled after the successful experience of other countries. Sardinia is now, for the first time, placed in a position to avail herself of those high advantages of situation, soil, and climate with which Providence has favoured her.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Cause of Hungary stated.* By Count LADISLAUS TELEKI. Translated from the original French, by WILLIAM BROWNE. London: 1849.
2. *De l'Intervention Russe.* Par le Comte LADISLAS TELEKI. 1re et 2nde Feuille. Paris: 1849.
3. *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie, depuis la Revolution Française.* Par A. DEGERANDO. Paris: 1848.
4. *A Narrative of Events in Vienna, from Latour to Windischgrätz.* By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR; with an Introduction and Appendix. London: 1849.
5. *Ludwig Kossuth; Dictator von Ungarn.* Mannheim: 1849.
6. *Der Krieg in Ungarn.* Dargestellt von OSCAR FÓDÁL. Mannheim: 1849.

THE events of the last ten months have awakened, both in diplomatists and nations, a lively interest in the affairs of Eastern Europe. Since the Turkish columns melted away before Lorraine and Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, no transactions of equal moment with the present war in Hungary have attracted the eyes of the West to those remote provinces of Christendom. While every dispatch may give a new aspect to the contest, it would be absurd to speculate with any confidence on its issue, or even to enter largely upon its details. But many of our readers will perhaps thank us for placing briefly before them some of the facts and features of the struggle between the cabinet of Vienna and the Hungarian nation,—a struggle which, particularly since the armed assistance of Russia has been invoked, involves new destinies for all the parties engaged in it, and will probably be felt in its consequences throughout the civilised world.

The question now brought to the arbitrament of force, is historical, political, and economical. It is of ancient date, of immediate interest, and of great prospective significance. We shall accordingly survey it under each of these aspects—aiming rather to dispose of some current fallacies, than to comprise within our narrow limits the contemporaneous, and even daily changes of the scene.

The first and most prevalent error is, that of regarding Hungary as a province of Austria. The crowns, it is true, have been united since the year 1526; but the realms were always distinct. When England took from Hanover a common sovereign, its own

national independence was not more completely recognised. In Count Ladislaus Teleki's pamphlet, 'the Hungarian Manifesto,' will be seen the coronation oath, which has been administered during a period of more than three centuries by the diets at Presburg to fourteen monarchs of the House of Hapsburg. This oath was taken by Ferdinand I., the first elective prince of that family to whom the Hungarian sceptre was confided—when the battle of Mohacs (A. D. 1526) had extinguished the royal line of Jagellon. It was taken by Ferdinand V., the present ex-emperor, on his coronation in 1830 (he was crowned in his father's lifetime); and it is a touching incident in the history of this unfortunate prince, that, on being urged by his ministers to suppress the Hungarian constitution, his conscience answered: '*But my oath!*' His reason was clouded; but a moral instinct recalled to him the fact, that his Hungarian dominions were held by virtue of a compact; that an oath to preserve and transmit their immunities had preceded his consecration; and that *the crown of St. Stephen* was the symbol of an independent nation.

The pedigree of their immunities during the long space of three centuries, (1526—1848) continued unimpaired. The coronation oath had been renewed in 1687, when the elective crown was entailed on the House of Hapsburg; it was fully recognised by the Pragmatic Sanction in 1723, when the right of succession to the Austrian domains was extended to the heirs female of Charles VI.; and because Joseph II., who combined the projects of a Siéyes with the temper of a despot, had attempted to elude or invade it, it was imposed, in 1790, with fresh guarantees, upon his successor Leopold. In 1816 and 1825 Francis I. fared no better than his predecessors in his endeavours to change the relations between Hungary and Austria.

By Article X. of the enlarged compact, entered into between the Hungarian people and Leopold in 1790, it was declared that 'Hungary was a country free and independent in her entire system of legislation and government; that she was not subject to any other people or any other state; but that she should have her own separate existence and her own constitution, and should consequently be governed by kings crowned according to her national laws and customs.' This article, a corollary and complement to the statutes of nearly three antecedent centuries, was confirmed once more by the ex-emperor Ferdinand, in his character of King of Hungary, on the 11th of April, 1848; and at the same time there was added the guarantee of an independent ministry, responsible to the Diet alone, with the Palatine as viceroy. The Hungarians believed in the sanctity of the royal word; but it appears by a letter from the

Archduke Stephen to the emperor, dated 24th of March, 1848, that the royal word was not intended by the imperial advisers to be a real security. The Viennese cabinet secretly reserved the liberty of retracting its concessions on the first opportunity; and accordingly the Archduke proposes in that letter three methods of abrogating the Hungarian immunities — a peasants' war to be excited against the nobles, — a commissioner to be armed with martial law, — or a temporary compromise with Count Batthyany, the then head of the Hungarian ministry. The proposals of the Archduke, however tempting and consonant with the feelings of the Court-party, were not then accepted. For the more violent alternative the Austrian cabinet was not ready: and a fraud of its own devising was already in preparation.

The policy of the Austrian camarilla at this period was to gain time and to patch up such a ministry as should compromise nothing, yet help to save appearances. The first Viennese revolution had just exploded; Radetzky had not yet retrieved the fortunes of the empire in Italy: the army was partially disorganised, and public credit low. In the meanwhile the recent conversion of the absolute monarchy into a constitutional one had not been of a kind to discourage the Court-party or affect the spirit of the government, least of all in its federal relations. The Court had made a few nominal changes in the mechanism of administration, but had retained the substance of power. The Aulic council of war became the ministry of war: the Aulic exchequer the ministry of finance: and although Count Sedlnitzky, the obnoxious minister of police, fled for his life, the veteran Metternich was succeeded in the department of foreign affairs by his friend and former associate Count Ficquelmont. All the other ministers, the presidents, and the old bureaucracy remained in office. Subsequently, indeed, growing discontent and continual *émeutes* led in the course of the summer to new ministerial combinations: Counts Kollowrath and Taaffe, Barons Kübeck and Sommaruga retired; and, at length, the real ruler of Austria, the Archduke Ludwig himself. They were replaced by Pillersdorf, Dobblhof, Schwarzer, Hornbostl, &c. — men who enjoyed some degree of popularity, but who had neither the confidence of the Court nor direct communication with the emperor. All real business, in the meantime, passed through the hands of Baron Wessenberg: and the only persons really in the confidence of the Court were Latour, first minister of war, Krauss, minister of finance, and, at a later period, Bach, minister of justice. They alone were intrusted with the secret, — that government was merely lying by for a favourable moment when the constitution was to be neutralised and absolutism re-

stored. Old things had passed away, yet nothing had become new. Metternich was an exile and his maxims of policy apparently in discredit. Yet the archimage of despotism might still in fact pull the strings: or at all events his policy was pursued by his disciples with formularies as barren, and with a hatred to independent nationalities as active as his own. To such men the concessions, as they were styled, to Hungary,—but as they are more correctly termed the statutes of that kingdom, old or new,—were especially obnoxious.

Of the more popular ministers none possessed oratorical talents, and all played a very insignificant part in the Constituent Assembly at Vienna. Latour, however, both from his relations to the Court and his administrative abilities, deserves more particular mention than his nominal colleagues are entitled to. His activity, in spite of advanced age, in re-organising the army and commissariat, enabled Radetzky to assume the offensive in Italy, the Ban of Croatia to threaten Hungary, and the Servian rebels to maintain themselves against the Hungarian troops. His violent death in the October revolution created a void in the cabinet which has not yet been supplied; and the late successes of the insurgents are not more owing to their own valour than to the returning decrepitude of the Viennese war-office.

After what we have already stated, there can be no clearer fact in the history of modern Europe, than the constitutional independence of Hungary. Its present claims neither rest upon doubtful traditions, nor are buried in obscure and obsolete documents. Hungarian institutions are not merely title deeds, as old as the connexion of Hungary and Austria: but both in their spirit and their letter they have been solemnly recognised and renewed at every election or accession to the throne. There have been, indeed, in the interim, parties among the magnates as accessible to the baits of the Austrian cabinets, as our own Harleys and St. Johns were to the pensions of St. Germain's; and there have been, on the part of the Hungarian people, suffering and self-sacrifice in defence of the Kaiser's throne. But the servility of the magnates was the crime or weakness of individuals or of a class: and the devotion of the people, while Prussian or French bayonets bristled on the frontier, became strenuous opposition, as often as the sovereign, unmindful of his coronation oath and solemn compacts, attempted to convert his constitutional kingdom into an Austrian dependency. Five times in the course of a single century (1606—1711), did the Hungarian people rise in defence of their constitution, and, of what was still dearer to them, their liberty of conscience. Their long struggles against misgovernment from Vienna present indeed many fea-

tures in common with our own revolutions of 1640 and 1688. On the approach of foreign invasion they were as devoted to Kaisar as the cavaliers to Charles Stuart. In asserting their rights, they were as keen, vigilant, and unflinching as Pym, Hampden, and Somers.

The late Emperor, unsuited for his position by his imbecility and his scruples, was no sooner displaced, under, what in such cases is, the fiction of a resignation, than the veil was lifted up. His brother Francis Charles renounced. The nephew Francis Joseph, not twenty years of age, was immediately put on the throne, as if a constitutional throne were a mere matter of family arrangement. In the teeth of statute-law and historical warning, at a moment when the pillars of society were loosened, when 'within were fears' of anarchy and without were the gathering clouds and 'grim repose' of Russian intervention, the councillors of the boy-emperor proposed at once to abolish Hungarian independence. The puppet of Stadion and Windischgrätz, he was instructed by *his* masters that Austrian *Unity* was imperfect so long as the laws and immunities, which his predecessors had sworn to maintain, were allowed to survive. Their destruction seemed an easy task to men whom experience could not teach and whom principle did not restrain. They tendered to their youthful sovereign the counsel of the ministers of Rehoboam. 'To your tents, O Israel!' was the response of the Hungarians; but not until constitutional remonstrance had been exhausted, and after they had beheld their lands wasted by fire and sword.

It has been pretended that the recent concessions of the emperor were extorted from him at a time when his freedom of action was suspended by revolutionary violence; and with equal falseness the Hungarians are supposed to have prejudiced their cause by fostering or joining in the disturbances at Vienna.* In one sense, the extortion may be admitted; but it was to similar extortions, in not very dissimilar periods, that *we* owe the Great Charter, the Petition of Right, and the Declaration of Right. We can understand the validity of such a plea in the case of Charles I. while a prisoner at Hampton Court. *He* was excluded from his family, his advisers, his party, and his servants. His correspondence was intercepted, his studies, his recreations, and his very looks were jealously watched. But it has never been pretended that Ferdinand was in durance; or that the members of the Hungarian Diet, who came to Vienna, in March, 1848, had power to coerce or intimidate the sovereign in his own palace. If these 'honourable members' possessed any supernatural influence, they must have exerted it in evoking the Kaisar from his palace, as ancient

superstition imagined the gods might be evoked from Troy or Veii on the eve of their fall. For not many days after the arrival of these deputies, the emperor-king, accompanied by several members of his family and his court, repaired to Presburg to confirm these extorted laws; and, during his stay there, he received the Hungarian ministry and reviewed the national guards. ‘The ‘imperial casuists,’ says Count Teleki, ‘have outstepped the ‘limits of absurdity. They condemn violence, and they still ‘consider legal the liberties which the Austrians conquered in ‘March, upon their barricades; and yet they condemn the laws ‘of Hungary, voted peaceably by a deliberative assembly, and ‘peaceably sanctioned by the Sovereign.’ We think the Count might have stated the inconsistency in even stronger terms. The ex-emperor is represented as having been free to listen to the promptings of the re-actionists, free to annul institutions, and to violate his oath. But the moment he proceeds to confirm or enlarge a charter which recognised the ancient immunities of one portion of his subjects, and imparted civil and religious freedom to others, he is assumed to be under the incapacitation of restraint. The prospect of an integral *union* between the privileged and unprivileged classes of Hungary, justly alarmed the upholders of *Austrian uniformity*. It was a heavy blow and great discouragement to statesmen of the *divide et impera* school. The paternal government dreaded a united family. Therefore the emperor was in duress when he conceded—and a free agent when he recalled his concessions.

One concession, as regards Hungary at least, *was* illegal—the concession of the Crown, without consultation or cognisance of the Diet, to one who is not the direct heir of the House of Hapsburg. The Hungarian constitution expressly declares that ‘the ‘King cannot be discharged from the duties of sovereignty without the consent of the nation.’ And the Diet, as representing the nation, has the appointment of a regency, in case of the king’s incompetence to discharge his functions. But it is no part of his functions to change the order of succession; and it is no proof of incompetence, we fear, whatever it may be of imperiousness, to perform an unconstitutional act. The Claudius resigns; the Agrippina of the day consummates her intrigues by procuring for her son a crown. But Francis Joseph, until his coronation at Presburg, is neither *de jure* nor *de facto* king of Hungary. He is at present, in the language of Hungarian law, ‘*a foreigner* ;’ and a mass of statutes enacts that no foreigner can take part in the administration of Hungary. Hereafter it may be advisable to cement the ancient union between Austria and Hungary in the person of a common sove-

reign; but such reconciliation must be preceded by recognition of the compact which has conveyed to fourteen emperors the crown of Stephen.

As, however, it is a favourite plea with the Austrian cabinet and its partisans, that the concessions of 1848 were not only extorted from the emperor, but were also at variance with the spirit of the Hungarian constitution, and with the Pragmatic Sanction in particular, we will compare those concessions with the guarantees imposed upon Leopold II. in 1790 and accepted by his successor in 1792; and which, until recently, were the basis of the relations between Austria and Hungary.

The twenty-five articles of the 'Diploma of Inauguration' in 1790, after generally affirming the independence of the crown, the laws, and the privileges of Hungary, proceed to decree, among other enactments, triennial convocation of the Diet, exclusion of *foreigners*—that is, of Austrians—from the government, and the residence of the emperor-king, during a portion of every year, in his Hungarian dominions. They declare that the king can neither make laws nor impose taxes without the consent of the Diet; and that royal proclamations, unless countersigned by one at least of the boards of the Hungarian government, are null and void.

There are many other details; but these alone are sufficient to show that the demands of the Hungarians in 1848 did not, as regards Austria at least, introduce any sudden or violent innovation into the federal relations between the two countries. It remains to be seen whether, in the interval of nearly sixty years (1790—1848), Austria fulfilled her portion of this compact, or Hungary has protested unreasonably and prematurely against her grievances.

This interval of more than half a century may be divided into two periods,—the first comprising the wars which followed the first French Revolution, and which ended in 1815; the second beginning from that date, and terminating with the present civil convulsions.

The former of these periods presents an exceptional, the latter a normal, aspect of Hungarian affairs. In the one the adage—*silent leges inter arma*—was once more exemplified; and the Hungarian nation was too much occupied with wars and rumours of wars to proceed regularly or zealously with constitutional or social reforms. Nay, the chivalrous nature of the people itself, and their loyalty to the Kaiser's throne, led them to submit to repeated and exorbitant demands for men and money, without exacting a corresponding redress of grievances. Francis I. — when the victories of Napoleon were shattering the unity of Austria—reminded the Diet of its response to

Maria Theresa at a similar crisis; and, on each appeal, was met with equal devotion, if not with equal enthusiasm, even after the Hungarians were weary of a war in which they performed the giant's task and received the dwarf's reward. From 1796 to 1811 the Diets were convoked to grant supplies, and to be dismissed as soon as they spoke of grievances. For twenty years this unequal contest went on between a generous people and a prince who forgot nothing but his promises.

With the restoration of peace in 1815, a new era began for Hungary. In spite of wars, and levies, and bad government the kingdom had advanced in material prosperity; and it was expected that peace would afford leisure for carrying out the social and constitutional reforms, which the Commission of 1790 had recommended. But it was an era of brief promise and protracted disappointment. Austria, as a member of the Holy Alliance, was now more than ever determined to place Hungary upon the same footing with the Hereditary States. A court party was sedulously fostered in the country and the chambers; Austrian officers were put in command of Hungarian regiments; the bondage of the press was rigorously enforced; new shackles were imposed on trade; the currency was depreciated; for twelve years no Diet was summoned; and nearly every article of the constitution of 1790 was assailed by violence or evaded by intrigues. The arbitrary measures by which, in 1822 and 1823, the Austrian cabinet attempted to levy taxes and troops in Hungary, in express violation of the nineteenth article of Leopold II.'s 'Diploma' and of so many preceding charters, were arrested by the imposing attitude of the Diet in 1825. Francis I., upon this, retracted, apologised, and, by three additional articles, engaged to observe the fundamental laws of his Hungarian kingdom, to convoke the Diet at least triennially, and not to levy subsidies without its concurrence. From 1825 the movements of the Austrian government were less daring and more insidious. It tampered with elections, stimulated the hostile prejudices of the races, and augmented the number of its partisans in the Chamber or *Table* of the Magnates. Its success, however, in these arts was scarcely answerable to its diligence. The municipalities of Hungary, her county elections, and the temper of her country gentlemen opposed, in most cases, an effective barrier to the encroachments of absolutism. The nation needed only a strong impulse to complete its organisation; and from the year 1827 dates that regular and active opposition which, under the title of the *Hungarian party*, withstood for twenty years (1827—1847) the assaults of despotic innovation, and is now supplying the

native Hungarian government with some of its ablest and most experienced members.

Such, then, have been the relations of Hungary to Austria during one of the most momentous eras in the annals of the world. Twenty years of nearly incessant war were followed by an even longer interval of almost uninterrupted peace. During the former period, Hungary was Austria's firmest bulwark,—furnished her best troops, her commissariat, and her magazines. During the latter period, Austria has required Hungary for these services and sacrifices with successive and systematic endeavours to abridge or cancel her undeniable immunities; to degrade into a subject province 'an old and haughty people, brave in arms;' and, finally, to clog and crush its spirit of enterprise with vexatious imposts and absurd fiscal regulations. The reforms of 1848 may have been imperative in their tone; but the results of sixty years' endurance can scarcely be termed *sudden*; nor the assertion of rights—sanctioned for centuries, and as often invaded—be justly designated as *unseasonable* or *unconstitutional*.

There is another error which Austria has equally encouraged—that of regarding the present war as a war of *racés*. Through mistake or interest, the continental journalists have generally assisted in misleading the public on this part of the Hungarian question. Almost all French writers, and among them the instructive and trustworthy Degerando, are too prone to derive the Hungarian revolution from their own revolution in 1848. The movement in Hungary may have received, in common with the rest of Europe, an impulse from that event—since it is scarcely possible that such a chord should not vibrate through every fibre of the civilised world.* But the origin and objects of these convulsions

* We have little confidence in French republicanism, even for France itself;—still less as a source of inspiration for other countries. Mazzini and his followers have been its principal representatives abroad; and in that character they have done infinite mischief to the cause of national independence and constitutional liberty over the Continent. The chief instrument, by the use of which they were enabled to make themselves responsible for the ruin of Italy in its recent struggle, was to threaten all who differed from them, with the name and intervention of the French Republic! What French intervention comes to, they are now themselves experiencing. A short time ago we should have denounced the siege of Rome by the French as being, under all the circumstances, the greatest act of guilt and folly which the madness and blindness of the times had yet engendered. But,—that the leading government of central Europe should have called in the Russ, to settle by fire and sword its differences

are essentially different. Our sketch of the rights of Hungary shows that the Hungarian insurrection is an act of self-defence; and has as little to do with abstract principles or theories of government, as our own civil wars. The Hungarians are contending for the ancient independence of their kingdom, not for an experimental republic. The tone of the German journalists and pamphleteers, who maintain the cause of the Races *versus* the Majjars, is either bureaucratic or pedantic. In the one case it is the voice of the Austrian cabinet; in the other it is the dream of a few literary men, who would interpret the political phenomena of the world by one hypothesis. But neither the venal scribe nor the volunteer ethnologist can abide the test of facts, or explain the inconsistencies into which their bias has betrayed them. Of so complex a question we can only find room for a brief glimpse; but it may suffice to detect some of the incongruities in the theory of Race.

The subject of *racas* would require a volume, and cannot be rendered intelligible within the limits of an article. It belongs, indeed, rather from accident than essentially to the Hungarian question. In the first place, many of the *non-Majjar* races adhere to the Majjar party; and the adherents of the Majjars form, numerically, the majority, and comprise the most civilised portion of the nationalities.* In the next place,

with its own people, is, if possible, a still more unnatural offence against the civilisation and independence of mankind.

* We subjoin the following extract from Haüffler's Table, annexed to his 'Map of the Austrian Possessions,' as the readiest mode of illustrating what we have here advanced in the text. We append to the extract a summary of the races who side with the Majjars:—

Wallachs	{	in Hungary	-	-	930,000	} 2,317,340
	„	Transylvania	-	-	1,287,340	
	„	Military Frontier	-	-	100,000	
Germans	{	in Hungary	-	-	986,000	} 1,422,168
	„	Transylvania	-	-	250,668	
	„	Military Frontier	-	-	185,500	
Slovacks	-	in Hungary	-	-	2,220,000	- 2,220,000
Ruthenes	in	Hungary	-	-	350,000	- 350,000
Wends	-	in Hungary	-	-	50,000	- 50,000
Croats	{	in Croatia	-	-	660,000	} 1,352,966
	„	Military Frontier	-	-	692,966	
Servians	{	in Hungary	-	-	740,000	} 943,000
	„	Military Frontier	-	-	203,000	
						<hr/> 8,655,474

what has been ascribed to a difference of race is really attributable to very different causes. For, if we look into the details of each particular rising of the various races, we shall find that either Greek priests or officers in the Austrian army have been the real instigators of the provincial revolts. For instance, in Transylvania, the Wallachs were instigated by Colonel Urban; in the military frontier and the Banat, the Servians were stimulated, or rather betrayed, into revolt by their archbishop, Rajachich, aided by Stratimirovich, an Austrian officer; while Croatia—a name which circumstances have rendered more familiar to our ears—was forced into rebellion by another military officer, the notorious Jellachich, who carried out his plans by packing a Diet, and excluding from it the legal members and county magistrates. We leave to the advocates of absolutism the burden of proving what rights—civil, political, or religious—the non-Majjar has not long shared, and does not now share, with the Majjar. The question is illustrated by the following fact,—that, in the present government, two of the most important posts—the department of Justice and that of Finance—are filled, respectively, by Vukovich and Duschek, the former a Servian, the latter of Slavonic blood.

We append the two following anecdotes, to show that what has been ascribed to the influence of *race*, is really attributable to Austrian or Russian intrigue.

As early as May, 1848, Danilevski, the Russian consul at Belgrade, had offered the Archbishop Rajachich and the committee of the Servian government at Carlovicz 30,000 Russian auxiliaries. In return for this assistance, he merely required the Servian people, as members of the Greek Church, to put themselves under the protection of its *Imperial* head. The committee declined this proposal; but intimated to Mayerhofer, the Aus-

Of these there side with the Majjars—

Wallachs	{ in Hungary	-	-	930,000	} 1,030,000
	{ „ Military Frontier	-	-	100,000	
Germans	{ in Hungary	-	-	986,000	} 1,171,000
	{ „ Military Frontier	-	-	185,000	
Slovacks - All	-	-	-	2,220,000	2,220,000
Ruthenes - All	-	-	-	350,000	350,000
					4,771,000

Besides these who unite with the 4,855,670 Majjars, all the Jews, to the number of 250,000, are enthusiastic on the same side. The Croats also would, probably, join them, if not kept under by the military despotism of Jellachich.

trian consul, their intention of accepting it ultimately, unless he would procure them equally powerful assistance from Vienna. Mayerhofer, accordingly, recruited openly in Turkish Servia on behalf of men whom the emperor had declared rebels, and against whom, at the very moment, Austrian forces were in arms. In these disgraceful movements there are but slight vestiges of race as the impelling cause of disorder. But there are palpable signs in them of secret promptings and active participation on the part of Vienna and Petersburg.

The name of Mayerhofer is connected with an act of double-dealing, equally significant and shameless, on the part of Austria. In August, 1848, the Hungarian government promoted Captain Madersbach to the rank of major, for his gallant defence of Weisskirchen, against the Servians, and their commander, *Lieutenant Colonel Mayerhofer*, the Austrian consul at Belgrade. The promotion was made with the sanction, and under the name of the Emperor. A week after, the court threw off the mask. It openly entered upon its system of reaction, and advanced this very same *Lieutenant-Colonel Mayerhofer* to the full rank of *colonel*, for his behaviour in the Servian war against the Hungarians.

By these and similar measures the Austrian court displayed its own incurable duplicity, and alienated from the Hapsburg dynasty the most flourishing and loyal portion of the empire. Its insincerity has been fitly recompensed; and within the space of twelve months Austria and her policy are equally detested by the Wallachs and Servians, the Croats and Majjars. The October revolution, indeed, produced great changes in the cabinet, but none in the system of policy. The Archduchess Sophia — ‘*huic mulieri cuncta alia fuere, præter honestum animum*’ — beheld her son upon the throne: his mayors of the palace were Prince Schwartzenberg and Count Stadion; and the accession of a boy was believed to have infused new vigour into the Imperial system. On the 7th of March, in the present year, the *Charte Octroyée* of the new ministry confirmed the opposition of Hungary and loosened the allegiance of the Hereditary States of Austria.

Of the *Charte Octroyée*, Count Stadion was the real author; but he was aided in its composition by the ex-advocate Bach, who, as well as Krauss, remained in the cabinet. The Count is equally opposed to the system of Metternich, and to the idea of constitutional freedom. His obstinate temper renders him consistent in these opposite dislikes. In other respects he is a versatile theorist, but always within the range of absolutism. His charter was conceived in the spirit of Richelieu, and with the recklessness of Alberoni. It proclaimed the unity of the

empire, accorded empty formularies to the people, and reserved all real power for the government. But it manifested neither experience nor sagacity. And when this patent constitution satisfied no one — when all the nationalities, without exception, declared against it — when Bohemia was in a ferment, and even Jellachich was found protesting, — the Count became temporarily insane.

The *Charte Octroyée* announced no new doctrine in the government of dependencies. In the age of the Maccabees a similar experiment had been made by Antiochus the Great; and it was probably not unknown to the 'mighty hunter of men' himself. Its theory may be expressed in the words 'ut omnis populus sit unus.' The *Charte Octroyée* failed, however, from its encountering nationalities, with some remnants or memories of freedom, and not from any reluctance in its authors to copy their Syrian prototype.

We believe that sympathy with Hungary is rapidly spreading over Europe. But above all, we are confident that the spectacle of a people defending its ancestral rights and enlarged liberties, must be deeply interesting to that nation which contended against the Stuarts in 1640, and threw off their yoke in 1688. But nations, like individuals, are members of a family; and before taking part in family quarrels, are bound to weigh, not merely the justice of the cause, but also the position and resources of the litigants. A Charles XII. rushes blindly upon ~~us~~ which only compromise his throne, — a William of Orange forms deliberately a Triple Alliance. It is important, therefore, to understand the *means* which Hungary possesses for self-defence now, and for independent existence hereafter — as well as her *rights* in the present struggle.

* The efforts of Hungary in the present war are a measure of her internal resources. Those efforts have excited the more surprise, because the nature and extent of her resources are, in general, so imperfectly understood. In December last, at a time when civil war was raging in the south of Hungary and in Transylvania, 130,000 Austrians, moving concentrically from nine different quarters, passed the frontiers. Prince Windischgrätz left Schönbrunn, confident of returning with victory, and with the title of 'Debellator Hungariæ.' The game was supposed to be driven by his rangers into the toils, and to be there awaiting unconditional surrender or destruction. But neither the generals nor the statesmen of Hungary bated a jot of heart or hope. They knew the courage, the endurance, and the patriotic fervour of their people. Within a narrow circle between the Theiss, the Maros, and the Transylvanian frontier, they speedily organised an army of nearly 200,000 men. Powder-mills, cannon-foundries,

manufactories of muskets, percussion-caps, and saltpetre, sprang up on the instant; and as the Croatian sulphur-mines were in the enemy's hands, their sulphur was prepared from *mundic*, or sulphurate of iron. Within four months, the Austrians were driven from Hungary; so diminished in number and disorganised by cold, hunger, and defeat, that, but for Russian intervention, the war would already be at an end.

The defensive-strength of a country depends upon its physical conformation, its artificial means of communication and resistance, and the numbers, the temper, and organisation of its inhabitants. A glance at the map shows that Hungary, by the arrangement of its mountains, plains, and rivers, is adapted to every species of warfare, from the *guerilla* to the dense battalion. Its northern bulwark, the Carpathian Mountains, extends from Presburg and the Danube to Transylvania, a space of four hundred English miles, broken by only three considerable passes, Nádas, Jablonka, and Dukla, while the continuation of this lofty barrier is crossed by only four narrow defiles to the east and south—the approaches to Bukovina, Moldavia, and Wallachia. On the south the Carnian Alps, and the rivers Saave and Danube, afford a frontier almost equally impracticable to an invader. The plains and hills on the west towards the Styrian Mountains are less capable of defence, being more adapted to the action of large masses. Between Presburg and Pesth the rivers sometimes hurry in rapid torrents, and sometimes stagnate in lakes and morasses. The internal communication by roads is very irregular. Some Hungarian counties have highways, which rival English turnpikes, while others are advanced little beyond driftways and tracks, bad in all seasons, and nearly impervious in autumn and winter. An invading army, unacquainted with the country and incumbered with baggage and artillery, will meet, therefore, with no ordinary difficulties. Even Austrian officers, whom previous command of Hungarian regiments had in some degree familiarised with the line of march, were baffled, in the late spring campaign, by the natural or accidental impediments they encountered.

Hungary contains an area of 110,000 English square miles, and a population of at least fourteen millions. This extensive area is not more remarkable for the productiveness of its soil, its favourable climate, and mineral wealth, than for the various and generally promising character of its inhabitants. All the races of Hungary have, indeed, their several capabilities. The Slovacks are intelligent, for the most part, and inclined to commerce; the Croats good soldiers, and, in the upper classes, able *employés*; the Servian officers, in the Military Frontier, are many of them expert mathematicians; while the ordinary characteristics

of the Wallach are, an aptitude for growth and cultivation : and of the Germans, steadiness and industry. But the Majjar — or Hungarian Proper — who has given his name to the country, is also the most prominent feature in the group of races. The genuine Majjar, like the Roman patrician, is an agriculturist, a fearless, we had almost said a born rider, fond of field sports and pastoral occupations. His figure is tall and well proportioned ; his demeanour grave, and almost melancholy ; his attachment to home and to his municipal and political rights ardent ; his disposition peaceful, and even indolent, until he is wronged or oppressed — and then indomitably firm, patient, and enterprising. Since our attention has been turned by recent events to Hungary, we have been impressed by the resemblance between the Hungarian country gentleman and yeoman of the present day, and the English gentleman and yeoman of Clarendon and Lucy Hutchinson, of Walker and Vandyke. But the character of the Hungarian, like the resources of his native land, is not yet fully developed. His occasional indolence or haughtiness have to be purged away by the fiery baptism of war ; and his warm affections, his firm principles, his active intellect, and native energy will come out the purer from this ordeal.

The customary avocations of the Hungarians in time of peace have tended to organise and discipline them for a crisis like the present. Their law proceedings — for like all free people they are habitually litigious — their magisterial duties, and their municipal and county elections have given them habits of business, and taught them to act in concert. Their powers of adaptation, decision, and arrangement have not been palsied by bureaucratic maxims and official routine. Hence, while the Austrian cabinet vacillates between violence and concession, and is at a loss when it cannot be formal, Hungary has already produced in the various departments of war, internal administration and finance, men of the stamp of Kossuth, and Görgey, Csányi, Szemere, and Duschek. During the last twenty years, indeed, the kingdom generally has made great progress in material improvement. Without the aid or even the countenance of government, the Hungarians have constructed roads, and called into a new existence the Danube by means of steamboats, built a suspension-bridge — ‘the wonder of Europe,’ — from Buda over to Pesth ; have opened railways, and, by the embankment of the Theiss and by regulating the streams of the Maros and the Sárviz, acquired millions of acres for pasture or tillage. Within the same period the productions of agriculture have been greatly multiplied, the culture of tobacco and oleaginous crops (rape, linseed, &c.) encouraged, the breed of sheep and the

quality of wool improved; while the settlements accorded to German and English artisans have introduced into the towns a fresh class of thriving and ingenious citizens. And all these improvements have been accomplished under the discouragements and drawbacks of Austrian rule, by a people possessing rather the substance than the symbol of wealth. For although raw materials of every kind abound in Hungary, there is great scarcity of money. An inlet into the commercial world, by a railroad from the Danube to Fiume, would relieve Hungary of its teeming and superfluous produce, supply capital for public works or private enterprise, and open new and eager markets for English manufactures. The Hungarian is naturally enterprising; and the recent abolition of feudal restrictions, accompanied by a *Bill of Rights*, both civil and religious, as comprehensive as their Charter of 1848, will not only infuse new vigour into the Magyar race, but develope and direct the energies of every other Hungarian nationality.

That Charter has already invigorated the Hungarian people. With the exception of a few magnates, who preferred the attractions of a capital to their local duties and the development of their country, all classes were zealous for the constitutional party from the very commencement of the war. The invasion of Russia is not likely to win them over to the Austrian cause. The Haiduk towns sent one out of every five of their whole population—more than 40,000 in number—to join the national army. It was the characteristic speech of a grey-headed old yeoman of that district to an Hungarian officer: ‘I have sent my three sons, but I have kept back my best horse. I am now going to take him and join myself.’ Meantime the duties of peace are fulfilled as steadily as those of war. The plough is not idle, even in the Banat; and since the Military Frontier was recovered by the constitutionalists, cultivation has been actively resumed. In the intervals of war, old men, women, and children are seen labouring in the maize and wheat-fields, that ‘the cruise may not fail, nor the staff of life be shortened’ to their defenders.

Of such a people it is impossible to despair; and hope is strengthened by the characters of their present leaders. We have already contrasted the barrenness of Austria in men and measures with the abundance and activity of Hungary. Our limits will not permit even a brief sketch of the administrative talents of Csányi or the financial powers of Duschek. But Louis Kossuth too remarkably embodies the genius of the people and the cause, to be passed over in silence.

The warriors who, in the ninth century, crossed the Carpathians with Duke Arpad, bequeathed to their descendants an oriental

tinge of character. The Hungarian of the nineteenth century accordingly combines a fervid imagination with a strong understanding; and is peculiarly alive to glowing, apophthegmatic, and even mystic eloquence. The speeches of Kossuth have partly an Arabian fervour, and partly a religious earnestness—which remind us of Mahommed and Cromwell. His words, even more than his deeds, mark him as the ‘man of the hour.’ His health has been broken in the solitude of an Austrian dungeon, but his genius was matured there too; and the union of the statesman with the enthusiast imparts a personal as well as historic interest to his career. Kossuth is justly the idol of the people whose councils he directs. To the firmest faith in his mission he adds unwearied energy, a genius for organisation, and a keen perception of the character of others. His wise choice of instruments and his skilful concealment of his own plans until the moment of execution, enabled him to reconquer the whole length of Hungary, from Debreczin to the frontier, at the very moment when the Austrian generals and statesmen believed him to be a fugitive, and had set a price upon his head. Throughout Galicia and Austria, the police were furnished with the most minute instructions to look for him under every disguise. His presence with the army was discredited, and his capture at Eperies was reported at Vienna,—at the very time that he was advancing upon Pesth, and putting down the Servian insurrection with an improvised force of 120,000 men.

We have shown that the physical character of Hungary is seconded by the genius of its people, and the genius of its people guided by men, both civil and military, equal to the present crisis. Whatever may be the issue of the present struggle, the names of Kossuth, Szemere, Csányi, and Duschek, and of the generals Bem, Görgey, Klapka, and Damianich, are entitled to rank among the foremost of their age. Should the result be favourable, and Hungary either maintain the independence of its crown, or resume, but with stronger guarantees, its relations with Austria, a new career is open for its people. A port on the Adriatic, an abundant and increasing produce, institutions now unfettered, comprehensive, and tolerant, aided by the manly and practical temper of its inhabitants and their generous aspirations, must, in that case, raise the Hungarians ere long to a level with the great nations of Europe. Among these nations Hungary looks to England for its sympathy at the present moment, and as its example for the future. Perhaps we cannot close this portion of our subject better than by the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which we can answer.

In the year 1839, an English gentleman was invited to the

Vintage of the Lower House of Representatives at Presburg. On his health being given, a popular orator of the Diet, who now fills one of the highest and most important offices under the present government, observed that, 'all really constitutional nations, when in their struggles for freedom they feel inclined to despair,—when they feel inclined to doubt for a moment whether the goddess they worship be not a phantom, seeing the excesses committed in her name,—have only to turn to England, their pole-star. The sight of national liberty exemplified by England, comforts and strengthens them in their struggle.'

* But we must contemplate the reverse of this prospect. If through Russian aid Austria be victorious, the last barrier is swept away from the road to Constantinople. Austria herself will, from that time forward, need the bayonets of the Czar to keep down her discontented subjects, and must sink to the level of a secondary power. Its policy will be the policy of St. Petersburg; and the dream of a Panslavic empire will not end in the suppression of the 'proud Majjars,' but in the reduction of Eastern Europe into a Russian province. If history has meaning in it as well as words, we are not predicting without sufficient warrant. Russian protection and Russian intervention have for a century past been equally fatal. The poor ally *non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore*. 'Where is Hamath and 'Arphad, Sepharvaim and Ival?' was the question of the Babylonian envoy. What, with equal pertinence we may ask, have been the fruits of Russian aid to Turkey and Persia, to Warsaw and Finland, in Asterabad and Bessarabia, and now in Moldavia and Wallachia? To all these lands its hatred has been dangerous, but its embrace deadly. Nor is Russian policy the work of a single man or a single generation. Four sovereigns of the House of Romanoff have consistently walked in the same track. Yet it is not the policy of Catherine, of Paul, of Alexander, or of Nicholas, but of Russia. It takes its time; and the purpose of the fathers is accomplished by the third or fourth generation of the children. It employs with equal readiness fraud or force. Muscovite Panslavism and the Greek Church are as much its instruments as the gold of the Ural and the Cossack's lance. It proscribes at Warsaw, it bullies at Constantinople, it flatters France, and is coldly courteous to England. It has at once the versatility and fixedness which the ancients attributed to destiny—*πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία*. Its journals and proclamations boast of its paternal sway and vigilance; while it peoples Siberia with the children of its victims, and fills their cities and homes with spies. It has a vulture's scent for the tainted portion of nations, and holds out every

lure to the indolent, the venal, and the ambitious. Hardly ten years have elapsed since England encountered in Central Asia the intrigues of Russia. The Muscovite is now 'stepping westward' — not with emissaries or protocols, but with 'war in procinct,' to subvert by its battalions that national independence by which Austrian arms and arts were equally discomfited. Austria, however, is at present merely a stage in the progress of Russia: the road to Constantinople is as direct by Vienna as by Bucharest.

Austria has been termed by statesmen, an European necessity. And recent events have more than ever confirmed the necessity of a strong empire, as the barrier of central and eastern Europe; but they have not proved that Austria possesses the essential strength and conditions for such a barrier. Quite the contrary. The aggregation of her provinces is weak, the policy of her government is vacillating, and she has neither produced nor, apparently, promises to produce a cabinet, or even a single statesman, capable of reconstructing or sustaining the tottering framework of her empire. Should Hungary come out of the present struggle victorious; should her liberal institutions attract and consolidate around her the various races now disunited by Austrian misgovernment, the physical, social, and political characteristics of Hungary are well fitted for such a station. She was in former times the advanced guard and barrier of Europe against Turkey; and the strength and extent of her north-eastern boundary constitute her a natural and most tenable frontier against Russia at the present period — a period quite as critical. What the Sultan *was*, the Czar *is*. Her municipal institutions are so many schools of self-government and rational freedom; her military vigour is unimpaired; and the proud title of '*Seminarium Heroum*,' is as applicable to the nation in 1849, as to the chivalrous supporters of Maria Theresa. Relieved from the jealousies inspired by Austria, her subjects would become at first united, and hereafter elevated under her sway. Relieved from the minute, absurd, and oppressive restrictions of the Austrian custom-house, her produce would make its way into the European markets, and the English manufacturer find eager customers in her numerous and enterprising population. A rich, united, and intelligent people, who have proved their attachment to liberty by three centuries of resistance to absolutism, and who are now engaged in an inter-necine struggle for their rights, would succeed to a corrupt and superannuated empire, which has not only long pressed heavily on eighteen provinces and 36,000,000 of subjects, and been the *causa causans* of most of the misery of Italy and Germany, — but which, by its recent acceptance of Russian aid, has forfeited

all title to respect or allegiance. The constitutional vitality of Hungary would be equally effective against either extreme—a Cossack ascendancy or a Red Republic.

At such a crisis, it is a subject of congratulation to all lovers of constitutional freedom that the destinies of our country are swayed by men who inherit the principles, and some of whom bear the names, of the founders and champions of English liberty. Lord Palmerston has twice already preserved the peace of Europe, while vindicating and securing the rights of nations. Eastern Europe may possibly afford him a third and more brilliant opportunity of extending the influence, advancing the welfare, and illustrating the name of England.

ART. X. — *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second*. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. I. and II. Fourth Edition. London: 1849.

WE pay Mr. Macaulay no compliment, but only record his good fortune, when we say, that these two volumes are the most popular historical work that ever issued from the English press. Within six months this book has run through five editions—involving an issue of above 18,000 copies; and, on the other side the Atlantic, our enterprising and economical brothers of America have, we hear, re-produced it, in forms which appear infinite in number, and infinitesimal in price. For the best rewards of authorship he, therefore, has not been doomed, like many illustrious predecessors, to await the slow verdict of his own, or the tardy justice of a succeeding generation. Fame has absolutely trodden on his heels. As widely as our language has travelled — ‘super et Garamantas et Indos’ — these volumes have already spread the reputation and opinions of their author.

We feel undisguised pride in Mr. Macaulay's unquestionable and unalloyed success. His great reputation and position in politics, eloquence, and literature, — his unflinching steadiness as a statesman, and his noble and ardent maintenance of those free principles of which this journal has been so long the advocate, while they led us to look forward with anxiety to his promised contribution to our national history, lead us now to rejoice unaffectedly at its brilliant reception. He has had a hearty — indeed a triumphant — welcome from all sorts and classes of his countrymen. Men of all shades of political opinion have honoured him and themselves by the expression of their admiration. There never, we believe, was a work, replete, as this is, with politics, which met with more generous and creditable treatment from political antagonists — never a work, abounding

so much with topics of controversy, more fairly and candidly criticised. If there are exceptions to this remark,—and, as far as we know, they are few and insignificant,—they supply, probably, the only test of merit which was wanting—and add the note of disappointed jealousy, to the general chorus of approbation.

The public, in the most cosmopolitan sense of that term, having thus so unequivocally anticipated any decision of ours, it would be superfluous and impertinent in us to pretend now to tell our readers what they may expect to find in volumes with which they are already familiar. Coming, as we do, in the rear of the critical squadron, we may be allowed to suppose *that* part of our duty forestalled. Neither can we be expected to dissect these two volumes with a restless, microscopic eye, and to point out a wrong date on this page, or a misspelt name on that, in the case of a book which has already taken its place, without waiting for any sanction of ours, among the classics of our language. For the present we shall discharge our consciences, as critics, by adopting a course more agreeable, we believe, to our readers, and in all respects more appropriate. We mean to try, on a somewhat comprehensive scale, to estimate and ascertain the real value of those great general principles which it is our author's great object to illustrate; and which, with so graceful and masterly a hand, he has now disseminated over the world. For, after all, it depends on the intrinsic character of the work, whether its remarkable success is to be regarded as a triumph or a misfortune. Mr. Macaulay has some qualities which might render sophistry too popular, and error too attractive. He has a singular felicity of style; and, as he moves along his path of narrative, spreads a halo around him, which beguiles the distance and dazzles his companions. It is a style, undoubtedly, which might often provoke criticism, as far as artistic rules are concerned; sometimes elaborated to excess, sometimes too familiar; with sentences too curiously balanced, and unnecessary antitheses to express very simple propositions. But with all this, and much more of the same kind that might be said, the fascination remains. The tale, as we proceed, flows on faster and faster. Page after page vanishes under the entranced eye of the reader; and, whether we will or no, we are forced to follow as he leads—so light, and gay, and agreeable does the pathway appear. Even on the most beaten ground, his power of picturesque description brings out lights and shadows,—views alike of distances and of roadside flowers,—never seen, or remarked, or recollected before.

But the important question, undoubtedly is, whither is our guide leading us? what is the end and object of this pleasant journey? We shall try to answer this question immediately.

But we must begin by noticing one cardinal merit—almost an original one—of Mr. Macaulay's book, which meets us on the very threshold. He is the first we think who has succeeded in giving to the realities of history (which is generally supposed to demand and require a certain grave austerity of style,) the lightness, variety, and attraction of a work designed only to amuse. All historians we have ever read—not excepting Gibbon and Hume, and including all others in our language—are open to this remark. To read them is a study, an effort of the intellect,—well repaid indeed by the result, but still necessarily intent and laborious. Mr. Macaulay has, with an instinctive sense, both of truth and of the power to realise it, perceived that a true story may be, and should be, as agreeably told as a fictitious one; that the incidents of real life, whether political or domestic, admit of being so arranged as, without detriment to accuracy, to command all the interest of an artificial series of facts; that the chain of circumstances which constitutes history may be as finely and gracefully woven as in any tale of fancy, and be as much more interesting as the human countenance, with all its glowing reality of life, and structure, and breathing beauty, excels the most enchanting portrait that ever passed from the pencil of Kneller or of Lawrence.

This we consider a very signal achievement. If not an invention, it is at least a novel combination almost deserving of the name. It is by far the most successful illustration we have ever seen of Cicero's remark, of History being '*opus oratorium maximè.*' Perhaps there may be, especially as the narrative warms, a little more of the orator mingling with the historian, than what is called the dignity of History, in her Court dress, would permit. But who that has read these two volumes will ever forget them, or the eventful and stirring scenes they record? And this result on the mind of the reader, it is undoubtedly the highest triumph of descriptive or narrative writing to produce. The scene is actually before us. It does not exist in mere words. We do not recollect it as we used to do Cæsar at school,—by the place of the page where this or that fact was recorded. We have pictured to ourselves the living and actual reality of the men, and the times, and the actions he describes,—and close the volume as if a vast and glowing pageant had just passed before our eyes. And are they not all visibly present? The turbid, haughty, unimpressible, and vindictive monarch,—the very tread of his imperious step, and the sound of his impatient voice,—have become familiar to us long before we read the story to an end. His rejection of Monmouth's prayers for life; his stern and stolid harshness to the Bishops; his disquietude on their ominous acquittal; and his perturbation

and bewilderment at the final catastrophe: how he fled from London; how he returned; and how he fled again,—are all imprinted on the fancy as if they had formed part of a dramatic spectacle. Then how lifelike is the sketch of that pale face, with its eagle eye, hawk-like nose, and dejected but firm mouth! trained from infancy to repress, under its cold lineaments, the fires burning strongly within; wandering in deep, unspoken, but weighty meditation through his ancestral halls at the Hague. The ferocious glare in Jeffries' eye; the restless versatility of Halifax; the worn, thin, handsome, and resolute features of Danby; the brilliant, daring, and unprincipled Churchill,—are each so distinctively described, that their very countenances seem familiar; and we begin to think we should recognise the men as we would old acquaintances. As the story goes on, the reader becomes more and more absorbed in its details. The trial of the Bishops is told with all the author's well-known brilliancy; and the mustering in Holland, the delay, the sailing, the adverse storm, the successful landing, the indecisive progress, and the ultimate consummation, carry us on with an intensity of interest quite equal to the real magnitude of the occurrences, and the strange, agitating, and eventful stake which was suspended on the issue.

Surely the historian who possesses a power like this, if he does not sacrifice truth to effect, wields a spell over his readers most conducive to the best purposes of history. For history, to be rightly written or usefully read, should not be the old almanack to which it has been compared, or any thing like it. It should, as far as possible, be a living picture of the times; and reflect not isolated facts, but the general manners, habits, principles, as well as actions of the men that lived and flourished in them. The historian should aim, not at chronicling a mere catalogue of events, but at delineating the causes from which they sprang, the social or political, or moral condition which led to them, and their effect and influence on the present and future fortunes of the people among whom they took place. And we may remark that in all history, more especially in such a one as the present, it may occasionally happen that some one circumstance is taken out of what might seem its proper place, and allowed more than its just proportions; and this to a narrow or captious mind may appear to convict the author of inaccuracy or exaggeration, while in reality he has merely chosen rather to paint than to describe; and has selected some incident, not perhaps in itself of very great significancy, to convey his impression of a great class of facts to his reader, with more truth and force than any more general description could effect. The exaggeration is simply of that sort with which every painter is familiar—the use of a brighter light or a deeper shadow than nature, in details, in

order to give the effect of nature to the whole. If an ignorant critic takes the picture to pieces, he may easily cavil at the component parts, which, placed together by the hand of a master, make up so harmonious and truthful a portrait.

These remarks apply very strongly to that delightful chapter in the first volume, descriptive of the manners and customs, and general condition, both social and political, of the English at the middle of the seventeenth century,—a chapter not more to be praised for the boldness and truthfulness of its design, than valued for the vigour of its execution. Its design shows, what indeed is characteristic of the whole work, an enlarged appreciation of the objects of history, and a manly determination to pass at once beyond the line of the established topics to which it has been the fashion for historians to confine themselves. A few great battles, a few much debated political events, and one or two notorious crimes, have generally formed the staple of most of our historical works; while events far more operative and influential on the people, and far more important in their social and political progress, are wholly overlooked. Thus, if any one were to write the history of this country since 1815, and describe merely those political struggles which have led alternately to the ascendancy of one or other of our great parties, he would, after all, give a most imperfect representation of the social changes which have, within that period, taken place among us. The spread of education, the penny postage, railroad travelling, and the electric telegraph, are four mighty instruments, which have done and will do far more, in permanently affecting the habits, wants, and wishes of the people, than even the Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, or the Abolition of the Corn Laws. In the chapter we speak of, Mr. Macaulay has made a courageous and very successful endeavour to lead history into a deeper and wider channel; and has brought all his great descriptive powers to bear on the attempt to convey to his reader an impression of the domestic and every-day life of those times, in comparison with that of our own. We do not mean to say, nor is it at all necessary to justify our praise that we should, that in all instances the comparison is scrupulously exact. It was impossible it should be so. It was almost unavoidable, to a certain extent, that extremes should sometimes be adopted as typical of a class; and it is quite possible that sometimes our author may have followed the exaggerations of satirical or comic writers of the day, as affording the materials of the contrast. We never thought of taking the thing so literally. To describe the manners and domestic habits of people who lived two hundred years ago, so that in every

minute detail the description shall defy caviil, is, we believe, impossible; nor, if it were possible, would it be worth the labour. What is requisite is a vivid and graphic idea of the well established and most salient peculiarities,—of the prominent and distinctive characteristics that actually belonged to the time; nor do we know how this can be done, but by seizing the more palpable, even though they be in some measure extreme, examples. The Roman matrons were not ~~all~~ like Messalina; nor all French priests like Tartuffe, nor all English squires like Squire Western; yet the fact that the satirists of each nation chose such characters to describe, points infallibly to the prevalent vices, or failings, or habits of their time and class. It is interesting for us to know, and our author professes to represent, rather the relative than the positive condition of England; and we have no misgivings whatever that the representation is not as substantially true as it is conspicuously graphic and lively.

Our author would be much misunderstood, we think, were it supposed that his object in this chapter was merely a blind exaltation of the times we live in, compared with those he writes of. But the mistake would be still greater, if he should be thought to represent our present state as a state of perfection,—or as any thing but a more advanced stage of the developments which were then in progress. Mr. Macaulay probably does not indeed think, with the philosopher in the ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’ that the world is in its dotage—he has not come to be convinced that the vast strides of our generation in mechanics or in science—the wonderful discoveries which have chained the elements to man’s triumphal car—are all only symptoms of decrepitude; and it is very likely that he may be of opinion that whatever the merits of the English gentleman of the olden time, his modern successors are in most respects much more civilised, agreeable, and intelligent companions. These are matters, however, in which many sensible men have their own peculiar prejudices. We are all but children of a larger growth; and as the schoolboy thinks it must have been delightful to have lived in the days of genii or of dragons, and the romantic girl thinks ‘Claude du Val’ the perfection of a hero; so we have recently come to understand that there are wise, able, and intelligent men who would willingly transport themselves and us from the refinements, and intellectual polish, of the nineteenth, to the rude hospitality and half-educated rusticity of the seventeenth century! But it certainly was not our author’s object to war with these harmless monomanias. He plainly wished merely to reflect light on the *events* of the times he had to describe,

by showing the kind of people who lived in them: and he could only do this effectually by pointing out in what particulars they chiefly differed from ourselves. He had no desire to degrade our present clergy by exhibiting their predecessors, as once being persons of lower habits and lower station, than it can have been his immediate object to prove the Lord Russell of those days a less pure patriot than the Lord John Russell of our own. He only uses the contrast to give point and precision to the description.

We must now, however, turn to the specific merits of this book as a history, in the more received sense of that term. Mr. Macaulay purposes, as he tell us in his first majestic sentences, to write the history of England during a period which has been absolutely overlaid with histories already. He enters on ground obscured by books; and has to pick his way over plains of foolscap and oceans of ink. The design certainly shows great confidence in his own powers, — and the result has proved that the confidence was not misplaced.* The peculiar characteristic of this new history accordingly is, not, we think, the disclosure of any new facts of great moment, although there are many curious and important revelations brought to light by our author's research, which were never so clearly known or understood before. But many may possess all the separate parts of a machine who cannot put them together; and we think Mr. Macaulay's great excellence as an historian, is his masterly adaptation of known facts to a connected and systematic view of the history they compose — and the bearings of that history on the future fortunes of the country. There is nothing isolated or disjointed in his narrative. Each stone seems to fit into its place, and to give and receive support. He uses his materials with the freedom and air of one who looks on them merely as means to a great end, to which he feels conscious of his capacity for applying them.

Thus, in his introductory chapters, — which,* starting from the infancy of our island's history, bring his reader up to the point at which he intends to commence his detailed narrative, — there may not be much in the way of novelty in the mere facts stated. But few can be insensible to the ability with which these facts are widdled; or to the beauty and effect of his many profound and original views of their far reaching relations and unsuspected mutual dependencies. He writes like one seated on an eminence, and looking down on a vast landscape; who, without noting each turn of the road or winding of the river, which bound the eye of the traveller below, acquires, by a large and rapid survey, a knowledge of the general character, capabilities, and features of the country, — sees whither

the roads lead and the rivers flow, and can give us information far more comprehensive and useful, than if we had spent days in wandering through the lanes and by-paths of the valley. The rapidity, strength, and conciseness of his review of our early history, and the powerful grasp by which it is condensed into comparatively few, but most vivid and instructive pages, has met with deserved applause from all quarters, and forms a model of historical recapitulation. But, passing by his survey of these earlier periods,—his account of the succession of the Stuarts and the reigns of the two first of their princes, and his sketch of the Protector, which is more slight than perhaps it would have been had not Carlyle so recently preoccupied the ground,—let us draw a little nearer to the times and principles of which he proposes to write.

We certainly regard this work as the first successful attempt to tell with truth, accuracy, and effect, the story of these important times: so to tell it, we mean, as to place it permanently in its true light, and to remove it from that false glare which has so long rested on it. Much, it is true, had been done in this direction previously, by others to whom Mr. Macaulay would be the last to deny his obligations. The researches of Mr. Fox, and the later works of Mr. Hallam and Sir James Mackintosh, had furnished the student with the means of learning, with great correctness, the actual events out of which the Revolution sprang. But from causes we need not now stop to trace, after all their labours, the work which was required remained still unperformed. Hume and his followers still retained their long-established hold on the public mind. Schoolmasters and governesses still continued to teach, and many in each generation in their turn to believe, that the Stuarts, if an unfortunate, were an ill-used race, more sinned against than sinning—that the trivial faults which they may have had, were deeply overshadowed by the dignity of their royal descent, and the graces of their personal demeanour—that our ancestors, in the noble struggle which it is the object of these volumes to record, offended not more against the divinity of royal prerogative, than against right, truth, and justice; and that Cromwell and the leaders of the Commonwealth were types of the most revolting compound which the union of cruelty, hypocrisy, and vulgarity could produce. It had so long been fashionable to profess a moderate Jacobitism, and so unfashionable to find any virtue in the heroes of that sacred contest, that contempt for the Puritans, reverence for the royal martyr, and dislike of William of Orange, had become topics of faith almost as essential in orthodox education as the Creed or the Church Catechism. By

many a fireside hearth, which the expulsion of that cherished royal race had alone rendered secure and smiling, the comfortable dowager, or the rustic squire, or the bright young daughters of the land, still lamented over the sins of the Roundheads, and the misfortunes of Prince Charlie, and sighed that the day had never come when 'the king should have his own again!' — forgetting that in the peace and purity and freedom of their happy homes, they were tasting unconsciously, day by day, the fruits of that great deliverance.

It is remarkable, however, that this weak and childish, if romantic creed, never rose to fashion or favour, until the return of the Stuarts had become actually impossible. The Tories of Walpole's time did not venture to be Jacobites. They affected, on the contrary, the character of constitutional defenders of the principles of the Revolution. Lord Bolingbroke, in his 'Dissertation on Parties,' gives a very fair specimen of the prevalent opinion upon the merits of the Stuarts, among the Tories of his day. Speaking of James the First, he says, 'That epidemic taint with which he infected the minds of men continued upon us; and it is scarce hyperbolical to say that this Prince hath been the original cause of a series of misfortunes to this nation as deplorable as a lasting infection of our air, of our water, or our earth would have been.' 'Charles sipped a little of the poisonous draught, but enough to infect his whole conduct. As for James (the Second),

" Ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram."

'He drank the chalice off to the lowest and foulest dregs.'

Such was the Toryism of the first half of the eighteenth century. It was not until the last spark of fortune which gleamed on their ill-starred house had been trodden out on Culloden Heath, that the Stuarts became a myth and a romance, — devotion to which was not displeasing to royal or courtly ears, — a vehicle complacently recognised, for exalting prerogative and discouraging popular demands, and for imbuing the country in general with an orthodox love of kings in the abstract. Scotland has much to answer for in this reaction. Her Highlanders had failed: her men of letters — Hume and Scott — succeeded.

Hume was the greatest, and by far the most successful propagator of these un-English views; and it is no mean tribute to his genius and power, that he should so long have kept his countrymen in bondage to a belief which is contradicted not more by the general truths of history, than by the events which he has himself recorded. Hume's Jacobite tendencies, we think, are to be as-

cribed much more to personal spleen, than to any impression produced on him by those events. He hated the English, and loved the French. The first had partly neglected and partly derided him; and the last had loaded him with the flowers of flattery, and placed him on the pedestal of a literary demigod. His Scotch descent and Scotch accent exposed him, in that day, to constant mortifications in English circles; and his correspondence shows how keenly, and for a man of his powers how absurdly, he felt these petty indignities. And so came his hatred of Whiggery; which, we verily believe, he detested even more because it was English, than because it was Puritanical. He loved to exalt the Stuarts, because every line he wrote in their praise magnified the old race of *Scottish* princes, and sent a stab to the heart of that constitution of which Englishmen boasted so loudly. The slights he had endured from persons 'he never would call his countrymen,' disgusted him with the very name of that liberty which they had so constantly on their lips: while the brilliancy and gaiety, and polite incense which he met with at Paris, charmed him with arbitrary power. Any one who compares the earlier with the later editions of his history, and with the course of his intervening life, will see how these feelings, as they deepened in intensity, were more and more reflected in his work.

Indeed, so thoroughly did Hume's Jacobite views arise from what he wished that history should have been, rather than from what he knew it to be, that in his later editions the facts which he narrates often stand in singular, and occasionally even absurd contrast to the reflections he draws from them. The real defect of his history, in truth, is seldom in the narrative. The events which occurred in the reigns of Charles and James II. are, for the most part, told fairly enough; but they are accompanied by deductions the very reverse of what an unbiassed reader would draw from them. He paints a tyrant — but writes a very different name under the picture. Thus, after describing vividly the profligate vileness of the Court and times of Charles II., he chooses to sum up his character with a panegyric on the courtliness of his demeanour, in which view 'he was the most amiable and engaging of men.' His reign, he acknowledges, was 'dangerous to his people, and 'dishonourable to himself;' but then — this was to be imputed 'to the indolence of his temper, — a fault which, however *unfortunate* in a monarch, *it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.*' He starts in his history of James the Second, by stating plainly that he never was sincere in his intentions of governing constitutionally; and yet he never speaks of the opposition he met with from Parliament, but as the stolid disobedience of an ill-conditioned and stiff-necked generation,

on which moderation and clemency were thrown away. In short, the impression he conveys, with infinite dexterity and skill, is, that the fancied liberty, and vaunted constitutional rights for which our fathers struggled, were, after all, weak and pernicious delusions. To please the vulgar, he occasionally speaks in the vulgar tongue, of royal encroachment and oppression; but discloses very plainly his own persuasion, that to the enlightened and philosophic mind the objects pursued were but empty bubbles, and their champions bigots or impostors. But all this is done with such consummate ability — he puts out his strength so adroitly on the conclusions he would draw, and passes over the narrative of inconvenient facts with so light a hand, that his deluded reader strays with him, unconscious of his wandering, till he finds with surprise the destination he has reached.

Hume at first found these views of English history in the shade — nursed only in the country retreats, or the Highland fastnesses of the too loyal Jacobites. But they soon became anything but unpalatable to the ruling spirit and principles of the Court of George the Third. It was very speedily perceived, when all danger from the exiled family was over, that a subdued praise of their virtues, and some gentle censure of their unruly subjects, might not prove without its effect on the administration of the House of Hanover. It was during the period when Hume's influence was culminating to its zenith, that the influence of the Crown, in the words of Parliament, 'had increased and was 'increasing.' With the growth of *that new Prerogative* of influence and corruption, which sprang like a sapling from the levelled oak, there grew throughout the nation also, in deference to courtly views, a certain admiration of those principles of kingly power which Hume had rendered fashionable. Even the doctrine of passive obedience began again to show its bruised and distorted head; and during the loyal mania which the French Revolution and the glorious diatribes of Burke produced — that most costly fit of intoxication in which a nation ever indulged — the homage to prerogative became intense, and amid the crash of empires Hume retained an undisputed throne.

We had hardly recovered from this expensive delirium, when another and almost more seductive guide again led the whole nation captive. With personal predilections stronger probably than those of Hume himself, our great Magician of Romance gave a local and abiding reality to the received perversions of history; and threw over them that dangerous charm which his unrivalled genius alone could bestow. Our recent history, in fact, has been obscured by the pen of Walter Scott, just as the Wars of the Roses lie entombed under the dramatic ~~styles~~ of Shakspeare. In truth, with all his wonderful and enchanting endowments,

Scott was a fervent worshipper of rank and power: nobility and ancient blood were to him the types of a superior order of humanity; Royalty was a sacro-sanct, mysterious idol. Considering his warm and kindly heart, and intimate acquaintance with the habits, wants, and virtues of the lower orders, it is wonderful how little is to be found in his pages of generous sympathy with the struggles of an oppressed people, or of pride in the liberty of that country, the manners and history of which he has illustrated in his immortal fictions. His predilections always lean to the monarch, however arbitrary — his antipathies rest with the people, however greatly wronged. ‘*Nos numerus sumus*’ is the feeling ever predominant in his mind when he speaks of the commonalty; and we believe he would have revered the chair which held the graceless Charles at the Tillietudlem breakfast, with devotion quite as genuine as that which he ascribes to Lady Margaret Bellenden. Thus, whether it be the misguided Mary, or the profligate Charles, or the bloody persecuting Claverhouse, there is always a glitter of romance thrown round them by his brilliant pen, quite sufficient to cast all their faults into the shade; while he cannot describe the persecutions of the Covenanters without smothering sympathy by ridicule. His Cavaliers, in short, however worthless, are always attractive; his Roundheads, however meritorious, are absurd or repulsive. Yet the delineation, in its details, is so true to nature, if not to fact, that it is impossible to resist the impressions made by it.

In this way grew up, among the free people of this land, something too like contempt for the ancestors who gained our liberties, — and romantic sympathy for those who would have destroyed them. From the absurd impression that such opinions are fashionable and genteel, courtly and servile writers still pervert the truth of history; and the youth of our country are daily imbued with false narrative, and principles as false. And yet, how childish, mean, and degrading should such sentiments now appear! When we look round on the great panorama of Europe, and trace in the history of almost all its nations the analogous chain of experience through which we have passed — the same transition from the feudal to the industrial state — the same struggle by the crown for supremacy, and by the people for protection and security — and mark that, merely for want of such a timely contest as our forefathers raised and won, the efforts of Europe for constitutional liberty have ever been one stormy sea of gulph and billow, undulating between rampant prerogative and unrestrained license — how contemptible is it for men who should have outgrown the silly

fancies of boyhood, to assume the poor affectation of despising all that has made this island of ours so secure and tranquil, and to worship that brazen-footed monster, for its homage to which the nations of the Continent are even at present suffering such bitter retribution. It would have been quite as rational, dignified, and manly, for the Roman republicans to have reviled the elder Brutus, and to have deified Tarquin the Proud—or for our Transatlantic brethren to hold an annual feast to commemorate, and lament the loss of, the threepenny tax on tea.

Now one great triumph which Mr. Macaulay has gained for this and for future generations is, that he has dispersed for ever this brood of distempered fancies. From the broad and searching light of truth which he has poured in, they have shrunk and crept away, never more to profane that sacred temple of constitutional liberty:

‘*Celerique fugâ sub sidera lapsæ
Semesam prædam et vestigia fœda relinquunt.*’

He has brought back the public mind, with a bold and irresistible grasp, to sound, wholesome, English views of the great crisis of our constitutional rights, — cleansing our history from the mass of rubbish and falsehood by which it had been obscured, and sweeping into eternal forgetfulness the sickly sentiment which still hung round the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true signification — allegiance to the laws and constitution and high magistracy of the realm; and extinguished, as we hope and believe for ever, the childish adoration of the mere abstraction or impersonation of royalty. There may be many opinions on our author's views of English history, and of his mode of illustrating or enforcing them. Some of his facts may be questioned, some authorities doubted, some deductions controverted or challenged; but these unworthy and degrading phantoms, which amused or misled the last generation, have fled, like ghosts at daybreak, to haunt us no more.

‘*Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim!
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine,*’ &c.

The potent exorcism has at length driven the unclean spirits finally away: and from the last haunts of Jacobite servility and superstition,

‘*The parting Genius is with sighing sent.*’

No English historian will, we believe, attempt again to offer up incense on the subverted altar of the Stuarts.

This task, long called for, it has been reserved for Mr. Macaulay to accomplish: and had the work no other merit, this would be sufficient of itself to ensure his reputation, and to challenge the gratitude of his country. He has brought, indeed, many qualifications to the task which are seldom found united. He had, of course, great resources at his command, not only in the published works of his predecessors, and in the collected materials of two of the most distinguished of them, who had left their tasks unfinished, but other channels also were laid open to him both here and on the Continent. In short, we believe him to have had the materials of a true history as thoroughly in his power as it was possible for any one to have. But there are other presumptions in favour of his accuracy. To the use of these advantages he brings a memory singularly clear, retentive, and precise, and deep and varied stores of general learning; and having staked his fame—not one to be lightly risked on such a venture—on the character of this history, we doubt not that in a point so attainable as accuracy in what he relates, he is as immaculate as an author can be on such a scale. Indeed we are confident that, however searching, or even malicious, the examination, he will be found by far the most correct, even in minute details, of all the writers who have published on this period of our history. And, last of all, he adds to these recommendations the remarkable advantage of being able to meet his antagonists on equal ground,—by a power of composition in all respects as effective as Hume, or Burke, or Scott. It is this which has made his present volumes so timely a contribution to our national literature. Though the work of a scholar, they are not a mere work for scholars; there were such previously, in which the true story of the Revolution was more faithfully than effectively told. But this is a book to read—one that every body will read, and understand, and remember; and which will consequently permeate and leaven all society. It has at last brought the controversy on this subject to the right issue; and we are much mistaken if the victory has not been gained, and that conclusively, already.

The story, thus vividly and agreeably told, brings out, in clear and unquestionable light, one or two great leading truths, which we do not think have been any where so strikingly exhibited. The first of these is, the utter incapacity, obstinacy, and personal worthlessness of the exiled family; and the fact that this, if it did not lie at the root of all the political troubles of the time, rendered them far more alarming and inevitable. There seems to have been a natural taint in the blood, which no danger could repress, or discipline remove. From the first they

were thoroughly ignorant of the people they had to govern; and being ignorant, were too proud, too foolish, or too stupid to learn. One idea had strong possession of all of them—the absurd and insane desire to copy the arbitrary governments of the Continent; and to this object they adhered, in all circumstances, in the face of all obstacles, and in blind defiance of the most palpable perils. Through their individual varieties of character we may trace clearly enough, the symptoms of the family distemper in each. The principles of kingly power which James carried over the Border with him, which his education had planted, and which conceit and flattery had well watered, ridiculous as they appeared when enshrined in that ungainly, gossipping, pedantic impersonation of divine right, were yet the dangerous beginnings of that debasing element which first degraded, and then, for a time, destroyed the monarchy. It was blended certainly into a more graceful and manly model in Charles the First. He possessed some qualities which might have made him a dangerous and successful despot. But the nation was saved by the hereditary perversity of his mind. He was so absurdly obstinate when he should have yielded—so undecided when promptness alone could have led to success—and whether in obstinacy or wavering, so openly and needlessly false—that the deep and resolute, though enduring spirit of the nation, was roused before the yoke was bound upon their necks. They were not preserved, however, so much by their own vigilance as by the want of moral strength in their antagonist. It was this fatal defect which alone defeated Strafford's schemes for 'thorough;' and, after his base desertion of his minister, led Charles himself to rush on his own fate. His memory has only been rescued from the contempt it truly deserved, by the immediate antecedents, and the imposing circumstances of his death—which have withdrawn the gaze of posterity from his intolerable offences against the state, to fix it on the audacious and unparalleled expiation exacted for them.

The two last of the race probably combined all the qualities which could bring the kings of a country like this into contempt. But of the two, Charles the Second was much to be preferred. One cannot help having a latent liking for the merry monarch, when we contrast him with his cloudy and dismal brother. He was good-natured, and not fond of cruelty for its own sake, although not scrupulous in its use to secure his objects. He was not habitually treacherous; and he was agreeable. But although he might, in another sphere, have sauntered languidly through life as a not unpopular *roué*, whose wit was respected at Will's, and

whose manners were the fashion on the Mall—what a spectacle does Monarchy present with such a man as its type! Democritus could not have wished for a more congenial spectacle than that of a great nation, with its million hearths and homes—its resources, just beginning to exhibit the dawn of their future magnificence—its proud, free, and enterprising people—indolently trampled under foot by an ungrateful Sybarite, to whom twelve years of exile had taught no lesson, but the desire to recompense, by voluptuous ease, the hardships and crosses of his former fortune—to whom life or death—things light or solemn—were all alike a jest—without one manly or kingly thought for his people or his honour—careless, though his empire should crumble into fragments, if only the crash might not disturb his luxurious repose! Had his nature possessed any solid worth—had it supplied any moral soil whatever in which great deeds or generous sentiments could grow—it might surely have been expected that the strange vicissitudes of his life—if he ever reflected on them at all—should have given his childish and volatile disposition something of masculine stability. But for him, ~~as for~~ for the rest of his race, experience was written in a character which he could not decipher. When he first rode through the metropolis to Whitehall, along ranks of applauding citizens, while Cavalier and Roundhead shouted in unison, he does not seem to have recognised in that affecting reception the welcome, in his person, of constitutional order, chastised and mellowed by adversity. No reflections on the past struggle—no resolutions of prudence, or justice, or moderation for the future, seem to have suggested themselves for an instant. He lounged back to the palace of his ancestors, as if he had merely returned from a continental tour! and those historic halls told him no tale of his father's fate—nor called up before him the stern and ominous frown of the Protector. He resumed the throne of the Stuarts merely to continue, in unbroken succession, the dynasty, and the perverse policy of his family—neglecting even the very men who had poured out their blood, and lavished their fortunes for his crown. His years were spent as if life were a play in which every one was representing a part for the occasion, and went through their scenes of love or contention, weeping or laughing, merely for the spectators' amusement. Even his death was characteristic of the shallow levity of his mind; when he launched a witty dart at the King of Terrors, and requested his attendants to excuse him for taking so unconscionable a time to die!

The gallery of family portraits is completed by that of James the Second, on which Mr. Macaulay has bestowed infinite labour, and which he has drawn with a hand so powerful and unrelent-

ing, that those deeply engraven lineaments will go down to posterity as the standard likeness, as long as English history shall endure. It is certainly a picture in which the artist has not admitted one single tint of flattery. The lines are rigid, hard, and ill-favoured as life; and afford a singular contrast to the apologetic and softened features in which most former historians have presented him. Some may think the colouring too uniformly harsh: but we cannot agree with them. Mr. Macaulay had deep errors to eradicate, and pernicious heresies to dispel; and he judged rightly that this could not be done effectually unless the unvarnished truth were plainly told. The grand object indeed of these two volumes, as we imagine, was to show James the Second in his true colours; and thereby lay a firm foundation for the author's account of the origin, nature, and inevitable necessity of the Revolution. He has certainly torn away the veil from fallen greatness with no gentle hand: but the scene he has disclosed has dispelled the illusion for ever. We admit that for ourselves, ill as we always thought of James the Second, the description has some new and unexpected features. We knew him to have been proud, obstinate, and bigoted; but we always had a vague idea that if he was stupid he was honest, and if bigoted, at least conscientious and sincere. Never, till we read these volumes, had we an adequate conception of the baseness, cruelty, and perfidy which marked his reign. Destitute entirely of the scholarly acquirements of his grandfather, his father's dignity, or his brother's wit, he added to the family failings a love of cruelty, a stolid stony-heartedness, and a rancorous spirit of revenge, of which the worst of his predecessors could not be accused. Haughty, unforgiving, and oppressive in prosperity, without a spark of the more generous and genial elements of kingly power, he was weak, pusillanimous, and cringing when the tide turned. That he was sincere in his desire to establish Popery in this country, we believe; but it was that sort of sincerity which leads unscrupulous men to break through the most sacred ties of humanity and honour for a favourite object. It was a sincerity which rendered him insincere in all but that; a sincerity which, while it was false and bloody on one hand, was short-sighted, blundering, and unintelligent on the other. Had he been possessed of any self-control, or the slightest powers of diplomatic management or address, the points he aimed at might perhaps have been attained. If he had not so openly upheld and promoted Popery, the nation was too sick of the recollection of the Commonwealth, even after twenty years of misgovernment, to have made a strong struggle, in his day, for constitutional

freedom. On the other hand, if he had governed with moderation and equity, the nation might gradually have learned to look on Papists and Popery with less abhorrence. But this was not in his nature. With blind animosity he let loose both his packs at once; and the people saw themselves threatened, at the same time, with the bloodhounds of religious and of civil tyranny. Popery sat triumphant at the council board; while the blackest and foulest cruelty raged in the land. Yet the actual catastrophe was almost entirely attributable to the mingled feelings of distrust, fear, and contempt with which the king was personally regarded; and the infatuation with which his daily conduct added fuel to the smouldering flame. For among the other characteristics of the time, the long forbearance of the nation certainly is not the least remarkable. The people who remained inactive while the hideous drama of the Bloody Assizes was acted before their eyes, among whom Jeffries was suffered to judge and to legislate, and Kirke to live, must have been averse indeed to commotion, and slow to change. Even when the crisis came at last—when James had filled up the measure of his folly,—the nation still remained calm and poised, as it were, by its own weight. Not even William of Orange, with deliverance in his hand, could warm it into any show of enthusiasm or exertion; and James went forth a voluntary fugitive! His fate, and ours, might have been very different had he exhibited, even then, any of the moral strength which sometimes makes tyranny respectable when prosperous, and sometimes sustains and retrieves it in misfortune.

Such is the first moral which Mr. Macaulay has elicited from the history of these reigns—with so much truth and vigour. It is true that to enable him to do this with effect, he has found it necessary to dwell on details at considerable length, and to gather instructive fragments of character from various scattered quarters. For ourselves, and, we believe, for most readers, Mr. Macaulay's tediousness, if it can be called so, is less fatiguing than the liveliness of most other writers; and we could let him gossip on about little court stories by the hour, without once wishing him to resume the grave discourse. But all these detached traits are here but the component parts of his tessellated pavement. They go to make up that great historical demonstration which it was his object to construct; and on which, probably, depends the view of our constitutional history which the work, when completed, will be found to illustrate. He could not show with accuracy the impelling motives of the people, without the clearest and most convincing evidence of the character of their kings. For those were days when royalty was the real centre round which the

political system revolved, and the power and condition of which regulated all the motions of its machinery. They are therefore but superficial critics who complain, as we have heard some do, of the minute circumstances which he thinks worthy of being recorded by his pen. The general result to which they tend, *the great induction* which they constitute and compose, comes out so overwhelming and striking at the last, that, in the irresistible conviction then impressed on our minds, we unconsciously forget how great a part of the impression depends on the combination of these slender but numberless characteristics.

But not less admirably and clearly elucidated is the general constitutional lesson, as deduced from the history of the times. Here again we think there is both novelty and unexampled force and impressiveness in our author's views. He has taken a large, sagacious, and practical survey of the political state of the nation during the seventeenth century; and has, as we think, brought his readers to a far more precise and complete appreciation of its actual condition, than any former historian. On one hand he is not perpetually hunting out the traces of occult constitutional theories, in events which were far more determined by accidental circumstances than by any fancied adherence to general laws. Neither, on the other hand, does he give the slightest countenance to the contemptible accusations which servile writers have of late so plentifully launched at their forefathers. But he enables us to gather, through the troubles which marked those remarkable years, a very clear general apprehension of the causes which affected, and the motives which impelled, the political convulsions of the period.

We have heard it said that the only source of difficulty which the Stuarts experienced in governing was the want—one felt by kings and commoners alike, of ready money. The feudal exactions were over. There were no more monasteries to spoil; and the wealth which popery had amassed was exhausted. Without taxes, no sinews of war could be had; and, rather than submit to taxation, the people, it is said, preferred rebellion. They would rather fight than pay. It was, in short, not the folly or perfidy or oppression of kings, but an ignorant impatience of taxation, that plunged the nation in civil war, and drove a dynasty from the throne!

Like many similar views, this is true as far as it goes,—but it is only half the truth, or rather a great deal less. It was the want of money, no doubt, which led to the first collision; and perhaps abundance of that rare commodity might have prevented it. It may also be said, with some degree of accuracy, that the disinclination to furnish the monarch with

supplies originated the resistance of the people. But all this is but skimming the surface of these great depths. It is unquestionable that the impossibility of carrying on government without funds, and the coincident impossibility of obtaining funds without the aid of parliament, were the two elements that brought the question at issue between prerogative and private right, to its determination. But the real question is, for what purpose did the king want the money? and why did the people refuse it? *That* is the true matter for inquiry; and it will be found to be the very root of the matter.

The people of England have always been of an eminently practical turn, especially in politics,—very little given to mere theory, and looking mainly to the immediate comforts and decencies of life, as the objects which they desire to secure. Probably their insular position, which renders removal from uncongenial quarters more difficult, may have considerably tended to this national peculiarity. Be that as it may, their enthusiasms and excesses afford a very striking contrast to those of their continental neighbours. They have ~~always~~ been deep, prolonged, and with a definite and strongly-marked object; never excited by mere imaginative and transcendental novelties, nor allayed without strong sedatives. So—after the reign of Elizabeth, which was distinguished by singular wisdom, and which fostered the love of liberty while it still exalted the Crown—when the feudal system was extinguished, men began to see that they had but one of two courses to submit to,—to surrender their purses and their liberties, or to contend on one and the same battle-field, for both. They would gladly have paid their money, if they had believed that, by the use to be made of it, they were to be better protected in their religion, their avocations, and their homes. These, indeed, were the objects for which they imagined that government was instituted. But they had sagacity enough to see that, with the monarchs with whom they had to deal, the want of money was, if not the only, by far the best and surest safeguard of their liberties. To obtain supplies, and yet govern absolutely, has been the aim of all despots in all ages; and to say that, if the Stuarts could have got money whenever they asked for it, there would have been no Rebellion and no Revolution, is simply to say that, if the nation had submitted to tyranny, they would not have resisted it! If Charles the First had had the command of a well-filled treasury, independently of parliament, he would not have required any additional materials for the construction of his fabric of arbitrary power; and civil liberty would not have been founded in this country, for a hundred years at least after our actual Revolution. It

was very well known, and indeed was not disguised, that the very first use to which his treasure would have been put, would have been the support of a mercenary army; and Mr. Macaulay well shows how fatal such an army must necessarily have been to constitutional freedom, in times when the yeomanry of England were no longer trained to war, and the love of quiet and profitable industry was so rapidly succeeding to the feudal spirit of the preceding century. Even under Cromwell, who ruled with a just though an iron rod, the nation grew so sick of the very name of a standing army, that it was many long years before it ceased to be regarded as the very emblem of tyranny. How much more fatal to Britain such an engine would have been in the hands of one so intent on arbitrary government, and so little capable of governing justly, as Charles the First, may be easily imagined.

It is therefore a great mistake to suppose that the mere dislike to paying money—the merely mercantile view of the matter—was the moving principle in the political convulsions of the time. No doubt, paying money is never agreeable,—least of all, paying it to a government,—and our ancestors, probably, liked it as little as their descendants. But had they felt assured that their money would have been used for their own protection, and would have tended to their personal security and prosperity, the impatience of taxation would never have led them to resistance. And accordingly, whenever the monarch showed symptoms of any disposition—even the slightest or the most hollow—to consult the rights or privileges of the people, the purse-strings of parliament were uniformly relaxed. The real cause of collision then, was the determination of the crown to rule absolutely,—and the resolution of parliament not to supply the sources of arbitrary power. A king short of money, and a nation curtailed of freedom, brought things to the crisis at last.

Nothing indeed strikes us so forcibly, in the review of the events which Mr. Macaulay records, as the singular patience of the people, up to a certain point, and their resolute determination not to yield beyond it. The point of endurance was certainly fixed much further off than we should think of placing it now. But constitutional principle was but little understood or consolidated, in theory, at that time. Every man knew what came home to himself; and there were certain broad, ancient, and well known axioms of personal liberty, which had subsisted for centuries, and which Englishmen seemed instinctively to recognise. And thus great and gross violations of public law affected the community but little, compared to invasions of private right—to interference with private property, and above all (in that day) with the freedom of conscience. For the mere

abstractions of theoretical government, much as they had been canvassed by the learned, the nation at large cared but little; but when they found the strong hand of power intercepting them in their religion, their business, and their homes, they turned sturdily on the intruder, and met each increasing encroachment with more positive and unbending resistance.

While there remained any fair hope that patience or time might retrieve their grievances, they were loth to resort to violence. Even in the days of James the Second, the prospect of a change of dynasty at his death, encouraged the nation to bear with apparent submission the outrages he inflicted, on all sides, on the most tender and cherished rights and principles. But when they were once satisfied that the point had been reached when obedience would be mere weakness, their resolution never wavered again! From the accession of Charles the First to the flight of James the Second, the people had been trying a great experiment—namely, whether allegiance to the race of princes to whose government they were subjected, was compatible with their constitutional rights. From anxiety to resolve this in the affirmative, they endured, till endurance was impossible, the daily encroachments of Charles the First. For this, too, after the restoration, they cast all his father's despotism into oblivion, and hailed with applause the return of Charles the Second—though the inheritor of a dynasty which had injured them so much. For this they remained quiescent and patient during the long misgovernment of that reign, and the first insane oppressions of the next. But at last the experiment was solved. Their patience was exhausted, because they had become satisfied it was useless. And the blow once struck, there was no weak misgiving or sentimental repentance and relapse. When they removed their allegiance from the House of Stuart, they did so for ever;—because it was done on grounds which they felt to be insuperable; and during sixty years of change and disturbance, and great and just dissatisfaction, the people never once varied in their choice and purpose. It is not wonderful that William's strong hand and powerful will should have contrasted favourably with the weak absolutism of his predecessor. But even under the feeble Anne and the dull profligacy of the two first Georges, contempt for the sovereigns into whose hands they had fallen, never raised one sigh of regret for those they had rejected. From the day that James fled from Rochester, the Stuarts never had a chance of restoration; and the nation preferred, without hesitation or demur, submitting to much that was harsh and much that was disgusting on the part of their new rulers, to the slightest return to the persons or principles of their discarded predecessors.

After reading what Mr. Macaulay has here written, there is no difficulty in understanding how this deep feeling was implanted; and it is probably to be attributed to the induration of it on the minds of the people of England, as much as to any theoretical virtue in our constitution, that our liberty has been so long preserved, and enlarged by degrees so sure and safe. They never forgot — they have not even now forgotten — their long experiment on the princes of an arbitrary House. The lesson of the impossibility of trusting to a king's clemency, for protection to life, person, or property, was so severely taught, that we may trace to its operation the growth if not the origin of that spirit of constitutional jealousy of the prerogative, which has called out into active energy the latent safeguards of our political system. Although this spirit of jealousy has, since the Revolution, been dormant at intervals, it has always been ready to be aroused from its lethargy, and has never been aroused in vain; till, at last, the practical as well as the abstract limits of the prerogative have been so securely and precisely fixed, that under the reign of one who wears her constitutional crown with so much true knowledge of the laws, and love of the people of her country, whose virtues have given the throne a stability, and whose accomplishments have shed over it a grace it never, in the best of former days, could boast, we may safely hope that this long contest, the hottest fire of which it has been our author's task to record, is at last ~~spiking~~ ^{smoking} in its embers.

It is not of course our intention or plan, in this article, to enter in detail into the particular events of the period, or to canvass minutely Mr. Macaulay's method of dealing with them. We shall confine our remarks to one or two topics, on which, important as they are in themselves, we think Mr. Macaulay has shed much additional illustration.

A Whig of 1688 has been a favourite denomination with all political parties, at least all who deserve that name. We do not of course include in that catalogue the harmless dreamers who have resuscitated Laud, and swear by Strafford, in these ingenious days. But English politicians, properly so called, whatever their politics at the time, were always proud to profess the Whiggery of 1688. All the opposition to Walpole from Sir W. Wyndham, Pulteney, and the Tories of his days, was based on the Whig principles of the Revolution; and the papers of their organ, the '*Craftsman*,' will be found full of dissertations to show how far the Whig minister had degenerated from the doctrines of those whom he professed to follow. In later days, in like manner, Fox and his party were perpetually reminded how differently the Revolution Whigs thought and acted, on

some of the greatest questions agitated in his time. But, as often happens, each party took only as much of the creed as served their purpose. With the Whig, Revolution principles usually meant restraint on the prerogative — with the Tory, only Protestant ascendancy.

Now we think Mr. Macaulay has made it very clear that the 'Protestant' ascendancy principle of 1688 bore a very distant relationship indeed to the more modern Spirit of that name, which claims so close an affinity with it. It is quite true, that the principles of toleration had made but little progress at that time. But the exclusion of Catholics from power and place, and the Exclusion Bill itself, were strictly political, not religious measures; and for our own part, we think it impossible to read the account of those times without being satisfied that, in the main, the measures actually adopted were necessary and inevitable. The Catholic was not then excluded from power on account of his religious opinions; nor from any idea that those opinions would prevent the discharge of his ordinary duties. He was excluded because he substantially formed a member of a conspiracy or confederation, which had for its avowed object to overthrow both the established religion and the civil liberties of the nation; and no one can doubt that had the Test Act not passed, both would unquestionably have been sacrificed. It is equally certain that the same precautions were necessary for the protection of the new order of things established at the Revolution. It was the men who were dangerous, not the opinions; and at them the measures in question were levelled.

While, therefore, we would by no means say that, apart from imminent political dangers, the religious intolerance of the Revolution Protestants might not have led to unjustifiable results, it is quite clear, from Mr. Macaulay's narrative, that the Test Bill originally, and the safeguards adopted at the Revolution, afford not the slightest evidence that it would have done so. These were barriers thrown up to exclude an avowed, open, and acknowledged enemy. This and this alone had been the policy of Elizabeth. Bacon scornfully denies the contrary imputation. And in the case of James himself, he was not so much driven out because he favoured popery, as popery was excluded because it alone, and its adherents, then prompted, maintained, and defended the arbitrary and dark counsels of James. In the penal statutes the nation were not doing homage to an abstract principle. They were not vindicating the purity of the Protestant religion, — or placing civil government on a religious basis. They were only defending themselves by an act of ordinary prudence. They had seen their most sacred privileges and their

dearest interests menaced by popery. Irish mercenaries guarded the king; and avowedly only waited the hour of strength to destroy the constitution. The rights of old foundations and corporations were set at nought, and popish priests intruded into the dignities of the Church and the universities. If the nation had lost the game, popery would unquestionably have won it. The nation was triumphant; and popery only shared, for the time, the usual fate, and, in this instance, deserved fate, of the vanquished.

We do not recollect to have met, any where, with so calm and convincing an elucidation of this very important topic; as Mr. Macaulay has furnished us with in the passage quoted below,—which we make our solitary extract, not as an instance of brilliant composition, but as a clear and unanswerable view of a series of facts which have been perverted, until very recently, to very intolérant and ignoble party purposes.

‘It is not easy for any person who, in our time, undertakes to treat of the revolution which overthrew the Stuarts, to preserve with steadiness the happy mean between these two extremes. The question whether members of the Roman Catholic Church could be safely admitted to Parliament and to office convulsed our country during the reign of James the Second, was set at rest by his downfall, and, having slept during more than a century, was revived by that great stirring of the human mind which followed the meeting of the National Assembly of France. During thirty years the contest went on in both Houses of Parliament, in every constituent body, in every social circle. It destroyed administrations, broke up parties, made all government in one part of the empire impossible, and at length brought us to the verge of civil war. Even when the struggle had terminated, the passions to which it had given birth still continued to rage. It was scarcely possible for any man whose mind was under the influence of those passions to see the events of the years 1687 and 1688 in a perfectly correct light.

‘One class of politicians, starting from the true proposition that the Revolution had been a great blessing to our country, arrived at the false conclusion that no test which the statesmen of the Revolution had thought necessary for the protection of our religion and our freedom, could be safely abolished. Another class, starting from the true proposition that the disabilities imposed on the Roman Catholics had long been productive of nothing but mischief, arrived at the false conclusion that there never could have been a time when those disabilities could have been useful and necessary. The former fallacy pervaded the speeches of the acute and learned Eldon. The latter was not altogether without influence even on an intellect so calm and philosophical as that of Mackintosh.

‘Perhaps, however, it will be found on examination that we may vindicate the course which was unanimously approved by all the

great English statesmen of the seventeenth century, without questioning the wisdom of the course which was as unanimously approved by all the great English statesmen of our own time.

‘Undoubtedly it is an evil that any citizen should be excluded from civil employment on account of his religious opinions: but a choice between evils is sometimes all that is left to human wisdom. A nation may be placed in such a situation that the majority must either impose disabilities or submit to them; and that what would, under ordinary circumstances, be justly condemned as persecution may fall within the bounds of legitimate self-defence: and such was, in the year 1687, the situation of England.

‘According to the constitution of the realm, James possessed the right of naming almost all public functionaries, political, judicial, ecclesiastical, military, and naval. In the exercise of this right he was not, as our sovereigns now are, under the necessity of acting in conformity with the advice of ministers approved by the House of Commons. It was evident therefore that, unless he were strictly bound by law to bestow office on none but Protestants, it would be in his power to bestow office on none but Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics were few in number; and among them was not a single man whose services could be seriously missed by the commonwealth. The proportion which they bore to the population of England was very much smaller than at present. For at present a constant stream of emigration runs from Ireland to our great towns: but in the seventeenth century there was not even in London an Irish colony. Forty-nine fiftieths of the inhabitants of the kingdom, forty-nine fiftieths of the property of the kingdom, almost all the political, legal, and military ability and knowledge to be found in the kingdom, were Protestant. Nevertheless the King, under a strong infatuation, had determined to use his vast patronage as a means of making proselytes. To be of his church was, in his view, the first of all qualifications for office. To be of the national church was a positive disqualification. He reprobated, it is true, in language which has been applauded by some credulous friends of religious liberty, the monstrous injustice of that test which excluded a small minority of the nation from public trust: but he was at the same time instituting a test which excluded the majority. He thought it hard that a man who was a good financier and a loyal subject should be excluded from the post of Lord Treasurer, merely for being a Papist. But he had himself turned out a Lord Treasurer whom he admitted to be a good financier and a loyal subject, merely for being a Protestant. He had repeatedly and distinctly declared his resolution never to put the white staff in the hands of any heretic. With many other great offices of state he had dealt in the same way. Already the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the First Lord of the Treasury, a Secretary of State, the Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, the Chancellor of Scotland, the Secretary of Scotland, were, or pretended to be, Roman Catholics. Most of these functionaries had been bred churchmen, and had been guilty of apostasy, open or secret, in order to obtain or to keep their high places. Every

Protestant who still held an important post in the government held it in constant uncertainty and fear. It would be endless to recount the situations of a lower rank which were filled by the favoured class. Roman Catholics already swarmed in every department of the public service. They were Lords Lieutenants, Deputy Lieutenants, Judges, Justices of the Peace, Commissioners of the Customs, Envoys to foreign courts, Colonels of regiments, Governors of fortresses. The share which in a few months they had obtained of the temporal patronage of the crown, was much more than ten times as great as they would have had under an impartial system. Yet this was not the worst. They were made rulers of the Church of England. Men who had assured the King that they held his faith, sate in the High Commission; and exercised supreme jurisdiction in spiritual things over all the prelates and priests of the established religion. Ecclesiastical benefices of great dignity had been bestowed, some on avowed Papists, and some on half concealed Papists. And all this had been done while the laws against Popery were still unrepealed,—and while James had still a strong interest in affecting respect for the rights of conscience. What then was his conduct likely to be, if his subjects consented to free him, by a legislative act, from even the shadow of restraint? Is it possible to doubt that Protestants would have been as effectually excluded from employment, by a strictly legal use of the royal prerogative, as ever Roman Catholics had been by Act of Parliament?

How obstinately James was determined to bestow on the members of his own Church a share of patronage altogether out of proportion to their numbers and importance, is proved by the instructions which, in exile and old age, he drew up for the guidance of his son. It is impossible to read without mingled pity and derision, those effusions of a mind on which all the discipline of experience and adversity had been exhausted in vain. The Pretender is advised, if ever he should reign in England, to make a partition of offices; and carefully to reserve for the members of the Church of Rome a portion which might have sufficed for them if they had been one half instead of one fiftieth part of the nation. One Secretary of State, one Commissioner of the Treasury, the Secretary at War, the majority of the great dignitaries of the household, the majority of the officers of the army, are always to be Catholics. Such were the designs of James, after his perverse bigotry had drawn on him a punishment which had appalled the whole world. Is it then possible to doubt what his conduct would have been, if his people, deluded by the empty name of religious liberty, had suffered him to proceed without any check?

Even Penn, intemperate and undiscerning as was his zeal for the Declaration, seems to have felt that the partiality with which honours and emoluments were heaped on Roman Catholics might not unnaturally excite the jealousy of the nation. He owned that, if the Test Act were repealed, the Protestants were entitled to an equivalent, and went so far as to suggest several equivalents. During some weeks the word equivalent, then lately imported from France, was in the mouths of all the colledgehouse orators; but at length a few pages

of keen logic and polished sarcasm, written by Halifax, put an end to these idle projects. One of Penn's schemes was that a law should be passed dividing the patronage of the crown into three equal parts; and that to one only of those parts members of the Church of Rome should be admitted. Even under such an arrangement the members of the Church of Rome would have obtained near twenty times their fair portion of official appointments; and yet there is no reason to believe that even to such an arrangement the King would have consented. But, had he consented, what guarantee could he give that he would adhere to his bargain? The dilemma propounded by Halifax was unanswerable. If laws are binding on you, observe the law which now exists. If laws are not binding on you, it is idle to offer us a law as a security.

'It is clear, therefore, that the point at issue was *not* whether secular offices should be thrown open to all sects indifferently. While James was King it was inevitable that there should be exclusion; and the only question was who should be excluded?—Papists or Protestants, the few or the many, a hundred thousand Englishmen or five millions.'

We look on this passage as one of very grave and lasting importance, as far as the example of those times is of moment in our own. Indeed the principle of religious toleration actually made progress under James, as far as the merely religious element was concerned. Puritanism did by no means flame so high in England at that time as it did this side the border; and there really seems little reason to believe that, if the nation could have felt satisfied that neither the Church Establishment nor freedom of person and conscience would have been endangered by the repeal of the Test, there would have been any deep resistance, on religious grounds, against the admission of Roman Catholics to secular power. That very singular negotiation with the Dissenters, on the part both of James and the Church of England, which Mr. Macaulay describes with so much spirit, and the subsequent cordiality with which the Church and the Dissenters co-operated at the trial of the bishops, certainly evince far more liberality on the part of both the Episcopalian and the Dissenting clergy of that day, than many of their descendants could boast of.

Perhaps the most original and brilliant part of the whole work, is the author's description of the character, views, and opinions of King William; and his estimate of the effects of that character and those views, on the immediate condition and future fortunes of England. Nothing more powerful in writing, more discriminating in judgment, or more masterly in comprehensive analysis, is to be found in English history. Even here, Mr. Macaulay's eye for the picturesque has not failed him;

and there is a singular felicity in the contrast between his character of William and that which he had drawn of James. The picture is, as far as we can judge, in no respect overdrawn or flattered; but nothing could be more strongly or happily marked, than the farsighted, intellectual, energetic character of the one, when set off as a foil to the imbecility, injustice, and indecision of the other.

The account of the origin and progress of the intrigue, for such it was, which brought William to our shores, is one of the most elaborate and most valuable parts of the volumes before us. Mr. Macaulay had access to many sources of information on this subject, which collectively no other writer has ever probably enjoyed, and he has probably thrown all the light on it which it is now capable of receiving. The result of the narrative is to show how completely the destinies, not of this country only, but of Europe, hung on the will of one man, — and that man not a mighty monarch, but the prince of a third-rate territory. We found in this account two things of which we had not been so distinctly aware before. The first was the object which William had in his English enterprise. The European policy of William is familiar to everybody. But we certainly never saw it so clearly explained elsewhere, how entirely subordinate the English throne was, in the mind of the Prince of Orange, to his great European schemes; or how completely he regarded it as a mere rampart constructed against the power and the encroachments of France. Our author develops this view in the most convincing manner; and it serves to explain much in William's subsequent conduct, which must otherwise appear inconsistent or unintelligible, — however little gratifying the explanation may be to our national pride. It is not, we confess, without some regret that we acknowledge the truth of this view of the 'great and good King William.' We had supposed him more of a fellow-countryman than he ever was, or wished to be. Well and nobly as he discharged the duties of sovereignty in the land which adopted him, his heart evidently never naturalised itself to his English home; and in his inmost soul he cursed our politics, our sports, and our climate to the last. He was in fact transplanted too late in life to take kindly to our soil; but he came among us with high views and lofty ends; and how these were carried out, we may safely predict has never yet been told as Mr. Macaulay will tell us in his next volume.

Indeed, the accidental combination of circumstances which placed William on the throne was in the highest degree felicitous. They saved this nation, by their happy coincidence, from the necessity of resolving many difficult questions, in extricating which too many states and commonwealths have 'found no end.'

He was not a conqueror, for he came by invitation. He was not a creature of the hour, for he dictated his own terms. He was not a usurper or an upstart, for his position was but a step higher, and his time a few years earlier, than the strict course of succession would have made them; yet he did not continue the dynasty, and he broke once and for ever that ill-twisted cord on which depended—

‘The right divine of kings to govern wrong.’

He was not an alien to our nation or our blood, for he was doubly connected with the royal line of England; and yet he was so thoroughly removed from the provincialisms of English party,—so thoroughly European in his statesmanship and his views, that all grades of rank, and men of all shades of political opinion, felt that in welcoming him they gave no triumph to an adversary. Thus he occupied at once that position of independent and constitutional isolation of which the juncture of the times stood so much in need, and was enabled to hold the balance even between contending factions, as the arbiter of their differences, while he was the servant only of the constitution.

All this was greatly aided by the nature of his personal ambition. He was the more gladly submitted to, and, indeed, welcomed by the nation at large, that the crown of England was not a prize at which he was too eager to grasp;—and that he made it evident that, except with the goodwill of his future subjects, and on terms honourable to himself, he had no desire to rule over them. Nor was there any affectation in this. It would not have aided the schemes he had really at heart, to have succeeded to the tedious task of controlling a murmuring and unwilling nation, and maintaining an alien sceptre by the swords of mercenaries. That would have infused no additional strength into the great Protestant Alliance of Europe. It would, on the contrary, have proved a new source of anxiety and weakness. Therefore it was that he would not strike the blow, until he was sure the design was ripe; and that he waited with such singular sagacity, till the appointed time,—resisting the solicitations of too eager friends, and the lures of enticing opportunity. He had no wish for the kingdom unless he acquired it under circumstances which should leave him leisure, while they gave him power, to use all the energies of the ancient monarchy he represented, in defence and furtherance of his great scheme of European policy.

While thus the Prince of Orange, in ascending the throne of England, had no local interests to serve, or wrongs to avenge, he saved us also from that worst result of revolutions, the dis-

lodgment of those rude but strong corner-stones on which the foundations of the constitution were built. For, let men theorise as they may, nothing is clearer by experience than that a free constitution cannot be safely or certainly constructed on a month's or a year's warning; nor will men ever regard with the same respect, or defend with the same jealousy, the new-fledged code of yesterday, as that which is made up of customs which are entwined round our earliest recollections, and are strong in the strongest of human impulses—the force of habit. Persons who see how ancient laws, too narrow for the growth of society, cling, nevertheless, round the old pillars of the state with resisting tenacity, and who find the path of reform far more upward and difficult than a philosopher might think it ought to be, are frequently too much inclined to despise and overlook that great engine of civil government, antiquity. On the contrary, we have learned by the fate of other countries, to look on it as our greatest good fortune, that, in our history, from its earliest dawn, we have never been compelled to rebuild a shattered or uprooted constitution. Its growth has been spontaneous. It has from time to time cast off its superfluous or contracted limbs, as crustaceous animals do their shells, by its own internal energy; not only without its identity being impaired, but with the nation's old ancestral pride in the fabric, deepened and enlarged under each renovating effort. And though no doubt the gravitating principle which keeps ancient customs firmly fixed on our English soil, does also retard the chariot-wheels of improvement, and compels many measures of reformation, simple and plain in themselves, to convulse and agitate the whole civil system before they can be finally engrafted on it, yet it also ensures that, when fairly incorporated with the constitution, they will acquire at once stability from its age, while they contribute strength and vitality to its functions. From this cause it is that, while we have so often seen, on the Continent, a constitution which was the idol and deity of one day trampled upon the next, the storm of Revolution has beaten with so innocuous a surge on our rock-bound island.

Now the peculiar position of William left him at liberty, as it induced him, to allow the native vigour of the English constitution to take the required precautions for its own future integrity. Nothing could be ~~more~~ more imposing to the new king, the exiled monarch, and all Europe, than the decent gravity with which parliament proceeded, in that singular crisis, to search the records for precedents!—Such was the silent homage which, even in that strange conjuncture, they paid to the constitution; implying that, so far from the established order of things being

subverted or shaken, the case was probably one which the law had foreseen and provided for. Then arose—built on the solid though unformed masonry of their ancestors—the noblest organ of government which the world ever saw,—the theatre of profoundest statesmanship, of learning, law, eloquence, and wit, which, from that auspicious time till now, has absorbed the flower of the rank, genius, power, and wealth of Britain,—where the fascinating St. John charmed his hearers into forgetfulness of his life by the magic of his tongue,—for which ‘truant Wyndham every muse gave o’er,’—for which Burke renounced philosophy, and Canning letters,—and where Pitt and Fox poured forth, with more than Grecian inspiration, the exhaustless treasury of their thoughts. It was then that the House of Commons began, in fact, to reign; and from these beginnings, by slow and gradual steps, has it become the model on which (at present at how great a distance!) almost every free representative assembly in the world has since been formed.

The gradual ascendancy of the House of Commons will, we doubt not, be more graphically portrayed in Mr. Macaulay’s future volumes than it has ever been before. But none can doubt that it was materially indebted to the personal position, character, and temperament of William the Third, for the first consolidation of its power.

Mr. Macaulay has done much to redeem the character of William from the impression of coldness and want of feeling, which has generally been prevalent regarding him. Not that after all, unless we had been Dutchmen, he was, even by our historian’s account of him, exactly the companion we should have chosen. It does, however, appear that warm fires burnt beneath the frigid and phlegmatic exterior; and his letters to Bentinck, some of which are referred to in the text, betoken a nature not unfrequently combined with strength and resolution—a mind so jealous of its softer moods, as never to allow them to be suspected by the world, devouring its sorrows, and stifling its joys, as weaknesses not to be disclosed but to ears and hearts the most familiar. To strangers he certainly was unattractive, and distant even to his associates; but we must remember, he lived surrounded by men he could not trust. In his inmost heart, when the barriers were once broken, he seems to have been simple, cordial, and joyous, fond of field sports and gardening, and easily amused. The best and generally the least known trait of his more domestic life is the unquestionable attachment with which he inspired his wife. He had no external or superficial advantages, which were likely to strike the eye, or charm the fancy of a woman; and the devotion Mary felt for him,* must have had its anchor in the unfathomed depths of a

character, of which she had learned more, and which she had read more truly than the public.

We have endeavoured, in the preceding pages, as far as our limited space for so large a field would permit, to illustrate some of the more striking and characteristic features of our author. Of course we are far from saying that in details, there must not be points here and there on which his work may be open to just remark, or difference of opinion; but we are satisfied, that in the completeness and correctness of the basis of his facts, and in the completeness and correctness of the inferences which he has drawn, he has given a new impulse and direction to the public mind. And the hearty, healthful spirit he has breathed into the annals of the past — the honest glow of pride which he alike feels and inspires for patriotism and liberty — the strong arm of scorn with which he has dashed aside the false philosophy and hollow subserviency of former writers, and the truthful beauty and spirit which his unrivalled rhetoric has cast over a narrative of sober fact, have well entitled him to the popularity he has commanded, and would have atoned for faults far more grave than the most censorious reader has yet imputed to him.

Such is this great national work, — as our countrymen have already pronounced it to be. The loud clear voice of impartial fame has sounded her award; and it will stand, without appeal, as long as Englishmen regard their past history and love the constitution of which he tells. From one quarter only — and that a quarter of which we expected, and which perhaps wished for itself, better things, — has the melancholy wailing of disappointed jealousy been heard. The public naturally looked with interest for the notice of Mr. Macaulay's History in the 'Quarterly Review.' The notice had not long appeared, when it was observed, with equal wit and truth, that the writer of it, in attempting murder, had committed suicide. We have doubted whether we should add a word in illustration of a judgment, in which the public has shown, through almost all its representatives, that it cordially agrees. It has never been our practice to fall foul of brother critics in our common walk; and if one of our fraternity gives way to occasional eccentricity, and executes strange or disagreeable gambols on the path, we generally find that his own sense of propriety, or the silence of his companions, is quick enough speedily to restore his balance. Nor do we mean in this instance to follow the critic to whom we refer through his forlorn and laboured journey, the more especially as no one doubts the point from which it started, or the goal it had in view. That a journal of deserved name and reputation should announce of these volumes, propositions so openly contradictory, as that on the one hand their author has produced no new facts and discovered no

new materials, — and that on the other he has made the facts of English history ‘as fabulous as his “Lays” do those of Roman ‘tradition!’—betrays, it is true, some rankling wound behind. This however would not have provoked our notice: nor should we have written a sentence to refute the theory that Sir Walter Scott’s historical novels were the wild fire that led Mr. Macaulay astray. All this the public were quite able to appreciate, and have appreciated, at exactly its true value. But his merits have been questioned in a department which may, perhaps, call for, or at least excuse, some remark. A show has been made of bringing the combat to closer quarters, of grappling with small facts, and detecting great misstatements in very little matters. It is with very tiny pebbles indeed that this stripling comes forth to do battle with the giant. Whether this man’s father was a knight or a baronet — whether that man was a Whig or a Tory — whether Lord Peterborough did or did not write a sermon at sea — these, and such as these, are the weapons before which Mr. Macaulay is expected to go down! We might sweep them all away with one contemptuous paragraph from a hand equally opposed to Mr. Macaulay in politics, but far too candid and too generous to resort to such warfare.

‘We shall not,’ (says *Blackwood* in a late article, in which we may without offence hint that we trace the hand of another deservedly eminent historian of the day, and which breathes a spirit of generous candour), ‘we shall not, in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a vast display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 7th October, 1674, instead of the 8th February, 1675, as the historian, with shameful negligence, has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum’s men stood on the

right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half past two. *We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.*

Nothing could have been more happily expressed by anticipation, to characterise the critique which made its appearance on the same day with these just and honourable sentences.

Paying, however, more regard to the quarter from which the missiles are ostensibly launched,* than to their own weight or calibre, we mean to spend a few sentences — and they shall be very few — in showing that the enemy has not even loaded with the small shot he professed to employ, and that all this sound and thunder is but a volley of blank cartridge after all.

Let us take him *ad aperturam*.

It is said, that in the anecdote of Francis, who was executed for the murder of Dangerfield, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in calling Francis a *Tory* gentleman. But Mr. Macaulay was very well justified in doing so — inasmuch as Francis was a *Tory*, as the critic himself might have known. Among the authorities at the bottom of the page, from which, probably, the critic learned all he knows of the matter, Mr. Macaulay refers to Francis's dying speech in the State Trials, and to the *Observer*, July 29. 1685. Now both of these authorities sufficiently prove that Francis was a *Tory*. In his dying speech he prays that James may vanquish and overcome all his enemies, '*which I am glad to have seen so much prospect of;*' and also '*I cannot but regret my being made a sacrifice to the Faction, who I am satisfied are the only people who will rejoice at my ruin.*' No one, acquainted with the language and feelings of the time these words were spoken, will doubt that Mr. Macaulay's character was perfectly just. But to make the matter certain, L'Estrange, in the '*Observer*' above mentioned, speaks of Francis as '*a true friend and servant of the Government,*' terms which he never could or would have applied to any but a '*Tory Gentleman,*' — which Mr. Macaulay was quite correct in calling him; and which, after all, is not the *most* opprobrious epithet which Mr. Macaulay could apply to one of that school of politicians.

Again, Mr. Macaulay is accused of misrepresenting what Francis said about his wife, when he attributes to him the sentiment, that '*had she been inclined to break her marriage vow,*

'she would at least have selected a Tory and a Churchman for her paramour.' The critic says, that Francis simply stated that his wife 'was so *well born*, that had she been inclined she would not have debased herself to so profligate a person (as *Dangerfield*). Mr. Macaulay may be a little paraphrastic, but the critic is absolutely false. He will not quote correctly. The original says, 'she was of too LOYAL A FAMILY *so* to debase herself.' What does this mean, but that *Dangerfield's* politics would have protected her, if her own virtue was insufficient; and why, if it did not plainly mean this, did the critic stoop to pervert the passage?

The critic spends a page on a lecture to Mr. Macaulay for quoting, in a foot note, one passage, and no more, of Lord Peterborough's character of *Dangerfield*—a task he might have spared himself had he attended to, or been fair enough to state, the object of the author in that quotation. Mr. Macaulay had been speaking of the probability of Francis having been jealous of *Dangerfield's* intimacy with his wife, and chose Lord Peterborough, who notoriously hated him, as an unexceptionable authority for his being a likely enough object of such a jealousy. Lord Peterborough was not, as the critic absurdly says, cited as a witness to his *character*—but simply to his appearance and address, having described him as 'a young man who *appeared under a decent figure*, a serious behaviour, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.' Lord Peterborough was a good, because naturally an unwilling, witness to his personal advantages—he would have been the worst to prove him a villain, which, notwithstanding, he unquestionably was, and which Mr. Macaulay, in the text, had most abundantly shown him to have been.

Again, the critic triumphantly asks, 'what it can signify, in a history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, *sixty years after the Revolution*,' describes how the houses in Bath were furnished? He would have his reader imagine, what he could hardly help knowing very well was not the case, 'that the writer, sixty years after the Revolution,' was writing of the state of Bath at *that* time. The book is 'Wood's History of Bath,' published indeed in 1749, but in which the author describes what Bath was *many years before*, and speaks of the recollections of his youth. No better authority one would think could be found of what happened 'sixty years since' than the evidence of a man who remembered it.

The reviewer makes an absurd mistake, and convicts himself of gross ignorance, about the two Echards, or Eachards. 'Our readers,' he announces rather pompously, 'know that there

‘ was a Dr. John Eachard, who wrote a celebrated work on the
 ‘ Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy. They
 ‘ also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard, who wrote
 ‘ both a History of England and a History of the Revolution.
 ‘ Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt
 ‘ whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does
 ‘ not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the
 ‘ common (as it may once have been) name of Eachard, and at
 ‘ least twenty times by the wrong name.’ Every one who
 knows Mr. Macaulay is aware that this is the last kind of
 blunder he is at all likely to commit. But the blunder is all the
 critic’s. We do not say that *he* knew nothing of these ‘re-
 ‘ markable men’ till he saw them mentioned in Mr. Macaulay’s
 references; but had he known a little more of them, he would
 have been aware that they were of the same name, and nearly
 related; that though the name was sometimes spelt with an *a*,
 and sometimes without it, everybody who has occasion to men-
 tion them has always spelt both names alike — that when Law-
 rence himself mentions John he spells his name as he does his
 own — Echard; and that the Biographia Britannica spells them
 both Eachard. Can the depths of drivelling sink lower than
 this?

Mr. Macaulay is complained of for his scanty catalogue of the
 luminaries of the English Church who flourished in 1685. The
 critic complains of the omission of ‘ Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson,
 ‘ Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin,
 ‘ Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and a hundred others.’
 The complaint is absurd — and worse than absurd. Cudworth
 and Pearson *are* mentioned in the paragraph complained of.
 Ken is mentioned so often in the book as not to require to be
 named again. As to the rest, *not one of them*, except Hooper
 and Sparrow, were alive in 1685, and these are not very great
 names. Taylor had been dead eighteen years; Sanderson
 twenty-two years; Fuller and Hammond twenty-four years;
 Oughtred twenty-five years; Hall nearly thirty years; and
 Godwin and Herbert nearly fifty years! And yet, these are
 the names which it seems Mr. Macaulay ought to have intro-
 duced as being the living lights of the Church of England in
 1685!

Mr. Macaulay is vehemently assailed for his account of the
 social position of the clergy, and for his construction of the
 Royal Order given by Bishop Sparrow in his collection. We
 shall enter no further into this controversy than to make two
 quotations, which show that, as usual, if Mr. Macaulay is wrong,
 he errs in good company.

Selden, in his Table Talk, says, 'Ministers with the Protestants have very little respect: the reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation they were glad to get such to take livings as they could procure by any invitations—things of pitiful conditions. *The nobility and gentry would not suffer their sons or kinsmen to meddle with the Church*, and therefore, at this day, when they see a parson they think him such a thing still, and there they will keep him, and use him accordingly. If he be a gentleman, he is singled out and used the more respectfully.'

The second quotation we make is from Jeremy Collier, who, in his Dialogues on Pride, evinces how clearly he understood the Royal Order, exactly as our author does. Philalethes, who represents Collier himself, is represented as saying—'Upon my word, this order, take it which way you will, has a very singular aspect, and looks as if intended to put the clergy in mind that they ought not to aspire above an Abigail.'

It seems to us, however, that the Order itself may be well explained, and the fact of the general lowness of the clergy's matrimonial alliances still further accounted for, by only recollecting the Great Queen's avowed predilection for the celibacy of churchmen; the contempt in which she held their wives, and the unprotected state in which she left their marriages. The act of Edward the Sixth, legalising their marriages, which had been repealed by Mary, was not revived till the accession of James I. Laud publicly declared in the reign of Charles I. that in the disposal of patronage he should always prefer single to married men. So that, at all events, it must be easy to understand, that, while such impressions prevailed in high quarters, persons of good condition would never consent to let their daughters form connexions which would, in the first place, draw on them the discountenance and reprobation of all the high social authorities—and, in the event of a return to papacy—or even to a more rigorous discipline—often contended for in the Anglican church itself, might make them and their children causes of shame and humiliation to their families. Under such circumstances it seems to us inevitable that the habit of forming low marriages must have been very general among the great body of the country clergy; and if once established, would, as usual, continue after the first cause might have ceased.

The critic doubts if Mr. Macaulay ever read the Grand Duke Constantine's Travels, because he, the critic, could find nothing in the book derogatory to the birth of the English clergy. That he had read through this huge quarto volume to verify, or rather discredit, our author's assertion, is good proof alike of his in-

dustry and his inclinations. Next time, however, he consults the book, let him turn to Appendix A., where, after giving a list of the bishops, the writer says, '*They are of low birth, in consequence of certain customs which have been introduced into the kingdom.*'*

But perhaps the most unblushing piece of ignorant and presumptuous fault-finding in this critique meets us a few pages on. Mr. Macaulay says that the English country gentleman 'knew the genealogies and coats of arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be Aldermen.' On which the better-informed critic exclaims, 'There was not one of these unlettered country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had or could ever have arisen among private *English gentlemen.*' It is scarcely necessary to say that, as usual, Mr. Macaulay is right; and the critic speaking about a matter of which he knows nothing. No point in heraldry has been more disputed than the right of English private gentlemen to bear supporters. If our cotemporary will look at Edmonson, (Mowbray Herald's) '*Body of Heraldry,*'† he will find the following passage: 'There have been many who, although they were neither ennobled nor ever enjoyed any public office under the crown, assumed and bore supporters, which were continued to be used by their descendants until the extinction of the family; as, amongst others, the Hevenings of Sussex, the Stawells of Somersetshire, Wallops and Titchbournes of Hants, Lutterells of Somersetshire, Popham of Hants, Covert of Sussex, Savage of Cheshire, &c. Hence it may justly be concluded that those families who anciently used such supporters either on their seals, banners, or monuments, and carved them in wood or stone, or depicted them on the glass windows of their mansions, and in the churches, chapels, and religious houses of their foundation, endowment, and patronage, as perspicuous evidences and memorials of their having a possessory right to such supporters, are fully and absolutely well

* We have seen a book by a Mr. Churchill Babington, which is apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms our author's views as to the clergy in the seventeenth century. We may simply mention, to show this gentleman's idea of refutation, that in order to neutralise the effect of a citation from the Whig poet, Shadwell, representing a Tory parson courting an Abigail, he judiciously rummages out a Tory pamphlet, which represents a Whig parson in the same situation!

† Vol. i. 191.

‘entitled to bear them.’ After this, what is to be said or thought of the flippant assumption of the critic, who declares the right to supporters to be a question which ‘never had and *could never* have arisen among English country gentlemen!’

There is one piece of philology on which Mr. Macaulay’s censor ventures, which is hit off with so classical an air, and is yet so plainly the result of mere ignorance, that we cannot refrain from exposing it. We do it with less regret, that the topic is a curious one.

Mr. Macaulay refers, in his earlier chapters, to a legend related by Procopius, concerning the then mysterious island of Britain. For this he is sharply corrected. It seems Procopius did not, and could not refer to Britain, but to another island, called *Brittia*, which, wherever it was, was *not* Britain. And then the critic says, in stern and solemn conclusion, ‘We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could *possibly* relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries, and introduce it to prove nothing as far as we can see but what we own it does prove—that “able historians may tell very foolish stories, and that an over anxiety to show one’s learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock.”’

Now this all sounds very learned, though we perfectly agree with the sentiment with which it concludes; but there are one or two things about the subject which the writer has still to learn. *First*, the man who penned the last sentence probably did not know that Mr. Macaulay is not the first ‘grave historian’ who has given this proof of a scanty stock of learning. He will find in the thirty-eighth chapter of Gibbon the very legend given at length from Procopius, and attributed to Britain; and also a note in which Gibbon remarks, ‘The Greek historian himself is so confounded by the wonders which he relates, that he weakly attempts to distinguish the islands of *Brittia* and Britain, which he has identified by so many inseparable circumstances.’ He will find also that the historian of Rome, so far from thinking it impossible that the legend could relate to an island which the Romans had possessed for four centuries, quotes this among other authorities to prove the singular fact that what had been ‘a Roman province was again lost among the fabulous islands of the Ocean.’ Yet Gibbon never took his learning at second hand. But farther, Procopius having written in the sixth century, John Tzetzes, who wrote in the twelfth century, mentions the identical legend, with express reference to Britain. By that time England had taken its place

as one of the great Norman kingdoms, and must have been emphatically known, from the communication which the Crusades had opened with our Western world. The passage occurs in his Scholium on Hesiod's Works and Days, l. 169. (*Gaisford's Poetæ Græci Minores*, Oxon. 1820, vol. iii. p. 120.) It begins as follows:—

‘ Περὶ δὲ τῶν ἐν Ὠκεανῷ νήσων Ὅμηρος, καὶ οὐτοσὶν ὁ Ἡσίοδος, καὶ Λυκόφρων, καὶ Πλούταρχος, καὶ Φιλύστρατος, καὶ Δίων, καὶ ἕτεροί τινες συγγεγραφήκεσαν, ὡς ἀγαθὴ τε ἡ χώρα ἐστὶ, καὶ αἱ καταπνεομένη ζεφύρῳ, τρεῖς ἔτους ἐκάστου ἀναδίδωσι τοὺς καρπούς. Ἐκεῖσε δὲ φασι καὶ τὰς τῶν ἀποβεβιωκότων ψυχὰς διαπορθμεύεσθαι, γράφοντες τοιούδε. “ Περὶ τὴν ἀκτὴν τοῦ περὶ τὴν Βρετανίαν νήσον Ὠκεανοῦ, ἀνθρώποι τινες οἰκοῦσιν ἰχθυοθῆραι, “ κατήκοοι μὲν Φρύγγοις, φύρον δὲ μὴ τελοῦντες αὐτοῖς,” &c.*

We need not, after this, say that, as usual, Mr. Macaulay had ample authority for what he said, and that the critic censured because he did not understand. It is not very likely, indeed, that the classical accuracy of Gibbon and Macaulay could be seriously impeached by an author who writes—

‘ ἐν μυρτου κλαδί του ξιφρον φορησω,’—

a line for the mutilation of which, a twig, not of myrtle, but of

* We subjoin a translation of the whole passage for the benefit of the less learned reader, and especially the crude critic, to whom such assistance, we suspect, will be a great accommodation:— ‘Now concerning the islands in Ocean, Homer and our Hesiod himself, and Lycophron and Plutarch and Philostratus and Dion, and some others, have given an account—how good the country is and how, being fanned continually by Zephyrus, it produces three crops each year. And they say that thither the spirits of the deceased are transported—writing in this manner—“On the shore of the Ocean which surrounds the island of *Bretannia*, dwell a race of fishermen; subjects of the Franks but not paying them tribute. These people while sleeping in their own houses, hear a voice calling them and are sensible of a bustle about their doors, and on getting up, they find certain vessels not their own, full of passengers. Embarking in these ships, in a single stretch, they reach the island of *Bretannia* rowing; although they could hardly reach it in their own ships, even under sail, in a whole day and night. There they disembark and land their unknown passengers, and though they see no one, they hear the voice of persons admitting them and calling them by name and tribe and family and trade; and them in like manner making answer. And so they sail home again in one stretch, and perceive the ships lighter than when they had those passengers aboard.” Hence all the sons of the Greeks say the spirits of the departed dwell there.’

birch, would be the only suitable recompence. The new reading would not have been a greater shock to Frere and Canning in its present place, than to Dr. Hawtrey in the exercise of an Eton boy.

We stop here, because our space and our patience are alike exhausted. We might fill pages with errors as gross and exposures as palpable. We have only given our readers some means of estimating, as the well-informed among them could easily have done without our help, how far the critic has succeeded in the very humble object of his ambition. But we are weary of beating the air. We feel as we have sometimes done on a summer evening, when with arms fatigued by a constant combat with the musquitoes, we retreat at last, and leave the field of battle to the victorious insects. Singly, none of them are worth the crushing, and life is too short to make away with them all. Suffice it to say, that of all the imaginary mistakes in fact, of which our cotemporary has laboured to convict Mr. Macaulay, *there is not one* which does not, like the examples given above, proceed either on bold misquotation or palpable ignorance. We are wrong, however,—there is one. Mr. Macaulay calls Sir Winston Churchill a baronet—when he was only a knight. But the error was corrected in 4000 copies in full circulation three months before this critique saw the light—and this, we believe, is the full extent of the victory which has been gained over the historian in this contest *de minimis*. We therefore quit the subject, satisfied that the specimens we have given leave nothing farther to be said or thought of this solitary grumbler. We would rather, for the credit of our craft, that his splenetic arrows had never been launched from such a quiver. Were all the paltry cavils as true as they are absurdly false, they would not dim one single gem in Mr. Macaulay's glittering circlet. Being untrue, they have only brought down deserved derision on their author. Dryden, in 'Mac Flecknoe,' has a forced, but striking conceit, that St. Patrick's 'destruction of poisonous reptiles prevented the malice of his countrymen from ever being dangerous. Had this suicidal onslaught come from an Hibernian instead of an English pen, we might very justly have said with the poet, that

‘In his heart though venom lies,
It doth but touch his Irish pen—and dies.’

It was a great mistake to assail this work on the score of accuracy. Its author was the last man likely to be caught tripping on that head. But with all the praise, and not exaggerated praise, we have bestowed on it, there are faults which

an ill-natured critic might enlarge on, and a friendly one point out. And with a word or two on these we shall conclude.

The first lies on the surface; and is one of style. With great familiarity of expression on some few occasions, the author, nevertheless, is too constantly on his high-stepping steed, and trots over the common pathway with too uniform an air of grandeur. However brilliant the composition;—and however much the interest excited may conceal the blemish, it is one which calls for correction; because, in the more humble though necessary parts of the narrative, it throws an air of constraint over them. In his great efforts Mr. Macaulay never fails; and he makes great occasions out of materials which would be but ordinary to ordinary men. The defect which is most apparent—and, indeed, almost the only one in manner—is his difficulty in saying a simple thing simply.

We do not stop to quote examples. The reader, we admit, never wearies for an instant; and the imposing glow and richness of the context prevents their jarring on the ear or offending the judgment. Still it would be well to have the preludes and accompaniments of so striking a piece in strict harmony and accordance with their immediate theme. It is not so great an art to say a common thing in common words, as to say a brilliant thing in splendid words: but it is also an art in its way.

‘*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,*’

is advice as old as Horace; and Mr. Macaulay would lose nothing in impressiveness, and would gain in taste and accuracy, by reducing the more level parts of the narrative to a more purely historical standard.

As to the substance of the work, there is but one fault which strikes us as important—and that would be a serious one, were it not tempered and chastised in our author by a logical head, an accurate memory, and an instinctive love for fair play. His talent for description sometimes gets the better of him; and although he neither invents nor imagines incidents, it now and then happens that he loads a fact with more inferences and accessories than it can easily sustain. We have alluded to this before; and though we do not think that the ultimate impression conveyed can in any instance be justly said to be exaggerated, he at times colours his picture more from his inward reflection than the outward fact. His chapter on the customs and society of England in the seventeenth century may afford an example of what we mean—where he has dashed off a picturesque conclusion, which, we are not satisfied, was always in nature quite so striking in all its features. This, perhaps, arises in some re-

spects from the materials with which he was there obliged to work: his description being the concentrated reflection of rays borrowed from satirists, and caricaturists, and writers of fiction, with whom truth is always subservient to point and vivacity of effect. It is right, however, to say, that the defect we refer to occurs much more rarely in his narrative, and never when the occasion is important; and the discussion on the manners and habits of the time, though a graceful and almost necessary accompaniment to the narrative, may be supposed to admit of bolder speculation than the more austere parts of the volume. It is necessary, too, to bear in mind, in criticisms of this nature, that, unless allowance is made for our different points of view and for our different estimates of the relative importance of different particulars, nobody would be safe in describing an event or drawing a character.

In his general view of the history of these times, we have nothing to condemn or to suggest. It seems to us, from first to last, fresh, coherent, and true. Perhaps a Northern Whig might think that he has too little favour for the Puritans, and passes too lightly over the Scottish persecutions of Charles and James the Second. But even in this case we do not say that he has not exercised a wholesome moderation.

We now take our leave of Mr. Macaulay, not without good hope of a speedy and happy meeting again. We trust that this noble foundation may be crowned with a structure still more magnificent,—and that he may live to complete the great monument which he purposes to rear to the constitution of his country. But should his fame as an historian rest solely on the volumes before us, we acknowledge them as a noble offering on the altar of our liberties; and, we doubt not, their author will be venerated in after times as having been foremost in that first duty of patriotism,—in training up for future years good citizens of that country, the intense and ardent love of which glows in every page, and gives life to the fervid eloquence of his pen.

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N^o. CLXXXII.

ART. I.—1. *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte*. Eighth edition, pp. 60. 8vo. London.

2. *The Nemesis of Faith*. By J. A. FROUDE, M. A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 12mo. London: pp. 227.

3. *Popular Christianity, its Transition State and Probable Development*. By F. J. FOXTON, B. A.; formerly of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of Stoke Prior and Docklow, Herefordshire. 12mo. London: pp. 226.

‘REASON and Faith,’ says one of our old divines, with the quaintness characteristic of his day, ‘resemble the two sons of the patriarch; Reason is the firstborn, but Faith inherits the blessing.’ The image is ingenious, and the antithesis striking; but nevertheless the sentiment is far from just.* It is hardly right to represent Faith as *younger* than Reason: the fact undoubtedly being, that human creatures trust and believe, long before they reason or know. But the truth is that both Reason and Faith are coeval with the nature of man, and were designed to dwell in his heart together. In truth they are, and were, and, in such creatures as ourselves, must be, reciprocally complementary; — neither can exclude the other. It is as impossible to exercise an acceptable faith without reason for so exercising it, — that is, without exercising reason while we exercise faith*, —

* Let it not be said that we are here playing upon an ambiguity in the word Reason; — considered in the first clause as an *argument*; VOL. XC. NO. CLXXXII. X

as it is to apprehend by our reason, exclusive of faith, all the truths on which we are daily compelled to *act*, whether in relation to this world or the next. Neither is it right to represent either of them as failing of the promised heritage, except as both may fail alike, by perversion from their true end, and depravation of their genuine nature; for if to the faith of which the New Testament speaks so much, a peculiar blessing is promised, it is evident from that same volume that it is not a 'faith without reason' any more than a 'faith without works,' which is approved by the Author of Christianity. And this is sufficiently proved by the injunction 'to be ready to give a reason for the hope,'—and therefore for the faith,—'which is in us.'

If, therefore, we were to imitate the quaintness of the old divine, on whose *dictum* we have been commenting, we should rather compare Reason and Faith to the two trusty spies, 'faithful amongst the faithless,' who confirmed each other's report of 'that good land which flowed with milk and honey,' and to both of whom the promise of a rich inheritance there, was given,—and, in due time, amply redeemed. Or, rather, if we might be permitted to pursue the same vein a little further, and throw over our shoulders for a moment that mantle of allegory which none but Bunyan could wear long and successfully, we should represent Reason and Faith as twin-born beings,—the one, in form and features the image of manly beauty,—the other, of feminine grace and gentleness; but to each of whom, alas! was allotted a sad privation. While the bright eyes of Reason are full of piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while Faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sightless orbs, as she lifts them towards heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand in hand the brother and sister, in all mutual love, pursue their way, through a world on which, like ours, day breaks and night falls alternate; by day the eyes of Reason are the guide of Faith, and by night the ear of Faith is the guide of Reason. As is wont with those who labour under these privations respectively, Reason is apt to be eager, impetuous, impatient of that instruction which his infirmity will not permit him readily to apprehend; while Faith, gentle and docile, is ever willing to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her.

and in the second, as the characteristic endowment of our species. The distinction between Reason and *Reasoning* (though most important) does not affect our statement; for though Reason may be exercised where there is no giving of *reasons*, there can be no giving of reasons without the exercise of Reason.

It has been shown by Butler in the fourth and fifth chapters (Part I.) of his great work, that the entire constitution and condition of man, viewed in relation to the present world alone, and consequently all the analogies derived from that fact in relation to a future world, suggest the conclusion that we are here the subjects of a probationary discipline, or in a course of education for another state of existence. But it has not, perhaps, been sufficiently insisted on, that if in the actual course of that education, of which *enlightened obedience* to the 'law of virtue,' as Butler expresses it, or, which is the same thing, to the dictates of supreme wisdom and goodness, is the great end, we give an unchecked ascendancy to either Reason or Faith, we vitiate the whole process. The chief instrument by which that process is carried on is not Reason alone, or Faith alone, but their well-balanced and reciprocal interaction. It is a system of alternate checks and limitations, in which Reason does not supersede Faith, nor Faith encroach on Reason. But our meaning will be more evident when we have made one or two remarks on what are conceived to be their respective provinces.

In the domain of Reason men generally include, 1st, what are called 'intuitions,' 2d, 'necessary deductions' from them; and 3d, deductions from their own direct 'experience;' while in the domain of Faith are ranked all truths and propositions which are received, not *without* reasons indeed, but for reasons underived from the *intrinsic* evidence (whether intuitive or deductive, or from our own experience) of the propositions themselves; — for reasons (such as credible testimony, for example,) *extrinsic* to the proper meaning and significance of such propositions: although such reasons, by accumulation and convergency, may be capable of subduing the force of any difficulties or improbabilities, which cannot be *demonstrated* to involve absolute contradictions.*

* Of the first kind of truths, or those perceived by intuition, we have examples in what are called 'self-evident axioms,' and 'fundamental laws' or 'conditions of thought,' which no wise man has ever attempted to *prove*. Of the second, we have examples in the whole fabric of mathematical science, reared from its basis of axioms and definitions, as well as in every other *necessary* deduction from *admitted* premises. The third virtually includes any conclusion in science based on direct experiment, or observation; though the belief of the truth even of Newton's system of the world, when received as Locke says he received and as the generality of men receive it, — without being able to follow the steps by which the great geometer proves his conclusions, — may be represented rather as an act of Faith than an act of Reason; as much so as a belief in the truth of Christianity, founded on its historic and other evidences. The greater

In receiving important doctrines on the strength of such evidence, and in holding to them against the perplexities they involve, or, what is harder still, against the prejudices they oppose, every exercise of an intelligent faith will, on analysis, be found to consist ; its only necessary limit will be *proven contradictions* in the propositions submitted to it ; for, then, no evidence can justify belief, or even render it possible. But no *other* difficulties, however great, will justify unbelief, where man has all that he can justly demand,—evidence such in its nature as he can deal with, and on which he is accustomed to *act* in his most important affairs in this world (thus admitting its validity), and such in amount as to render it more likely that the doctrines it substantiates are true, than, from mere *ignorance* of the mode in which these difficulties can be solved, he can infer them to be false. ‘Probabilities,’ says Bishop Butler, ‘are to us the very guide of life ;’ and when the probabilities arise out of evidence on which we are competent to pronounce, and the improbabilities merely from our surmises, where we have no evidence to deal with, and perhaps, from the limitation of our capacities, could not deal with it, if we had it, it is not difficult to see what course practical wisdom tells man he

part of men’s knowledge, indeed, even of science,—even the greater part of a scientific man’s knowledge of science, based as it is on testimony alone (and which so often compels him to renounce to-day what he thought certain yesterday),—may be not unjustly considered as more allied to Faith than Reason. It may be said, perhaps, that the above classification of the truths received by Reason and Faith respectively is arbitrary ; that even as to some of their alleged sources, they are not always clearly distinguishable ; that the evidence of experience may in some sort be reduced to testimony,—that of sense ; and testimony reduced to experience,—that of human veracity under given circumstances ; both being founded on the observed uniformity of certain phenomena under similar conditions. We admit the truth of this : and we admit it the more willingly, as it shows that so inextricably intertwined are the roots both of Reason and Faith in our nature, that no definitions that can be framed will completely separate them ; none that will not involve many phenomena which may be said to fall under the dominion of one as much as of the other. We have been content, for our practical purpose, without any too subtle refinement, to take the line of demarcation which is, perhaps, as obvious as any, and as generally recognised. Few would say that a *generalised* inference from direct experiment was not matter of reason rather than of faith ; though an act of faith *is* involved in the process ; and few would not call confidence in testimony where probabilities were nearly balanced, by the name of faith rather than reason, though an act of reason is involved in *that* process. We are much more anxious to show their general involution with one another than the points of discrimination between them.

ought to pursue; and which he *always* does pursue, whatever difficulties beset him, — in all cases except one!

Such is that strict union — that mutual dependence of Reason and Faith — which would seem to be the great law under which the moral school in which we are being educated is conducted. This law is equally, or almost equally, its characteristic, whether we regard man simply in his present condition, or in his present *in relation* to his future condition, — as an inhabitant only of this world, or a candidate for another; and to this law, by a series of analogies as striking as any of those which Butler has pointed out (and on which we heartily wish his comprehensive genius had expended a chapter or two), Christianity, in the demands it makes on *both* principles conjointly, is evidently adapted.

Men often speak, indeed, as if the exercise of faith was excluded from their condition as inhabitants of the present world. But it requires but a very slight consideration to show that the boasted prerogative of reason is here also that of a limited monarch; and that its attempts to make itself absolute can only end in its own dethronement, and, after successive revolutions, in all the anarchy of absolute pyrrhonism.

For in the intellectual and moral education of man, considered merely as a citizen of the present world, we see the constant and inseparable union of the two principles, and provision made for their perpetual exercise. He cannot advance a step, indeed, without both. We see faith demanded not only amidst the dependence and ignorance in which childhood and youth are passed; not only in the whole process by which we acquire the imperfect knowledge which is to fit us for being men; but to the very last we may be truly said to *believe* far more than we *know*. ‘Indeed,’ says Butler, ‘the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence with which we are obliged to take up in the daily course of life, is scarce to be expressed.’ Nay, in an intelligible sense, even the ‘primary truths,’ or ‘first principles,’ or ‘fundamental laws of thought,’ or ‘self-evident maxims,’ or ‘intuitions,’ or by whatever other names philosophers have been pleased to designate them, which, in a special sense, are the very province of *reason*, as contra-distinguished from ‘reasoning’ or logical deduction, may be said almost as truly to depend on faith as on reason for their reception.* For the only ground for *believing*

* Common language seems to indicate this: Since we call that disposition of mind which leads some men to deny the above fundamental truths (or *affect* to deny them), not by a word which indicates the opposite of reason, but the opposite of faith, — Scepticism, Unbelief, Incredulity.

them true is that man cannot help so believing them ! The same may be said of that great fact, without which the whole world would be at a stand-still—a belief in the uniformity of the phenomena of external nature ; that the same sun, for example, which rose yesterday and to-day, will rise again to-morrow. That this cannot be *demonstrated*, is admitted on all hands ; and that it is not absolutely proved from *experience* is evident, both from the fact that *experience* cannot prove any thing future, and from the fact that the uniformity supposed is only accepted as partially and transiently true ; the great bulk of mankind, even while they so confidently act upon that uniformity, rejecting the idea of its being an *eternal* uniformity. Every theist believes that the order of the universe once *began* to be ; and every Christian and most other men, believe that it will also one day cease to be.

But perhaps the most striking example of the helplessness to which man is soon reduced if he relies upon his reason alone, is the spectacle of the issue of his investigations into that which one would imagine he must know most intimately, if he knows anything ; and that is, his own nature—his own mind. There is something, to one who reflects long enough upon it, inexpressibly whimsical in the questions which the mind is for ever putting to itself respecting itself ; and to which the said mind returns from its dark caverns only an echo. We are apt, when we speculate about the mind, to forget for the moment, that it is at once the querist and the oracle ; and to regard it as something *out* of itself, like a mineral in the hands of the analytic chemist. We cannot fully enter into the absurdities of its condition, except by remembering that it is our own wise selves who so grotesquely bewilder us. The mind, on such occasions, takes itself (if we may so speak) into its own hands, turns itself about as a savage would a watch, or a monkey a letter ; interrogates itself, listens to the echo of its own voice, and is obliged, after all, to lay itself down again with a very puzzled expression — and acknowledge that of its very self, itself knows little or nothing ! ‘ I am material,’ exclaims one of these whimsical beings, to whom the heaven-descended “ Know thyself ” would seem to have been ironically addressed. ‘ No ! — immaterial,’ says another. ‘ I am both material and immaterial,’ exclaims, perhaps, the very same mind at different times. ‘ Thought itself may be matter modified,’ says one. ‘ Rather,’ says another of the same perplexed species, ‘ matter is thought modified ; for what you call ‘ matter is but a phenomenon. ’ ‘ Both are independent and ‘ totally distinct substances, mysteriously, inexplicably conjoined,’ says a third. ‘ *How* they are conjoined we know no

‘more than the dead. Not so much, perhaps.’ ‘Do I ever ‘*cease to think,*’ says the mind to itself, ‘even in sleep? Is not ‘*my essence thought?*’ ‘You ought to know your own essence ‘*best,*’ all creation will reply. ‘I am confident,’ says one, ‘that I ‘*never* do cease to think,—not even in the soundest sleep.’ ‘You ‘do, for a long time, every night of your life,’ exclaims another, equally confident and equally ignorant. ‘*Where* do I exist?’ it goes on. ‘Am I in the brain? Am I in the whole body? ‘Am I anywhere? Am I nowhere?’ ‘I cannot have any local ‘existence, for I know I am immaterial,’ says one. ‘I have a ‘local existence, because I *am* material,’ says another. ‘I have a ‘local existence, *though* I am *not* material,’ says a third. ‘Are ‘my habitual actions voluntary,’ it exclaims, ‘however rapid ‘they become; though I am unconscious of these volitions when ‘they have attained a certain rapidity; or do I become a mere ‘automaton as respects such actions? and therefore an automaton ‘nine times out of ten, when I act at all?’ To this query two opposite answers are given by different minds; and by others, perhaps wiser. none at all; while, often, opposite answers are given by the same mind at different times. In like manner has every action, every operation, every emotion of the mind been made the subject of endless doubt and disputation. Surely if, as Soame Jenyns imagined, the infirmities of man, and even graver evils, were permitted in order to afford amusement to superior intelligences, and make the angels laugh, few things could afford them better sport than the perplexities of this child of clay engaged in the study of himself. ‘Alas!’ exclaims at last the baffled spirit of this babe in intellect, as he surveys his shattered toys—his broken theories of metaphysics, ‘I know ‘that I *am*; but *what* I am — *where* I am — even *how* I act — ‘not only what is my essence, but what even my mode of ‘operation,—of all this I *know* nothing; and, boast of reason as ‘I may, all that I think on these points is matter of opinion—or ‘is matter of faith!’ He resembles, in fact, nothing so much as a kitten first introduced to its own image in a mirror: she runs to the back of it, she leaps over it, she turns and twists, and jumps and frisks, in all directions, in the vain attempt to reach the fair illusion; and, at length, turns away in weariness from that incomprehensible enigma—the image of herself!

One would imagine — perhaps not untruly — that the Divine Creator had subjected us to these difficulties — and especially that incomprehensible *trilemma*, — that there is an union and interaction of two totally distinct substances, or that matter is but thought, or that thought is but matter,—one of which must be true, and all of which approach as near to mutual contra-

dictions as can well be conceived, — for the very purpose of rebuking the presumption of man, and of teaching him humility; that He had left these obscurities at the very threshold — nay, within the very mansion of the mind itself, — for the express purpose of deterring man from playing the dogmatising fool when he looked abroad. Yet, in spite of his raggedness and poverty at home, no sooner does man look out of his dusky dwelling, than, like Goldsmith's little Beau, who, in his garret up five pair of stairs, boasts of his friendship with lords, he is apt to assume airs of magnificence, and, glancing at the Infinite through his little eye-glass, to affect an intimate acquaintance with the most respectable secrets of the universe!

It is undeniable, then, that the perplexities which uniformly puzzle man in the physical world, and even in the little world of his own mind, when he passes a certain limit, are just as unmanageable as those found in the moral constitution and government of the universe, or in the disclosures of the volume of Revelation. In both we find abundance of inexplicable difficulties; sometimes arising from our absolute ignorance, and perhaps quite as often from our partial knowledge. These difficulties are probably left on the pages of both volumes for some of the same reasons; many of them, it may be, because even the commentary of the Creator himself could not render them plain to a finite understanding, though a necessary and salutary exercise of our humility may be involved in their reception; others, if not purely (which seems not probable) yet partly for the sake of exercising and training that humility, as an essential part of the education of a *child*; others, surmountable, indeed, in the progress of knowledge and by prolonged effort of the human intellect, may be designed to stimulate that intellect to strenuous action and healthy effort — as well as to supply, in their solution, as time rolls on, an ever-accumulating mass of proofs of the profundity of the wisdom which has so far anticipated all the wisdom of man; and of the divine origin of both the great books which he is privileged to study as a pupil, and even to illustrate as a commentator, — but the text of which he cannot alter.

But, for submitting to us many profound and insoluble problems, the second of the above reasons — the training of the intellect and heart of man to submission to the Supreme Intelligence — would alone be sufficient. For if, as is indicated by every thing in human nature, by the constitution of the world as adapted to that nature, and by the representations of Scripture, which are in analogy with both, the present world is but the school of man in this the childhood of his being, to prepare him for the enjoyment of an immortal manhood in another,

everything might be expected to be subordinated to this great end; and as the *end* of that education, can be no other than an *enlightened obedience* to God, the harmonious and concurrent exercise of reason and faith becomes absolutely necessary — not of reason to the exclusion of faith, for otherwise there would be no adequate test of man's docility and submission; nor of a faith that would assert itself, not only independent of reason, but in contradiction to it, — which would not be what God requires, and what alone can quadrature with that intelligent nature He has impressed on His offspring — a *reasonable* obedience. Implicit obedience, then, to the dictates of an all-perfect wisdom, exercised amidst many difficulties and perplexities, as so many tests of sincerity, and yet sustained by evidences which justify the conclusions which involve them, would seem to be the great object of man's moral education here; and to justify both the partial evidence addressed to his reason, and the abundant difficulties which it leaves to his faith. 'The evidence of religion,' says Butler, 'is fully sufficient for all the purposes of probation, how far soever it is from being satisfactory as to the purposes of curiosity, or any other: and, indeed, it answers the purposes of the former in several respects which it would not do if it were as over-bearing as is required.* Or as Pascal beautifully puts it: — 'There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see, — and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition.'†

* 'Analogy,' part 2. chap. viii.

† 'Pensées.' Faugère's edition, tom. ii. p. 151. The views here developed will be found an expansion of some brief hints at the close of the article on Pascal's 'Life and Genius' (Ed. Review, Jan. 1847), though our space then prevented us from more than touching these topics. We may add that we gladly take this opportunity of pointing the attention of our readers to a tract of Archbishop Whately's, entitled 'The example of children as proposed to Christians,' which his Grace, having been struck with a coincidence between some of the thoughts in the tract and those expressed in the 'Review,' did us the favour to transmit to us. Had we seen the tract before, we should have been glad to illustrate and confirm our own views by those of this highly gifted prelate. We earnestly recommend the tract in question (as well as the whole of the remarkable volume in which it is now incorporated, 'Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion') to the perusal of our readers, and at the same time venture to express our conviction (having been led by the circumstances above mentioned to a fuller acquaintance with his Grace's theological writings than we had previously possessed) that, though this lucid and eloquent writer may, for obvious reasons, be most widely known by his 'Logic and

As He 'who spake as never man spake' is pleased often to illustrate the conduct of the Father of Spirits to his intelligent offspring by a reference to the conduct which flows from the relations of the human parent to *his* children, so the present subject admits of similar illustration. What God does with us in that process of moral education to which we have just adverted, is exactly what every wise parent endeavours to do with his children, — though by methods, as we may well judge, proportionably less perfect. Man too instinctively, or by reflection,

'Rhetoric,' the time will come when his Theological works will be, if not more widely read, still more highly prized. To great powers of argument and illustration, and delightful transparency of diction and style, he adds a higher quality still — and a very rare quality it is — an evident and intense honesty of purpose, an absorbing desire to arrive at the *exact truth*, and to state it with perfect fairness and with the just limitations. Without pretending to agree with all that Archbishop Whately has written on the subject of Theology (though he carries his readers with him as frequently as any writer with whom we are acquainted), we may remark that in relation to that whole class of subjects, to which the present essay has reference, we know of no writer of the present day whose contributions are more numerous or more valuable. The highly ingenious ironical *brochure*, entitled 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte;' the Essays above mentioned, 'On some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion;' those 'On some of the Dangers to Christian Faith,' and on the 'Errors of Romanism;' the work on the 'Kingdom of Christ,' not to mention others, are well worthy of universal perusal. They abound in views both original and just, stated with all the author's aptness of illustration and transparency of language. We may remark, too, that in many of his *occasional* sermons, he has incidentally added many most beautiful fragments to that ever accumulating mass of internal evidence which the Scriptures themselves supply in their very structure, and which is evolved by diligent investigation of the relation and coherence of one part of them with another. We are also rejoiced to see that a small and unpretending, but very powerful, little tract, by the same writer, entitled 'Introductory Lessons on Christian Evindicences,' has passed through many editions, has been translated into most of the European languages, and, amongst the rest, very recently into German, with an appropriate preface, by Professor Abeltzhauser, of the University of Dublin. It shows to demonstration that as much of the evidence of Christianity as is necessary for conviction may be made perfectly clear to the meanest capacity; and that, in spite of the assertions of Rome and of Oxford to the contrary, the apostolic injunction to *every* Christian to be ready to render a *reason* 'for the hope that is in him,' — somewhat better than that *no* reason of the Hindoo or the Hottentot, that he believes what he is told, *without* any reason except that he is told it, — is an injunction possible to be obeyed.

adapts himself to the nature of his children; and seeing that only so far as it is justly trained can they be happy, makes the harmonious and concurrent development of *their* reason and *their* faith his object; he too endeavours to teach them that without which they cannot be happy, — obedience, but a *reasonable* obedience. He gives them, in his general procedure and conduct, sufficient proofs of his superior knowledge, superior wisdom, and unchanging love; and secure in the general effect of this, he leaves them to receive by *faith* many things which he cannot explain to them if he would, till they get older; many things which he *can* only partially explain; and many others which he might more perfectly explain, but *will* not, partly as a test of their docility, and partly to invite and necessitate the healthy and energetic exercise of their reason in finding out the explanation for themselves. Confiding in the same general effect of his procedure and conduct, he does not hesitate, when the foresight of their ultimate welfare justifies it, to draw still more largely on their faith, in acts of apparent harshness and severity. Time, he knows, will show, though perhaps not till his yearning heart has ceased to beat for their welfare, that all that he did, he did in love. He knows, too, that if his lessons are taken aright, and his children become the good and happy men he wishes them to be, they will say, as they visit his sepulchre, and recall with sorrow the once unappreciated love which animated him, — and perhaps with a sorrow, deeper still, remember the transient resentments caused by a salutary severity: ‘He was indeed a friend; he corrected us not for his pleasure, but for our profit; and what we once thought was caprice or passion, we now *know* was love.’

These analogies afford a true, though most imperfect, representation of the moral discipline to which Supreme Wisdom is subjecting us; and as we are accustomed to despair of any child with whom paternal experience and authority go for nothing, unless he can fully understand the intrinsic *reasons* for every *special* act of duty which that experience and authority dictate; as we are sure that he who has not learned to obey when young will never, when of age, know how to govern either himself or others; so a similar conduct in all the children of dust towards the Father of Spirits justifies a still more gloomy augury; inasmuch as the difference between the knowledge of man and the ignorance of a child, absolutely vanishes, in comparison with that interval which must ever subsist between the knowledge of the Eternal and the ignorance of man.

The remarks that have been made are not uncalled for in the present day. For, unfortunately, it is now easy to detect in many

classes of minds a tendency to divorce Reason from Faith, or Faith from Reason; and to proclaim that 'what God hath joined together' shall henceforth exist in alienation. We see this tendency manifested in relation both to Natural Theology, and to Revealed Religion. The old conflict between the claims of these two guiding principles of man (in no age wholly suppressed) is visibly renewed in our day. In relation to Christianity especially, there are large classes amongst us who press the claims of faith so far, that it would become, if they had their will, an utterly unreasonable faith; some of whom do not scruple to speak slightly of the evidences which substantiate Christianity; to decry and depreciate the study of them; to pronounce that study unnecessary; and even in many cases to insinuate their insufficiency. They are loud in the mean time in extolling a faith which, as Whately truly observes, is no whit better than the faith of a heathen; who has no other or better reason to offer for his religion than that his father told him it was true! But this plainly is not the intelligent faith which, as we have seen, is everywhere inculcated and applauded in the Scriptures; it is not that faith by which Christianity, appealing in the midst of a multitude of such traditional religions, to palpable evidence addressed to men's senses and understandings (in a way no other religion ever did) everywhere destroyed the systems for which their votaries could only say that their fathers told them they were true. And yet this blind belief in such tradition, many advocates of Christianity would now enjoin us to imitate! It might have occurred to them, one would think, that, on their principles, Christianity never could have succeeded; for every mind must have been hopelessly pre-occupied against all examination of its claims. It is, indeed, incomparably better that a man should be a sincere Christian even by an utterly unreasoning and passive faith (if that be possible), than no Christian at all; but at the best, such a man is a possessor of the truth only by accident: he ought to have, and, if he be a sincere disciple of truth, will seek, some more solid grounds for holding it. But it is but too obvious, we fear, that the disposition to enjoin this obsequious mood of mind is prompted by a strong desire to revive the ancient empire of priestcraft and the pretensions of ecclesiastical despotism; to secure re-admission to the human mind of extravagant and preposterous claims, which their advocates are sadly conscious rest on no solid foundation. They feel that as reason is not *with* them, it must be *against* them; and reason therefore they are determined to exclude.

But the experience of the present 'developments' of Oxford teaching may serve to show us how infinitely perilous is this

course; and how fearfully, both outraged reason and outraged faith will avenge the wrongs done them by their alienation and disjunction. Those results, indeed, we predicted in 1843; before a single leader of the Oxford school had gone over to Rome, and before any tendencies to the opposite extreme of Scepticism had manifested themselves. We then affirmed that, on the one hand, those who were contending for the corruptions of the fourth century could not possibly find footing there, but must inevitably seek their ultimate resting place in Rome—a prediction which has been too amply fulfilled; and that, on the other, the extravagant pretensions put forth on behalf of an uninquiring faith, and the desperate assertion that the ‘evidence for Christianity’ was no stronger than that for ‘Church Principles,’ must, by reaction, lead on to an outbreak of infidelity. That prophecy, too, has been to the letter accomplished. We then said,—‘We have seen it recently asserted by some of the Oxford school that there is as much reason for rejecting the most essential doctrines of Christianity—nay Christianity itself—as for rejecting their “church principles.” That, in short, we have as much reason for being infidels as for rejecting the doctrine of Apostolical succession! What other effect such reasoning can have than that of compelling men to believe that there is nothing between infidelity and popery, and of urging them to make a selection between the two, we know not. . . .’ Indeed, we fully expect that, as a reaction of the present extravagancies, of the revival of obsolete superstition, we shall have ere long to fight over again the battle with a modified form of infidelity, as now with a modified form of popery. Thus, probably, for some time to come, will the human mind continue to oscillate between the extremes of error; but with a diminished arc at each vibration; until truth shall at last prevail, and compel it to repose in the centre.’*

The offensive displays of self-sufficiency and flippancy, of ignorance and presumption, found in the productions of the apostles of the new infidelity of Oxford, (of which we shall have a few words to say by-and-by) are the natural and instructive, though most painful, result of attempting to give predominance to one principle of our nature, where two or more are designed reciprocally to guard and check each other; and such results must ever follow such attempts. The excellence of man—so complexly constituted is his nature—*must* consist in the harmonious action and proper balance of all the constituents of that nature; the equilibrium he sighs for must be the

* *Oxford Tract School*, Ed. Rev., April, 1843.

result of the combined action of forces operating in different directions; of his reason, his faith, his appetites, his affections, his emotions; when these operate each in due proportion, then, and then only, can he be at rest. It may, indeed, transcend any calculus of man to estimate exactly the several elements in this complicated polygon of forces; but we are at least sure that, if any one principle be so developed as to supersede another, no safe equipoise will be attained. We all know familiarly enough that this is the case when the affections or the appetites are more powerful than the reason and the conscience, instead of being in subjection to them: but it is not less the case, though the result is not so palpable, when reason and faith either exclude one another, or trench on each other's domain; when one is pampered and the other starved.* Hence the perils attendant upon their attempted separation, and the ruin which results from their actual alienation and hostility. There is no depth of dreary superstition into which men may not sink in the one case, and no extravagance of ignorant presumption to which they may not soar in the other. It is only by the mutual and alternate action of these different forces that man can safely navigate his little bark through the narrow straits and by the dangerous rocks which impede his course; and if Faith spread not the sail to the breeze, or if Reason desert the helm, we are in equal peril.

If it be said that this is a disconsolate and dreary doctrine; that man seeks and needs a simpler navigation than this troublesome and intricate course, by star and chart, compass and lead line; and that this responsibility, of ever

‘Sounding on his dim and perilous way,’

is too grave for so feeble a nature; we answer that such is his actual condition. This is a plain matter of fact which cannot be denied. The various principles of his constitution, and his position in relation to the external world, obviously and absolutely subject him to this very responsibility throughout his whole course in this life. It is never remitted or abated: resolves are necessitated upon imperfect evidence; and action imperatively

* It has been our lot to meet with disciples of the Oxford Tract School, who have, by a fatal indulgence of an appetite of belief, brought themselves to believe any mediæval miracle, nay, any ghost story, without examination, saying, with a solemn face, ‘It is better to believe than to reason.’ They believe as they *will* to believe; and thus is reason avenged. Reason, similarly indulged, believes, with Mr. Foxton and Mr. Froude, that a miracle is even an *impossibility*; and this is the ‘Nemesis’ of faith.

demanding amidst doubts and difficulties in which reason is not satisfied, and faith is required. To argue, therefore, that God cannot have left man to such uncertainty, is to argue, as the pertinacious lawyer did, who, on seeing a man in the stocks, asked him what he was there for; and on being told, said, 'They cannot put you there for *that*.' 'But I *am* here,' was the laconic answer.

The analogy, then, of man's whole condition in this life might lead us to expect the same system of procedure throughout; that the evidence which substantiates *religious* truth, and claims *religious* action, would involve this responsibility as well as that which substantiates *other* kinds of truth, and demands *other* kinds of action. And after all, what else, in either case, could answer the purpose, *if* (as already said) this world be the school of training of man's moral nature? How else could the discipline of his faculties, the exercise of patience, humility, and fortitude, be secured? How, except amidst a state of things less than certainty—whether under the form of that passive faith which *mimics* the possession of absolute certainty, or absolute certainty itself—could man's nature be trained to combined self-reliance and self-distrust, circumspection and resolution, and, above all, to confidence in God? Man cannot be nursed and dandled into the manhood of his nature, by that unthinking faith which leaves no doubts to be felt, and no objections to be weighed; Nor can his docility ever be tested, if he is never called upon to believe any thing which it would not be an absurdity and contradiction to deny. This species of responsibility, then, not only cannot be dispensed with, but is absolutely necessary; and, consequently, however desirable it may appear that we should have furnished to us that short path to certainty which a pretended infallibility* promises to man, or that equally short path which leads to the same termination, by telling us that we are to believe nothing which we cannot *demonstrate* to be true, or which, *à priori*, we may presume to be false, must be a path which leads astray. In the one case, how can the '*reasonable* scruple' which Scripture demands—the enlightened love and con-

* See Archbishop Whately's admirable discourse, entitled 'The Search after Infallibility, considered in reference to the Danger of Religious Errors arising within the Church, in the primitive as well as in all late Ages.' He here makes excellent use of the fruitful principle of Butler's great work, by showing that, however *desirable*, *à priori*, an infallible guide would seem to fallible man, God *in fact* has every where denied it; and that, in denying it in relation to religion, he has acted only as he always acts.

scientious investigation of *truth*—its reception, not without doubts, but against doubts—how could all this co-exist with a faith which presents the whole sum of religion in the formulary, ‘I am to believe without a doubt, and perform without hesitation, whatever my guide, Parson A., tells me?’ Not that, even in that case (as has often been shown), the man would be relieved from the necessity of absolutely depending on the dreaded exercise of his private judgment; for he must at least have exercised it once for all (unless each man is to remit his religion wholly to the accident of his birth), and that on two of the most arduous of all questions: first, *which* of several churches, pretending to infallibility, is truly infallible? and next, whether the man may infallibly regard his worthy Parson A. as an infallible expounder of that infallibility? But, supposing this stupendous difficulty surmounted, though *then*, it is true, all may seem genuine faith, in reality there is none: where absolute infallibility is *supposed* to have been attained (even though erroneously), faith, in strict propriety—certainly *that* faith which is alone of any value as an instrument of men’s moral training,—which recognises and intelligently struggles with objections and difficulties—is impossible. Men may be said, in such case, to *know*, but can hardly be said to believe. Before Columbus had seen America, he *believed* in its existence; but when he *had* seen it, his faith became knowledge. Equally impossible, and for the same reason, is any place for faith on the opposite hypothesis; for if man is to believe nothing but what his reason can comprehend, and to act only upon evidence which amounts to certainty, the same paradox is true; for when there is no reason to doubt, there can be none to believe. Faith ever stands between conflicting probabilities; but her position is (if we may use the metaphor) the centre of gravity between them, and will be proportionably nearer the greater mass.

In the mean time that arduous responsibility which attaches to man, and which is obviated neither by an implicit faith in a human infallibility, nor an exclusive reference of that faith to cases in which reason is synonymous with demonstration, that is, to cases which leave no room for it, is at once relieved, and effectually relieved, by the maxim—the key-stone of all ethical truth—that only voluntary error condemns us;—that all we are really responsible for, is a faithful, honest, patient, investigation and weighing of evidence, as far as our abilities and opportunities admit, and a conscientious pursuit of what we honestly deem truth, wherever it may lead us. We concede that a really dispassionate and patient conduct in this respect is what man is too ready to assume he has practised,—and this fallacy cannot be

too sedulously guarded against. But that guilty liability to self-deception, does not militate against the truth of the representation now made. It is his *duty* to see that he does not abuse the maxim, — that he does not rashly acquiesce in any conclusion that he *wishes* to be true, or which he is too lazy to examine. If all possible diligence and honesty have been exerted in the search, the statement of Chillingworth, bold as it is, we should not hesitate to adopt, in all the vigour of his own language. It is to the effect, that if ‘in him alone there were a confluence of all the errors which have befallen the sincere professors of Christianity, he should not be so much afraid of them, as to ask God’s pardon for them;’ absolutely involuntary error being justly regarded by him as blameless.

On the other hand, we firmly believe, from the natural relations of truth with the constitution of the mind of man, that, with the exception of a very few cases of obliquity of intellect, which may safely be left to the merciful interpretations and apologies of Him who created such intellects, those who thus honestly and industriously ‘seek’ shall ‘find;’ — not all truth, indeed, but enough to secure their safety; and that whatever remaining errors may infest and disfigure the truth they have attained, they shall not be imputed to them for sin. According to the image which apostolic eloquence has employed, the baser materials which unavoidable haste, prejudice, and ignorance may have incorporated with the gold of the edifice, will be consumed by the fire which ‘will try every man’s work of what sort it is,’ but he himself will be saved amidst those purifying flames. Like the bark which contained the Apostle and the fortunes of the Gospel, the frail vessel may go to pieces on the rocks, but ‘by boat or plank’ the voyager himself shall ‘get safe to shore.’

It is amply sufficient, then, to lighten our responsibility, that we are answerable only for our honest endeavours to discover and to practise the truth; and, in fact, the responsibility is principally felt to be irksome, and man is so prompt by devices of his own, to release himself from it, not on account of any intrinsic difficulty which remains after the above limitations are admitted, but because he wishes to be exempted from that very necessity of patient and honest investigation. It is not so much the difficulty of *finding*, as the trouble of *seeking* the truth, from which he shrinks; a necessity, however, from which, as it is an essential instrument of his moral education and discipline, he can never be released.

If the previous representations be true, the conditions of that intelligent faith which God requires from his intelligent

offspring, may be fairly inferred to be such as we have already stated ;— that the evidence for the truths we are to believe shall be, first, such as our faculties are competent to appreciate, and against which, therefore, the mere negative argument arising from our ignorance of the true solution of such difficulties, as are, perhaps, insoluble because we are finite, can be no reply ; and, secondly, such an amount of this evidence as shall fairly overbalance all the objections which we *can* appreciate. This is the condition to which God has obviously subjected us as inhabitants of this world ; and it is on such evidence we are here perpetually acting. We now believe a thousand things we cannot fully comprehend. We may not see the *intrinsic* evidence of their truth, but their *extrinsic* evidence is sufficient to induce us unhesitatingly to believe, and to act upon them. When that evidence is sufficient in amount, we allow it to overbear *all* the individual difficulties and perplexities which hang round the truths to which it is applied, unless, indeed, such difficulties can be *proved* to involve absolute contradictions ; for these, of course, no evidence can substantiate. For example, in a thousand cases, a certain combination of merely circumstantial evidence in favour of a certain judicial decision, is familiarly allowed to vanquish all apparent discrepancy on particular and subordinate points ;—the want of concurrence in the evidence of the witnesses on such points shall not cause a shadow of a doubt as to the conclusion. For we feel that it is far more improbable that the conclusion should be untrue, than that the difficulty we cannot solve is truly incapable of a solution ; and when the evidence reaches this point the objection no longer troubles us.

It is the same with historic investigations. There are ten thousand facts in history which no one doubts, though the narrators of them may materially vary in their version, and though some of the circumstances alleged may be in appearance inexplicable. But the last thing a man would think of doing, in such cases, would be to neglect the preponderant evidence on account of the residuum of insoluble objections. He does not, in short, allow his ignorance to control his knowledge, nor the evidence which he has not got to destroy what he has ; and the less so, that experience has taught him that in many cases such apparent difficulties have been cleared up, in the course of time, and by the progress of knowledge, and proved to be contradictions in appearance only.

It is the same with the conclusions of natural philosophy, when well proved by experiment, however unaccountable for awhile may be the discrepancy with apparently opposing phenomena.

No one disbelieves the Copernican theory now; though thousands did for awhile, on what they believed the irrefragable evidence of their senses. Now, let us only suppose the Copernican theory not to have been discovered by human reason, but made known by revelation, and its reception enjoined on faith, leaving the apparent inconsistency with the evidence of the senses just as it was. Thousands, no doubt, would have said, that no such evidence *could* justify them in disbelieving their own eyes, and that such an insoluble objection was sufficient to overturn the evidence. Yet we now see, in point of fact, that it is not only possible, but true, that the objection was apparent only, and admits of a complete solution. Thousands accordingly receive philosophy — this very philosophy — on testimony which apparently contradicts their senses, without even yet knowing more of it than if it *were* revealed from heaven. This gives too much reason to suspect, that in other and higher cases, the *will* has much to do with human scepticism. Nor do we well know what thousands who neglect religion on account of the alleged uncertainty of its evidence could reply, if God were to say to them, ‘And yet on *such* evidence, and that far inferior in degree, you have never hesitated to *act*, when your own temporal interests were concerned. You never feared to commit the bark of your worldly fortunes to that fluctuating element. In many cases you believed on the testimony of others what seemed even to contradict your own senses. Why were you so much more scrupulous in relation to ME?’

The above examples are fair illustrations, we venture to think, of the conditions under which we are required to believe the far higher truths, attended no doubt with great difficulties, which are authenticated in the pages of the two volumes (Nature and Scripture) which God has put into our hands to study; of the conditions to which He subjects us in training us for a future state, and developing in us the twofold perfection involved in the words ‘a reasonable faith.’ If the considerations just urged were duly borne in mind, we cannot help thinking that they would afford (where any modesty remained) an answer to most of those forms of unbelief which, from time to time, rise up in the world, and not least in our own day. These are usually founded on one or more supposed insoluble objections, arising out of our ignorance. The probability that they *are* incapable of solution is rashly assumed, and made to overbear the far stronger probability arising from the positive and appreciable evidence which substantiates the truths involved in those difficulties: a course the more unreasonable inasmuch as — first, many such difficulties might be *expected*; and, secondly, in

analogous cases, we see that many such difficulties have in time disappeared. On the other hand, it is, no doubt, much more easy to insist on individual objections, which no man can effectually answer, than it is to appreciate at once the *total effect* of many lines of argument, and many sources of evidence, all bearing on one point. That difficulty was long ago beautifully stated by Butler*, in a passage well worthy of the reader's perusal; and as Pascal had observed before him, not only is it difficult, but impossible, for the human mind to *retain* the impression of a large combination of evidence, even if it could for a moment *fully* realise the collective *effect* of the whole. But it cannot do even this, any more than the eye can take in at once, in mass and detail, the objects of an extensive landscape.

Let us now be permitted briefly to apply the preceding principles to two of the greatest controversies which have exercised the minds of men; that which relates to the existence of God, and that which relates to the truth of Christianity; in both of which, if we mistake not, man's position is precisely similar — placed, that is, amidst evidence abundantly sufficient to justify his reasonable faith, and yet attended with difficulties abundantly sufficient to baffle an indocile reason.

Without entering into the many different sources of argument for the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, we shall only refer to that proof on which all theists, savage and civilised, in some form or other, rely — the traces of an 'eternal power and godhead' in the visible creation. The argument depends on a principle which, whatever may be its metaphysical history or origin, is one which man perpetually recognises, which every act of his own consciousness verifies, which he applies fearlessly to every phenomenon, known or unknown; and it is this, — That every effect has a cause (though he knows nothing of their connexion), and that effects which bear marks of design have a designing cause. This principle is so familiar that if he were to affect to doubt it in any *practical* case in human life, he would only be laughed at as

* 'The truth of our religion, like the truth of common matters, is to be judged of by all the evidence taken together. And, unless the whole series of things which may be alleged in this argument, and every particular thing in it, can reasonably be supposed to have been by accident (for here the stress of the argument for Christianity lies), then is the truth of it proved. . . . It is obvious how much advantage the nature of this evidence gives to those persons who attack Christianity, especially in conversation. For it is easy to show in a short and lively manner that such and such things are liable to objection; but impossible to show, in like manner, the united force of the whole argument in one view.' — *Analogy*, part II. chap. vii.

a fool, or pitied as insane. The evidence, then, which substantiates the greatest and first of truths mainly depends on a principle perfectly familiar and perfectly recognised. Man can estimate the *nature* of that evidence; and the *amount* of it, in this instance, he sees to be as vast as the sum of created objects;—nay, far more, for it is as vast as the sum of their relations. So that if (as is apt to be the case) the difficulties of realising this tremendous truth are in proportion to the extent of knowledge and the powers of reflection, the evidence we can perfectly appreciate is cumulative in an equal or still higher proportion. Obvious as are the marks of design in each individual object, the sum of proof is not merely the sum of such indications, but that sum infinitely multiplied by the relations established and preserved amongst all these objects; by the adjustment which harmonises them all into one system, and impresses on all the parts of the universe a palpable order and subordination. While even in a single part of an organised being (as a hand or an eye) the traces of design are not to be mistaken, these are indefinitely multiplied by similar proofs of contrivance in the many individual organs of one such being—as of an entire animal or vegetable. These are yet to be multiplied by the harmonious relations which are established of mutual proportion and subserviency amongst all the organs of any one such being: And as many beings even of that one species or class as there are, so many multiples are there of the same proofs. Similar indications yield similar proofs of design in each individual *part*, and in the *whole* individual of *all* the individuals of every other class of beings; and this sum of proof is again to be multiplied by the proofs of design in the adjustment and mutual dependence and subordination of each of these *classes* of organised beings to every other, and to all; of the vegetable to the animal—of the lower animal to the higher. Their magnitudes, numbers, physical force, faculties, functions, duration of life, rates of multiplication and development, sources of subsistence, must all have been determined in exact ratios, and could not transgress certain limits without involving the whole universe in confusion. This amazing sum of probabilities is yet to be further augmented by the fact that all these classes of organised substances are intimately related to those great elements of the material world in which they live, to which they are adapted, and which are adapted to them; that all of them are subject to the influence of certain mighty and subtle agencies which pervade all nature,—and which are of such tremendous potency that any *chance* error in their proportions of

activity would be sufficient to destroy all, and which yet are exquisitely balanced and inscrutably harmonised.

The proofs of design arising from the relations thus maintained between all the parts, from the most minute to the most vast, of our own world, are still to be further multiplied by the inconceivably momentous relations subsisting between our own and other planets and their common centre ; amidst whose sublime and solemn phenomena science has most clearly discovered that every thing is accurately adjusted by geometrical precision of force and movement ; where the *chances* of error are infinite, and the proofs of intelligence, therefore, equal. These proofs of design in each fragment of the universe, and in all combined, are continually further multiplied by every fresh discovery, whether in the minute or the vast — by the microscope or the telescope ; for every fresh law that is discovered, being in harmony with all that has previously been discovered, not only yields its own proof of design, but infinitely more, by all the relations in which it stands to other laws : it yields, in fact, as many as there are adjustments which have been effected between itself and all besides. Each new proof of design, therefore, is not a solitary fact ; but one which, entering as another element into a most complex machinery, indefinitely multiplies the combinations, in any one of which chance might have gone astray. From this infinite array of proofs of design, it seems to man's reason, in ordinary moods, stark madness to account for the phenomena of the universe upon any other supposition than that which does account, and can alone account, for them all, — the supposition of a Presiding Intelligence, illimitable alike in power and in wisdom.

The only difficulty is justly to appreciate such an argument — to obtain a sufficiently vivid impression of such an accumulation of probabilities. This very difficulty, indeed, in some moods, may minister to a temporary doubt. For let us catch man in those moods, — perhaps after long meditation on the metaphysical grounds of human belief, — and he begins to doubt, with unusual modesty, whether the child of dust is warranted to conclude *anything* on a subject which loses itself in the infinite, and which so far transcends all his powers of apprehension ; he begins half to doubt, with Hume, whether he can reason analogically from the petty specimens of human ingenuity to phenomena so vast and so unique ; a misgiving which is strengthened by reflecting on all those to him incomprehensible inferences to which the *admission* of the argument leads him, and which seem almost to involve contradictions. Let him ponder for awhile the ideas involved in the notion of Self-subsistence, Eternity, Creation ; of Power, Wisdom, and Know-

ledge, so unlimited as to embrace at once all things, and all their relations, actual and possible,—this ‘unlimited’ expanding into a dim apprehension of the ‘infinite’;—of infinitude of attributes, omnipresent in every point of space, and yet but one and not many infinitudes;—let him once humbly ponder such incomprehensible difficulties as these, and he will soon feel that though in the argument from design, there seemed but one vast scene of triumph for his reason, there is as large a scene of exertion left for his faith. That faith he ordinarily yields; he sees it is justified by those proofs of the great truth he can appreciate, and which he will not allow to be controlled by the difficulties his conscious feebleness cannot solve; and the rather, that he sees that if he does *not* accept that evidence, he has equally incomprehensible difficulties to encounter, and two or three stark contradictions into the bargain. His reason, therefore, triumphs in the proofs, and his faith triumphs over the difficulties.

It is the same with the doctrine of the Divine government of the world. In ordinary states of mind man counts it an absurdity to suppose that the Deity would have created a world to abandon it; that, having employed wisdom and power so vast in its construction, he would leave it to be the sport of chance. He feels that the intuitions of right and wrong; the voice of conscience; satisfaction in well-doing; remorse for crime; the present *tendency*, at least, of the laws of the universe,—all point to the same conclusion, while their imperfect fulfilment equally points to a future and more accurate adjustment. Yet let the man look exclusively for awhile on the opposite side of the tapestry; let him brood over any of the facts which seem at war with the above conclusion; on some signal triumph of baseness and malignity; on oppressed virtue, on triumphant vice; on ‘the wicked spreading himself like a green bay tree;’ and especially on the mournful and inscrutable mystery of the ‘Origin of Evil,’ and he feels that ‘clouds and darkness’ envelope the administration of the Moral Governor, though ‘justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.’ The evidences above mentioned for the last conclusion are direct and positive, and such as man can appreciate; the difficulties spring from his limited capacity, or imperfect glimpses of a very small segment of the universal plan. Nor are those difficulties less upon the opposite hypothesis; and they are there further burdened with two or three additional absurdities. The preponderant evidence, far from removing the difficulties, scarcely touches them—yet it is felt to be sufficient to *justify* faith, though most abundant faith is required still.

Are the evidences, then, in behalf of Christianity less of a nature

which man can appreciate? or *can* the difficulties involved in its reception be greater than in the preceding cases? If not, and if, moreover, while the evidence turns as before on principles with which we are familiar, the more formidable objections, as before, are such that we are not competent to decide upon their absolute insolubility, we see how man ought to act; that is, not to let his ignorance control his knowledge, but to let his reason accept the proofs which justify his faith, in accepting the difficulties. In no case is he, it appears, warranted to look for the certainty which shall exclude (whatever the triumphs of his reason) a gigantic exercise of his faith. Let us briefly consider a few of the evidences. And in order to give the statement a little novelty, we shall indicate the principal topics of evidence, not by enumerating what the advocate of Christianity believes in believing it to be true, but what the infidel *must* believe in believing it to be false. The *à priori* objection to Miracles we shall briefly touch afterwards.

First, then, in relation to the Miracles of the New Testament, whether they be supposed masterly frauds on men's senses committed at the time and by the parties supposed in the records, or fictions (designed or accidental) subsequently fabricated — but still, in either case, undeniably successful and triumphant beyond all else in the history whether of fraud or fiction — the infidel must believe as follows: On the *first* hypothesis, he must believe that a vast number of apparent miracles — involving the most astounding phenomena — such as the instant restoration of the sick, blind, deaf, and lame, and the resurrection of the dead — performed in open day, amidst multitudes of malignant enemies — imposed alike on *all*, and triumphed at once over the strongest prejudices and the deepest enmity; — those who received them and those who rejected them differing only in the certainly not very trifling particular — as to whether they came from heaven or from hell. He must believe that those who were thus successful in this extraordinary conspiracy against men's senses and against common sense, were Galilæan Jews, such as all history of the period represents them; ignorant, obscure, illiterate; and, above all, previously bigoted, like all their countrymen, to the very system, of which, together with all other religions on the earth, they modestly meditated the abrogation; he must believe that, appealing to these astounding frauds in the face both of Jews and Gentiles as an open evidence of the truth of a new revelation, and demanding on the strength of them, that their countrymen should surrender a religion which they acknowledged to be divine, and that all other nations should abandon

their scarcely less venerable systems of superstition, they rapidly succeeded in both these very probable adventures; and in a few years, though without arms, power, wealth, or science, were to an enormous extent victorious over all prejudice, philosophy, and persecution; and in three centuries took nearly undisputed possession, amongst many nations, of the temples of the ejected deities. He must farther believe that the original performers, in these prodigious frauds on the world, acted not only without any assignable motive, but against all assignable motive; that they maintained this uniform constancy in unprofitable falsehoods, not only together, but separately, in different countries, before different tribunals, under all sorts of examinations and cross-examinations, and in defiance of the gyves, the scourge, the axe, the cross, the stake; that those whom they persuaded to join their enterprise, persisted like themselves in the same obstinate belief of the same 'cunningly 'devised' frauds; and though they had many accomplices in their singular conspiracy, had the equally singular fortune to free themselves and their coadjutors from all transient weakness towards their cause and treachery towards one another; and, lastly, that these men, having, amidst all their ignorance, originality enough to invent the most pure and sublime system of morality which the world has ever listened to, had, amidst all their conscious villany, the effrontery to preach it, and, which is more extraordinary, the inconsistency to practise it!*

On the *second* of the above-mentioned hypotheses, that these miracles were either a congeries of deeply contrived fictions, or accidental *myths*, subsequently invented, the infidel must believe, on the *former* supposition, that, though even transient success in literary forgery, when there are any prejudices to resist, is among the rarest of occurrences; yet that *these* forgeries — the hazardous work of many minds, making the most outrageous pretensions, and necessarily challenging the opposition of Jew and Gentile, were successful, beyond all imagination, over the hearts of mankind; and have continued to impose, by an exquisite appearance of artless truth, and a most elaborate mosaic of feigned events artfully cemented into the ground of true history, on the acutest minds of different races and different ages; while, on the *second* supposition, he must believe that

* So far as we have any knowledge from history, this must have been the case; and Gibbon fully admits and insists upon it. Indeed, no infidel hypothesis can afford to do without the virtues of the early Christians in accounting for the success of the falsehoods of Christianity. Hard alternatives of a wayward hypothesis!

accident and chance have given to these legends their exquisite appearance of historic plausibility; and on *either* supposition, he must believe (what is still more wonderful) that the world, while the fictions were being published, and in the known absence of the facts they asserted to be true, suffered itself to be befooled *into* the belief of their truth, and *out* of its belief of all the systems it *did* previously believe to be true; and that it acted thus notwithstanding persecution from without, as well as prejudice from within; that, strange to say, the strictest historic investigations bring this compilation of fictions or myths—even by the admission of Strauss himself—within thirty or forty years of the very time in which all the alleged wonders they relate are said to have occurred; wonders which the perverse world knew it had *not* seen, but which it was determined to believe in spite of evidence, prejudice, and persecution! In addition to all this, the infidel must believe that the men who were engaged in the compilation of these monstrous fictions, chose them as the vehicle of the purest morality; and, though the most pernicious deceivers of mankind, were yet the most scrupulous preachers of veracity and benevolence! Surely of him, who can receive all these paradoxes—and they form but a small part of what might be mentioned—we may say, ‘O infidel, great is thy Faith!’

On the supposition that neither of these theories, whether of fraud or fiction, will account, if taken by itself, for the whole of the supernatural phenomena, which strew the pages of the New Testament, then the objector, who relies on *both*, must believe, in turn, *both* sets of the above paradoxes; and then, with still more reason than before, may we exclaim, ‘O infidel, great is thy Faith!’

Again; he must believe that *all* those apparent coincidences, which *seem* to connect Prophecy with the *facts* of the origin and history of Christianity,—some, embracing events too vast for hazardous speculations, and others, incidents too minute for it,—are purely fortuitous; that *all* the cases in which the event seems to tally with the prediction, are mere chance coincidences: and he must believe this, amongst other events, of two of the most *unlikely* to which human sagacity was *likely* to pledge itself, and yet which have as undeniably occurred, (and *after* the predictions) as they were *à priori* improbable and anomalous in the world’s history; the one is that the Jews should exist as a distinct nation in the very bosom of all other nations, without extinction and without amalgamation,—other nations and even races having so readily melted away under less

than half the influences which have been at work upon them*; the other, an opposite paradox,—that a religion, propagated by ignorant, obscure, and penniless vagabonds, should diffuse itself amongst the most diverse nations in spite of all opposition,—it being the rarest of phenomena to find *any* religion which is capable of transcending the limits of race, clime, and the scene of its historic origin; a religion which, if transplanted, will not die; a religion which is more than a local or national growth of superstition! That *such* a religion as Christianity should so easily break these barriers, and though supposed to be cradled in ignorance, fanaticism, and fraud, should, without force of arms, and in the face of persecution, ‘ride forth conquering and to conquer,’ through a long career of victories, defying the power of kings and emptying the temples of deities,—who, but an *infidel*, has *faith* enough to believe?†

Once more then; if, from the external evidences of this religion, we pass to those which the only records by which we know any thing of its nature and origin supplies, the infidel must believe, amongst other paradoxes, that it is *probable* that a knot of obscure and despised plebeians—regarded as the scum of a nation which was itself regarded as the scum of all other nations—originated the purest, most elevated, and most *influential* theory of ethics the world has ever seen; that a system of sublimest truth, expressed with unparalleled simplicity, sprang from ignorance; that precepts enjoining the most refined sanctity were inculcated by imposture; that the first injunctions to

* The case of the Gipsies, often alleged as a parallel, is a ludicrous evasion of the argument. These few and scattered vagabonds, whose very safety has been obscurity and contempt, have never attracted towards them a thousandth part of the attention, or the hundred thousandth part of the cruelties, which have been directed against the Jews. Had it been otherwise, they would long since have melted away from every country in Europe. We repeat that the existence of a nation for 1800 years in the bosom of all nations, conquered and persecuted, yet never extinguished, and the propagation of a religion amongst *different* races without force, and even against it,—are both, so far as known, paradoxes in history.

† ‘They may say,’ says Butler, ‘that the conformity between the prophecies and the event is by accident; but there are many instances in which such conformity itself cannot be denied.’ His whole remarks on the subject, and especially those on the *impression* to be derived from the *multitude* of apparent coincidences, in a long series of prophecies, some vast, some minute; and the improbability of their all being accidental, are worthy of his comprehensive genius. It is on the effect of the *whole*, not on single coincidences, that the argument depends.

universal love broke from the lips of bigotry! He must further believe that these men exemplified the ideal perfection of that beautiful system in the most unique, original, and faultless picture of virtue ever conceived—a picture which has extorted the admiration even of those who could not believe it to be a *portrait*, and who have yet confessed themselves unable to account for it *except* as such.* He must believe, too, that these ignorant and fraudulent Galileans voluntarily aggravated the difficulty of their task, by exhibiting their proposed ideal, not by bare enumeration and description of qualities, but by the most arduous of all methods of representation—that of dramatic action; and, what is more, that they succeeded; that in that representation they undertook to make him act with sublime consistency in scenes of the most extraordinary character and the most touching pathos, and utter moral truth in the most exquisite actions in which such truth was ever embodied; and that again they succeeded; that so ineffably rich in genius were these obscure wretches, that no less than *four* of them were found equal to this intellectual achievement; and while each has told many events, and given many traits which the others have omitted, that they have all performed their task in the same unique style of invention and the same unearthly tone of art; that one and all, while preserving each his own individuality, has, nevertheless, attained a certain majestic simplicity of style unlike any thing else (not only in any writings of their own nation, *except* their alleged sacred writings, and infinitely superior to any thing which their successors, Jews or Christians, though with the advantage of these models, could ever attain,) but, unlike any acknowledged human writings in the world, and possessing the singular property of being capable of ready transfusion, without the loss of a thought or a grace, into every language spoken by man: he must believe that these fabricators of fiction, in common with the many other contributors to the New Testament, most insanely added to the difficulty of their task by delivering the whole in fragments and in

* To Christ alone, of all the characters ever portrayed to man, belongs that assemblage of qualities which *equally* attract love and veneration; to him alone belong in perfection those rare traits which the Roman historian, with affectionate flattery, attributes too absolutely to the merely mortal object of his eulogy: ‘*Nec illi, quod est rarissimum, aut facilitas auctoritatem, aut severitas amorem, de-minuit.*’ Still more beautiful is the Apostle’s description of superiority to all human failings, with ineffable pity for human sorrows: ‘He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, though without sin.’

the most various kinds of composition,—in biography, history, travels, and familiar letters; incorporating and interfusing with the whole an amazing number of minute facts, historic allusions, and specific references to persons, places, and dates, as if for the very purpose of supplying posterity with the easy means of detecting their impositions: he must believe that, in spite of their thus encountering what Paley calls the ‘danger of scattering names and circumstances in writings where nothing but ‘truth can preserve consistency,’ they so happily succeeded, that whole volumes have been employed in pointing out their latent and often most recondite congruities; many of them lying so deep, and coming out after such comparison of various passages and collateral lights, that they could never have answered the purposes of fraud, even if the most prodigious genius for fraud had been equal to the fabrication; congruities which, in fact, were never suspected to exist till they were expressly elicited by the attacks of infidelity, and were evidently never thought of by the writers; he must believe that they were profoundly sagacious enough to construct such a fabric of artful harmonies, and yet such simpletons as, by doing infinitely more than was necessary, to encounter infinite risks of detection, to no purpose; sagacious enough to out-do all that sagacity has ever done, as shown by the effects, and yet not sagacious enough to be merely *specious*: and finally, he must believe that these illiterate impostors had the art in all their various writings, which evidently proceed from different minds, to preserve the same inimitable marks of reality, truth, and nature in their narrations—the miraculous and the ordinary alike—and to assume and preserve, with infinite ease, amidst their infinite impostures, the tone and air of undissembled earnestness.*

If, on the other hand, he supposes that all the congruities of which we have spoken, were the effect not of fraudulent design, but of happy accident,—that they arranged themselves in spontaneous harmony—he must believe that chance has done what even the most prodigious powers of invention could not do. And lastly, he must believe that these same illiterate men, who were capable of so much, were also capable of projecting a system of doctrine singularly remote from all ordinary and previous speculation; of discerning the necessity of taking under their special patronage those *passive* virtues which man least loved, and found it most difficult to cultivate; and of exhibiting, in their preference

Was there ever in truth a man who could read the appeals of Paul to his converts, and doubt either that the letters were real or that the man was in earnest? We scarcely venture to think it.

of the spiritual to the ceremonial, and their treatment of many of the most delicate questions of practical ethics and casuistry, a justness and elevation of sentiment as alien as possible from the superstition and fanaticism of their predecessors who had corrupted the Law—and the superstition and fanaticism of their followers, who very soon corrupted the Gospel; and that they, and they alone, rose above the strong tendencies to the extravagances which had been so conspicuous during the past, and were soon to be as conspicuous in the future. — These and a thousand other paradoxes (arising out of the supposition that Christianity is the fraudulent or fictitious product of such an age, country, and, above all, such men as the problem limits us to), must the infidel receive, and receive all at once; and of him who *can* receive them we can but once more declare that so far from having no ‘faith,’ he rather possesses the ‘faith’ which removes ‘mountains!’—only it appears that his faith, like that of Rome or of Oxford, is a faith which excludes reason.

On the other hand, to him who accepts Christianity, none of these paradoxes present themselves. On the supposition of the truth of the miracles and the prophecies, he does not wonder at its origin or success; and as little does he wonder at all the literary and intellectual achievements of its early chroniclers—if their elevation of sentiment was from a divine source, and if the artlessness, harmony, and reality of their narratives was the simple effect of the consistency of truth, and of transcription from the life.

Now, on the other hand, what are the chief objections which reconcile the infidel to his enormous burden of paradoxes, and which appear to the Christian far less invincible than the paradoxes themselves? They are, especially with all modern infidelity, objections to the *à priori* improbability of the doctrines revealed, and of the miracles which sustain them. Now, here we come to the very distinction on which we have already insisted, and which is so much insisted on by Butler. The evidence which *sustains* Christianity is all such as man is competent to consider; and is precisely of the same nature as that which enters into his every-day calculations of probability; while the objections are founded entirely on our ignorance and presumption. They suppose that we know more of the modes of the divine administration—of what God may have permitted, of what is possible and impossible, of the ultimate development of an imperfectly developed system, and of its relations to the entire universe,—than we do or can know.*

* The possible implication of Christianity with distant regions of the universe, and the dim hints which Scripture seems to throw out

Of these objections the most widely felt and the most specious, especially in our day, is the assumption that miracles are an *impossibility**; and yet we will venture to say that there is none more truly unphilosophical. That miracles are *improbable*, viewed in relation to the experience of the individual or of the mass of men, is granted; for if they were not, they would, as Paley says, be no miracles; an every-day miracle is none. But that they are either impossible or so improbable that, if they *were* wrought, no evidence could establish them, is another matter. The first allegation involves a curious limitation of omnipotence; and the second affirms in *effect*, that, if God were to work a miracle, it would be our *duty* to disbelieve him!

We repeat our firm conviction that this *à priori* presumption against miracles is but a vulgar illusion of one of Bacon's *idola tribus*. So far from being disposed to admit the principle that a 'miracle is an impossibility,' we shall venture on what may seem to some a paradox, but which we are convinced is a truth,—that the time will come, and is coming, when even those who shall object to the *evidence* which sustains the Christian miracles will acknowledge that philosophy *requires* them to admit that men have no ground whatever to dogmatise on the antecedent impossibility of miracles in general; and that not merely because, if theists at all, they will see the absurdity of this assertion, while they admit that the present order of things had a *beginning*; and, if Christians at all, the equal absurdity of the assertion, while they admit that it will have an *end*;—not only because the geologist will have familiarised the world with the idea of successive interventions, and, in fact, distinct creative acts, having all the nature of miracles;—not only, we say, for these special reasons, but for a more general one. The true philosopher will see that, with his limited experience and that of all his contemporaries, he has no right to dogmatise about all that may have been permitted or will be permitted in the Divine administration of the universe; he will see that those who with one voice denied, about half a century ago, the existence of aerolites, and summarily dismissed all the alleged facts as a silly fable, because it contradicted *their* experience,—that those who

as to such implication, are beautifully treated in the 4th, 5th, and 6th of Chalmers's 'Astronomical Discourses;' and we need not tell the reader of Butler how much he insists upon similar considerations.

* It is, as we shall see, the avowed axiom of Strauss; he even acknowledges, that if it be not true, he would not think it worth while to discredit the history of the Evangelists; that is, the history *must* be discredited, because he has resolved that a miracle is an impossibility!

refused to admit the Copernican theory because, as they said, it manifestly contradicted *their* experience,—that the schoolboy who refuses to admit the first law of motion because, as he says, it gives the lie to all *his* experience,—that the Oriental prince (whose scepticism Hume vainly attempts, on his principle, to meet) who denied the possibility of ice because it contradicted *his* experience,—and, in the same manner, that the men who, with Dr. Strauss, lay down the dictum that a miracle is *impossible* and a *contradiction* because it contradicts *their* experience,—have all been alike contravening the first principles of the modest philosophy of Bacon, and have fallen into one of the most ordinary illusions against which he has warned us; namely, that that cannot be true which seems in contradiction to our *own* experience. We confidently predict that the day will come when the favourite argument of many a so-called philosopher in this matter will be felt to be the philosophy of the vulgar only; and that though many may, even then, deny that the testimony which supports the Scripture miracles is equal to the task, they will all alike abandon the axiom which supersedes the necessity of at all examining such evidence, by asserting that no evidence can establish them.

While on this subject, we may notice a certain fantastical tone of depreciation of miracles as an evidence of Christianity, which is occasionally adopted even by some who do not deny the possibility or probability, or even the fact, of their occurrence. They affirm them to be of little moment, and represent them—with an exquisite affectation of metaphysical propriety—as totally incapable of convincing men of any *moral truth*; upon the ground that there is no natural relation between any displays of *physical power* and any such truth. Now without denying that the nature of the doctrine is a criterion, and must be taken into account in judging of the reality of any alleged miracle, we have but two things to reply to this: first, that, as Paley says in relation to the question whether *any* accumulation of testimony can establish a miraculous fact, we are content ‘to try the theorem upon a simple case,’ and affirm that man is so constituted that if he himself sees the blind restored to sight and the dead raised, under such circumstances as exclude all doubt of fraud on the part of others and all mistake on his own, he will uniformly associate authority with such displays of superhuman power; and, secondly, that the notion in question is in direct contravention of the language and spirit of Christ himself, who *expressly* suspends his claims to men’s belief and the authority of his doctrines on the fact of his miracles. ‘The works that I do in my Father’s name, they bear witness of me.’ ‘If ye be-

'lieve not me, believe *my works*.' 'If I had not come among them, *and done the works that none other man did*, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin.'

We have enumerated some of the paradoxes which infidelity is required to believe; and the old-fashioned, open, intelligible infidelity of the last century accepted them, and rejected Christianity accordingly. That was a self-consistent, simple, ingenuous thing, compared with those monstrous forms of credulous reason, incredulous faith, metaphysical mysticism, even Christian Pantheism — so many varieties of which have sprung out of the incubation of German rationalism and German philosophy upon the New Testament. The advocates of these systems, after adopting the most formidable of the above paradoxes of infidelity, and (notwithstanding the frequent boast of *originality*) depending mainly on the *same* objections, and defending them by the very *same* critical arguments*, delude themselves with the idea that they have but purified and embalmed Christianity; not aware that they have first made a mummy of it. They are so greedy of paradox, that they, in fact, aspire to be Christians and infidels at the same time. Proclaiming the miracles of Christianity to be *illusions* of imagination or *mythical* legends, — the inspiration of its records no other or greater than that of Homer's 'Iliad,' or even 'Æsop's Fables;' — rejecting the whole of that supernatural element with which the only records which can tell us any thing about the matter are full; declaring its whole history so uncertain that the ratio of truth to error must be a vanishing fraction; — the advocates of these systems yet proceed to rant and rave — they are really the only words we know which can express our

* The main *objection*, both with the old and the new forms of infidelity, is, that against the *miracles*; the main *arguments* with both, those which attempt to show their *antecedent impossibility*; and *criticism* directed against the credulity of the records which contain them. The principal *difference* is, that modern infidelity shrinks from the coarse imputation of fraud and imposture on the founders of Christianity; and prefers the theory of *illusion* or *myth* to that of deliberate fraud. But with this exception, which touches only the personal character of the founders of Christianity, the case remains the same. The same postulates and the same arguments are made to yield substantially the same conclusion. For, all that is supernatural in Christianity and all credibility in its records, vanish equally on either assumption. Nor is even the modern *mode* of interpreting many of the miracles (as *illusions* or legends) unknown to the elder infidelity; only it more consistently felt that neither the one theory nor the other, could be trusted to *alone*. *Velis et remis* was its motto.

sense of their absurdity — in a most edifying vein about the divinity of Christianity, and to reveal to us its *true* glories. ‘Christ,’ says Strauss, ‘is not an individual, but an *idea*; that is to say, *humanity*. In the *human race* behold the God-made-man! behold the child of the visible virgin and the invisible Father! — *that is*, of matter and of mind; behold the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Sinless One; behold him who dies, who is raised again, who mounts into the heavens! Believe in *this* Christ! In his death, his resurrection, man is justified before God!’*

Whether it be the Rationalism of Paulus, or the Rationalism of Strauss — whether that which declares all that is supernatural in Christianity (forming the bulk of its history) to be illusion, or that which declares it myth, — the conclusions can be made out only by a system of interpretation which can be compared to nothing but the wildest dreams and allegorical systems of some of the early Fathers†; while the results themselves are either those elementary principles of ethics for which there was no need to invoke a revelation at all, or some mystico-metaphysical philosophy, expressed in language as unintelligible as the veriest gibberish of the Alexandrian Platonists. In fact, by

* Such is Quinet’s brief statement of Strauss’s mystico-mythical Christianity, founded on the Hegelian philosophy. For a fuller, we dare not say a more intelligible, account of it in Strauss’s own words, and the metaphysical mysteries on which it depends, the reader may consult Dr. Beard’s translation; — pp. 44, 45. of his Essay entitled ‘Strauss, Hegel, and their Opinions.’

† Of the mode of accounting for the supernatural occurrences in the Scriptures by the illusion produced by mistaken natural phenomena, (perhaps the most stupidly jejune of all the theories ever projected by man), Quinet eloquently says, ‘The pen which wrote the Provincial Letters would be necessary to lay bare the strange consequences of this theology. According to its conclusion, the tree of good and evil was nothing but a venomous plant, probably a manchineal tree, under which our first parents fell asleep. The shining face of Moses on the heights of Mount Sinai was the natural result of electricity; the vision of Zachariah was effected by the smoke of the chandeliers in the temple; the Magian kings, with their offerings of myrrh, of gold, and of incense, were three wandering merchants, who brought some glittering tinsel to the Child of Bethlehem; the star which went before them a servant bearing a flambeau; the angels in the scene of the temptation, a caravan traversing the desert, laden with provisions; the two angels in the tomb, clothed in white linen, an illusion caused by a linen garment; the Transfiguration, a storm.’ Who would not sooner be an old-fashioned infidel than such a doting and maundering rationalist?

such exegesis and by such philosophy, any thing may be made out of any thing; and the most fantastical data be compelled to yield equally fantastical conclusions.

But the first and most natural question to ask is obviously this: how any mortal can pretend to extract *any thing* certain, much more *divine*, from records, the great bulk of which he has reduced to pure frauds, illusions, or legends, — and the great bulk of the remainder to an absolute uncertainty of how little is true and how much false? * Surely it would need nothing less than a new revelation to reveal this sweeping restriction of the old; and we should then be left in an ecstasy of astonishment — first, that the whole significance of it should have been veiled in frauds, illusions, or fictions; secondly, that its true meaning should have been hidden from the world for eighteen hundred years after its divine promulgation; thirdly, that it should be *revealed* at last, either in results which needed no revelation to reveal them, or in the Egyptian darkness of the allegorico-metaphysico-mystico-logico-transcendental ‘formule’ of the most obscure and contentious philosophy ever devised by man; and lastly, that all this superfluous trouble is to give us, after all, only the mysteries of a most enigmatical philosophy: For of Hegel, in particular, we think it may with truth be said that the reader is seldom fortunate enough *to know* that he *knows* his meaning, or even to know that Hegel *knew* his own.

Whether, then, we regard the original compilers of the evangelic records as inventing all that Paulus or Strauss rejects, or sincerely believing their own delusions, or that their statements have been artfully corrupted or unconsciously disguised, till Christ and his Apostles are as effectually transformed and travestied as these dreamers are pleased to imagine, with what consistency can we believe *any* thing certain amidst so many acknowledged fictions inseparably incorporated with them? If A has told B truth once and falsehood fifty times, (wittingly or unwittingly,) what can induce B to believe that he has any reason to believe A in that only time in which he *does* believe him, unless he knows the same truth by evidence quite independent of A, and for which he is not indebted to him at all? Should we not, then, at once acknowledge the futility of attempting to educe any certain historic fact, however meagre, or any doctrine,

* Daub naïvely enough declares that ‘if you except all that relates to angels, demons, and miracles, there is scarcely *any* mythology in the Gospel.’ An exception which reminds one of the Irish prelate who, on reading ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ remarked that there were *some* things in that book which he *could not think true*.

whether intelligible or obscure, from documents nine-tenths of which are to be rejected as a tissue of absurd fictions? Or why should we not fairly confess that, for aught we can tell, the *whole* is a fiction? For certainly, as to the amount of historic fact which these men affect to leave, it is obviously a matter of the most trivial importance whether we regard the whole Bible as absolute fiction or not. Whether an obscure Galilean teacher, who taught a moral system which may have been as good (we can never *know* from such corrupt documents that it *was* as good) as that of Confucius, or Zoroaster, ever lived or not; and whether we are to add another name to those who have enunciated the elementary truths of ethics, is really of very little moment. Upon their principles we can clearly *know* nothing about him, except that he is the centre of a vast mass of fictions, the invisible nucleus of a huge conglomerate of myths. A thousand times more, therefore, do we respect those, as both more honest and more logical, who, on similar grounds, openly reject Christianity altogether; and regard the New Testament, and speak of it, exactly as they would of Homer's 'Iliad,' or Virgil's 'Æneid.' Such men, consistently enough, trouble themselves not at all in ascertaining what residuum of truth, historical or ethical, may remain in a book which certainly gives ten falsehoods for one truth, and welds both together in inextricable confusion. The German infidels, on the other hand, with infinite labour, and amidst infinite uncertainties, extract either truth 'as old as the creation,' and as universal as human reason, — or truth which, after being hidden from the world for eighteen hundred years in mythical obscurity, is unhappily lost again the moment it is discovered, in the infinitely deeper darkness of the philosophy of Hegel and Strauss; who in vain endeavour to gasp out, in articulate language, the still latent mystery of the Gospel! Hegel, in his last hours, is *said* to have said, — and if he did not say, he *ought* to have said, — 'Alas! there is but one man 'in all Germany who understands my doctrine, — and *he* does 'not' understand it!' And yet, by his account, Hegelianism and Christianity, 'in their highest results,' [language, as usual, felicitously obscure,] 'are one.' Both, therefore, are, alas! now for ever lost.

That great problem — to account for the origin and establishment of Christianity in the world, with a denial at the same time of its miraculous pretensions — a problem, the fair solution of which is obviously incumbent on infidelity — has necessitated the most gratuitous and even contradictory hypotheses, and may safely be said still to present as hard a knot as ever. The favourite hypothesis, recently, has been that of Strauss — a fre-

quently re-modified and re-adjusted indeed by himself—that Christianity is a *myth*, or collection of myths—that is, a conglomerate (as geologists would say) of a very slender portion of facts and truth, with an enormous accretion of undesigned fiction, fable, and superstitions; gradually framed and insensibly received, like the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or the ancient systems of Hindoo theology. It is true, indeed, that the particular *critical* arguments, the alleged historic discrepancies and so forth, on which this author founds his conclusion—are for the most part, not original; most of them having been insisted on before, both in Germany, and especially in our own country during the Deistical controversies of the preceding century. His idea of myths, however, may be supposed original; and he is very welcome to it. For of all the attempted solutions of the great problem, this will be hereafter regarded as, perhaps, the most untenable. Gibbon, in solving the same problem, and starting in fact from the same axioms,—for he too endeavoured to account for the intractable phenomenon from natural causes alone,—assigned, as one cause, the *reputation* of working miracles, the reality of which he denied; but he was far too cautious to decide whether the original founders of Christianity had pretended to work miracles, and had been enabled to cheat the world into the belief of them, or whether the world had been pleased universally to cheat itself into that belief. He was far too wise to tie himself to the proof that in the most enlightened period of the world's history—amidst the strongest contrarieties of national and religious feeling—amidst the bitterest bigotry of millions in behalf of what was old, and the bitterest contempt of millions for all that was new—amidst the opposing forces of ignorance and prejudice on the one hand and philosophy and scepticism on the other—amidst all the persecutions which attested and proved those hostile feelings on the part of the bulk of mankind—and above all, in the short space of thirty years (which is all that Dr. Strauss allows himself),—Christianity *could* be thus deposited, like the mythology of Greece or Rome! These, he knew, were very gradual and silent formations; originating in the midst of a remote antiquity and an unhistoric age, during the very infancy and barbarism of the races which adopted them, confined, be it remembered, to those races *alone*; and displaying, instead of the exquisite and symmetrical beauty of Christianity, those manifest signs of gradual accretion which were fairly to be expected; in the varieties of the deposited or irrupted substances—in the diffracted appearance of various parts—in the very weather stains, so to speak, which mark the whole mass.

That the prodigious aggregate of miracles which the New Testament asserts, would, if fabulous, pass unchallenged, elude all detection, and baffle all scepticism,—collect in the course of a few years energetic and zealous assertors of their reality, in the heart of every civilised and almost every barbarous community, and in the course of three centuries, change the face of the world and destroy every other *myth* which fairly came in contact with it,—who but Dr. Strauss can believe? Was there no Dr. Strauss in those days? None to question and detect, as the process went on, the utter baselessness of these legends? Was all the world doting—was even the *persecuting* world asleep? Were all mankind resolved on befooling themselves? Are men wont thus quietly to admit miraculous pretensions, whether they be prejudiced votaries of another system or sceptics as to all? No: whether we consider the age, the country, the men assigned for the origin of these *myths*, we see the futility of the theory. It does not account even for their invention, much less for their success. We see that if any mythology could in such an age have germinated at all, it must have been one very different from Christianity; whether we consider the sort of Messiah the Jews expected, or the hatred of *all* Jewish Messiahs, which the Gentiles could not but have felt. The Christ offered them, so far from being welcome, was to the one a ‘stumbling block’ and to the other ‘foolishness’; and yet he conquered the prejudices of both.

Let us suppose a parallel *myth*—if so we may abuse the name. Let us suppose the son of some Canadian carpenter aspiring to be a moral teacher, but neither working nor *pretending* to work miracles; as much hated by his countrymen as Jesus Christ was hated by his, and both he and his countrymen as much hated by all the civilised world beside, as were Jesus Christ and the Jews; let us further suppose him forbidding his followers the use of all force in propagating his doctrines, and then let us calculate the probability of an unnoticed and accidental *deposit*, in thirty short years, of a prodigious accumulation about these simple facts, of supernatural but universally accredited fables; these legends escaping detection or suspicion as they accumulated, and suddenly laying hold in a few years of myriads of votaries in all parts of both worlds, and in three centuries uprooting and destroying Christianity and all opposing systems! How long will it be before the Swedenborgian, or the Mormonite, or any such pretenders, will have similar success? Have there not been a thousand such, and has any one of them had the slightest chance against *systems in possession*,—against the strongly rooted prejudices of ignorance and the Argus-eyed investigations of scepti-

cism? But all these were opposed to the pretensions of Christianity; nor can any one example of at all similar sudden success be alleged, except in the case of Mahomet; and to that the answer is brief. The history of Mahomet is the history of a conqueror — and his logic was the logic of the sword.

In spite of the theory of Strauss, therefore, not less than that of Gibbon, the old and ever recurring difficulty of giving a rational account of the origin and establishment of Christianity still presents itself for solution to the infidel, as it always has done, and, we venture to say, always will do. It is an insoluble phenomenon, except by the admission of the facts of the New Testament. 'The miracles,' says Butler, 'are a satisfactory account of the events, of which *no other satisfactory* account can be given; nor any account at all, but what is imaginary merely and invented.'

In the meantime, the different theories of unbelief mutually refute one another; and we may plead the authority of one against the authority of another. Those who believe Strauss believe both the theory of imposture and the theory of illusion improbable; and those who believe in the theory of imposture believe the theory of myths improbable. And both parties, we are glad to think, are quite right in the judgment they form of one another.

But what must strike every one who reflects as the most surprising thing in Dr. Strauss, is, that with the postulatium with which he sets out, and which he modestly takes for granted as too evident to need proof, he should have thought it worth while to write two bulky volumes of minute criticism on the subject. A miracle he declares to be an absurdity, a contradiction, an impossibility. If we believed this, we should deem a very concise enthymeme (after having *proved* that postulatium though) all that it was necessary to construct on the subject. A miracle *cannot* be true; *ergo*, Christianity, which in the only records by which we know anything about it, avows its absolute dependence upon miracles, *must* be false.

It is a modification of one or other of these monstrous forms of unbelieving belief and Christian infidelity, that Mr. Foxton, late of Oxford, has adopted in his 'Popular Christianity;' as perhaps also Mr. Froude in his 'Nemesis.' It is not very easy, indeed, to say what Mr. Foxton positively believes; having, like his German prototypes, a greater facility of telling us what he does *not* believe, and of wrapping up what he does believe, in a most impregnable mysticism. He certainly rejects, however, all that which, when rejected a century ago, left, in the estimate of every one, an infidel *in puris naturalibus*. Like his German acquaint-

ances, he accepts the infidel paradoxes—only, like them, he will still be a Christian. He believes, with Strauss, that a miracle is an impossibility and contradiction—‘incredible *per se*.’ As to the inspiration of Christ—he regards it as, in its nature, the same as that of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mahomet, Plato, Luther, and Wickliffe—a curious assortment of ‘heroic souls.’* With a happy art of confusing the ‘gifts of genius,’ no matter whether displayed in intellectual or moral power, and of forgetting that other men are not likely to overlook the difference, he complacently declares ‘the wisdom of Solomon and the poetry of Isaiah the fruit of the *same* inspiration which is *popularly* attributed to Milton or Shakspeare, or even to the homely wisdom of Benjamin Franklin†; in the same pleasant confusion of mind, he thinks that the ‘pens of Plato, of Paul and of Dante, the pencils of Raphael and of Claude, the chisels of Canova and of Chantrey, no less than the voices of Knox, of Wickliffe, and of Luther, are ministering instruments, in different degrees, of the same spirit.‡ He thinks that ‘we find, both in the writers and the records of Scripture, every evidence of human infirmity that can possibly be conceived; and yet we are to believe that God himself specially inspired them with false philosophy, vicious logic, and bad grammar.’§ He denies the originality both of the Christian ethics (which he says are a gross plagiarism from Plato) as also in great part of the system of Christian doctrine.¶ Nevertheless, it would be quite

* Pp. 62, 63. † P. 72. ‡ P. 77. § P. 74.

¶ (Pp. 51—60.) We are hardly likely to yield to Mr. Foxton in our love of Plato, for whom we have expressed, and that very recently, (April, 1848,) no stinted admiration: and what we have there affirmed we are by no means disposed to retract,—that no ancient author has approached, in the expression of ethical truth, so near to the maxims, and sometimes the very expressions, of the Gospel. Nevertheless, we as strongly affirm, that he who contrasts (whatever the occasional sublimity of expression) the faltering and often sceptical tone of Plato on religious subjects, with the uniformity and decision of the Evangelical system,—his dark notions in relation to God (candidly confessed) with the glorious recognition of Him in the Gospel as ‘our Father,’—his utterly absurd application of his general principles of morals, in his most Utopian of all Republics, with the broad, plain social ethics of Christianity,—the tone of mournful familiarity (whatever his personal immunity) in which he too often speaks of the saddest pollutions that ever degraded humanity, with the spotless purity of the Christian rule of life,—the hesitating, speculative tone of the Master of the Academy with the decision and majesty of Him who ‘spake with authority, and not as the Scribes,’ whether Greek or Jewish,—the metaphysical and abstract character of Plato’s reasonings

a mistake, it seems, to suppose that Mr. Foxton is no Christian! He is, on the contrary, of the very few who can tell us what Christianity really is; and who can separate the falsehoods and the myths which have so long disguised it. He even talks most spiritually and with an edifying *unction*. He tells us “‘God was,” indeed, “in Christ, reconciling the world unto ‘himself.” And *but little* deduction need be made from the ‘rapturous language of Paul, who tells us that “in him dwelt ‘“all the fulness of the Godhead *bodily*”*; I *concede* to Christ’ (generous admission!) ‘the highest inspiration *hitherto* granted ‘to the prophets of God’†, — Mahomet, it appears, and Zoroaster and Confucius, having *also* statues in his truly Catholic Pantheon. ‘The position of Christ,’ he tells us in another place, is ‘simply that of the foremost man in all the world,’ though he ‘soars far above “all principalities and powers”—above ‘all philosophies *hitherto* known—above all creeds *hitherto* ‘propagated in his name’—the true Christian doctrine, after having been hid from ages and generations, being reserved to be disclosed, we presume, by Mr. Foxton. His spiritualism, as usual with the whole school of our new Christian infidels, is, of course, exquisitely refined,—but, unhappily, very vague. He is full of talk of ‘a deep insight,’—of a ‘faith not in dead ‘histories, but in living realities—a revelation to our *innermost* nature.’ ‘The true seer,’ he says, ‘looking deep into causes, ‘carries in his heart the simple wisdom of God. The secret

with the severely practical character of Christ’s,—the feebleness of the motives supplied by the abstractions of the one, and the intensity of those supplied by the other,—the adaptation of the one to the intelligent only, and the adaptation of the other to universal humanity,—the very *manner* of Plato, his gorgeous style, with the still more impressive simplicity of the Great Teacher,—must surely see in the contrast every indication, to say nothing of the utter gratuitousness (historically) of the contrary hypothesis, that the sublime ethics of the Gospel, whether we regard substance, or manner, or tone, or style, are no plagiarism from Plato. As for the man who can hold such a notion, he must certainly be very ignorant either of Plato or of Christ. As the best apology for Mr. Foxton’s offensive folly we may, perhaps, charitably hope that he is nearly ignorant of both.—Equally absurd is the attempt to identify the metaphysical dreams of Plato with the doctrinal system of the Gospel, though it is quite true, that long subsequent to Christ the Platonising Christians tried to accommodate the speculations of the sage they loved, to the doctrines of a still greater master. But Plato never extorted from his *friends* stronger eulogies than Christ has often extorted from his *enemies*.

* P. 65.

† P. 143.

‘harmonies of Nature vibrate on his ear, and her fair proportions reveal themselves to his eye. He has a deep faith in the truth of God.’* ‘The inspired man is one whose outward life derives all its radiance from the light within him. He walks through stony places by the light of his own soul, and stumbles not. No human motive is present to such a mind in its highest exultation—no love of praise—no desire of fame—no affection, no passion mingles with the divine afflatus, which passes over without ruffling the soul.’†. And a great many fine phrases of the same kind, equally innocent of all meaning.

It is amazing and amusing to see with what ease Mr. Foxton decides points which have filled folios of controversy. ‘In the teaching of Christ himself, there is not the *slightest allusion* to the modern evangelical notion of an atonement.’ ‘The diversities of “gifts” to which Paul alludes, Cor. i. 12., are nothing more than those different “gifts” which, in common parlance, we attribute to the various tempers and talents of men.’‡ ‘It is, however, after all, absurd to suppose that the miracles of the Scriptures are subjects of actual belief, either to the vulgar or the learned.’§ What an easy time of it must such an all-sufficient controvertist have!

He thinks it possible, too, that Christ, though nothing more than an ordinary man, may really have ‘thought himself Divine,’ without being liable to the charge of a visionary self-idolatry or of blasphemy,—as supposed, by every body, Trinitarian or Unitarian, except Mr. Foxton. He accounts for it by the ‘wild sublimity of human emotion, when the rapt spirit first feels the throbbings of the divine afflatus,’ &c. &c. A singular afflatus which teaches a man to usurp the name and prerogatives of Deity, and a strange ‘inspiration’ which inspires him with so profound an ignorance of his own nature! *This* interpretation, we believe, is peculiarly Mr. Foxton’s own.

The way in which he disposes of the miracles, is essentially that of a vulgar, indiscriminating, unphilosophic mind. There have been, he tells us in effect, so many false miracles, superstitious stories of witches, conjurors, ghosts, hobgoblins, of cures by royal touch, and the like,—and *therefore* the Scripture miracles are false! Why, who denies that there have been plenty of false miracles?—And there have been as many false religions. Is there, therefore, none true? The proper business in every such case is to examine fairly the evidence, and not to generalise after this absurd fashion. Otherwise we

* P. 146.

† P. 41.

‡ P. 67.

§ P. 104.

shall never believe any thing; for there is hardly one truth that has not its half score of audacious counterfeits.

Still he is amusingly perplexed; like all the rest of the infidel world, *how* to get rid of the miracles—whether on the principle of fraud, or fiction, or illusion. He thinks there would be ‘a great accession to the ranks of reason and common sense by disproving the *reality* of the miracles, without damaging the veracity or honesty of the simple, earnest, and enthusiastic writers by whom they are recorded;’ and complains of the coarse and indiscriminating criticism of most of the French and English Deists, who explain the miracles ‘on the supposition of the grossest fraud acting on the grossest credulity.’ But he soon finds that the materials for such a compromise are utterly intractable. He thinks that the German Rationalists have depended too much on some ‘single hypothesis, which often proves to be *insufficient* to meet the great variety of conditions and circumstances with which the miracles have been handed down to us.’ Very true; but what remedy? ‘We find one German writer endeavouring to explain away the miracles on the mystical (mythical) theory; and another riding into the arena of controversy on the miserable hobby-horse of “clairvoyance” or “mesmerism”; each of these, and a host of others of the same class, rejecting whatever light is thrown on the question by all the theories together.’ He therefore proposes, with great and gratuitous liberality, to heap all these theories together, and to take them as they are wanted; not withholding any of the wonders of modern science—even, as would seem, the possible knowledge of ‘chloroform’*—from the propagators of Christianity!

But, alas! the phenomena are still intractable. The stubborn ‘Book’ will still baffle all such efforts to explain it away; it is willing to be rejected, if it so pleases men, but it guards itself from being thus made a fool of. For who can fail to see that neither all or any considerable part of the multifarious miracles of the New Testament can be explained by any such gratuitous extension of ingenious fancies; and that if they *could* be so explained, it would be still impossible to exculpate the men who *need* such explanations from the charge of perpetrating the grossest frauds! Yet this logical ostrich, who can digest all these stones, presumptuously declares a miracle an *impossibility* and the very notion of it a *contradiction*.† But enough of Mr. Foxton.

* 1st p. 86, 87.

† Mr. Foxton denies that men, in Paley’s ‘single case in which he

There are no doubt some minds amongst us, whose power we admit, and whose perversion of power we lament; who have bewildered themselves by *really* deep meditation on inexplicable mysteries; who demand certainty where certainty is not given to man, or demand, for truths which are established by sufficient evidence, *other* evidence than those truths will admit. We can even painfully sympathise in that ordeal of doubt to which such powerful minds are peculiarly exposed—with their Titanic struggles against the still mightier power of Him who has said to the turbulent intellect of man, as well as to the stormy ocean, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,—and here shall thy *'prail* waves be staid.' We cannot wish better to any such agitated mind than that it may listen to those potent and majestic words: 'Peace—be still!' uttered by the voice of Him who so suddenly hushed the billows of the Galilæan lake.

But we are at the same time fully convinced that in our day there are thousands of youths who are falling into the same errors and perils from sheer vanity and affectation; who admire most what they least understand, and adopt all the obscurities and paradoxes they stumble upon, as a cheap path to a reputation for profundity; who awkwardly imitate the manner and retail the phrases of the writers they study; and, as usual, exaggerate to caricature their least agreeable eccentricities. We should think that some of these more powerful minds must be by this time ashamed of that ragged regiment of most shallow thinkers, and obscure writers and talkers who at present infest our literature, and whose parrot-like repetition of their own stereotyped phraseology, mingled with some barbarous infusion of half-Anglicised German, threatens to form as odious a *cant* as ever polluted the stream of thought or disfigured the purity of language. Happily it is not likely to be more than a passing fashion; but still it is a very unpleasant fashion while it lasts. As in Johnson's day, every young writer imitated as well as he could the ponderous diction and everlasting antitheses of the great dictator; as in Byron's day, there were thousands to whom the

'tries the general theorem,' *would* believe the miracle; but he finds it convenient to leave out the most significant circumstances on which Paley makes the validity of the testimony to depend, instead of stating them fairly in Paley's own words. Yet that the sceptics (if such there could be) must be the merest fraction of the species, Mr. Foxton himself immediately proceeds to prove, by showing (what is undeniably the case) that almost all mankind readily receive miraculous occurrences on far lower evidence than Paley's common sense would require them to demand. Surely he must be related to the Irishman who placed his ladder against the bough he was cutting off.

world 'was a blank' at twenty or thereabouts, and of whose 'dark imaginings,' as Macaulay says, the waste was prodigious; so now there are hundreds of dilettanti pantheists, mystics and sceptics, to whom everything is a 'sham,' an 'unreality'; who tell us that the world stands in need of a great 'prophet,' a 'seer,' a 'true priest,' a 'large soul,' a 'god-like soul,'* — who shall dive into 'the depths of the human consciousness,' and whose 'utterances' shall rouse the human mind from the 'cheats' and 'frauds' which have hitherto everywhere practised on its simplicity. They tell us, in relation to philosophy, religion, and especially in relation to Christianity, that all that has been believed by mankind has been believed only on 'empirical' grounds; and that the old answers to difficulties will do no longer. They shake their sage heads at such men as Clarke, Paley, Butler, and declare that such arguments as theirs will not satisfy *them*. — We are glad to admit that all this vague pretension is now but rarely displayed with the scurrilous spirit of that elder unbelief against which the long series of British apologists for Christianity arose between 1700 and 1750; But there is often in it an arrogance as real, though not in so offensive a form. Sometimes the spirit of unbelief even assumes an air of sentimental regret at its own inconvenient profundity. Many a worthy youth tells us he almost wishes he *could* believe. He admires, of all things, the 'moral grandeur' — the 'ethical beauty,' of many parts of Christianity; he condescends to patronize Jesus Christ, though he believes that the great mass of words and actions by which alone we know anything about him, are sheer fictions or legends; he believes — gratuitously enough in *this* instance, for he has no ground for it — that Jesus Christ was a very 'great man,' worthy of comparison at least with Mahomet, Luther, Napoleon, and 'other heroes'; he even admits the happiness of a simple, child-like faith, in the puerilities of Christianity — it produces such content of mind! But alas! *he* cannot believe — his intellect is not satisfied — he has revolved the matter too profoundly to be thus taken in; he must, he supposes, (and our beardless philosopher sighs as he says it) bear the penalty of a too restless intellect, and a too speculative genius; he knows all the usual arguments which satisfied Pascal, Butler,

* See Foxton's last chapter, *passim*. From some expressions one would almost imagine that our author himself aspired to be, if not the Messiah, at least the Elias, of this new dispensation. We fear, however, that this 'vox clamantis' would reverse the Baptist's proclamation, and would cry, 'The *straight* shall be made *crooked*, and the *plain* places *rough*.'

Bacon, Leibnitz; but they will do no longer: more radical, more tremendous difficulties have suggested themselves, 'from the depths of philosophy,' and far different answers are required now!*

* We fear that many young minds in our day are exposed to the danger of falling into one or other of the prevailing forms of unbelief, and especially into that of pantheistic mysticism, from rashly meditating in the cloudy regions of German philosophy, on difficulties which would seem beyond the limits of human reason, but which that philosophy too often promises to solve—with what success we may see from the rapid succession and impenetrable obscurities of its various systems. Alas! when will men learn that one of the highest achievements of philosophy is to know when it is vain to philosophise. When the obscure principles of these most uncouth philosophies, expressed, we verily believe, in the darkest language ever used by civilised man, are applied to the solution of the problems of theology and ethics, no wonder that the natural consequence, as well as just retribution, of such temerity is a plunge into tenfold night. Systems of German philosophy may perhaps be advantageously studied by those who are mature enough to study them; but that they have an incomparable power of *intoxicating* the intellect of the young aspirant to their mysteries, is, we think, undeniable. They are producing this effect just now in a multitude of our juveniles, who are beclouding themselves in the vain attempt to comprehend ill-translated fragments of ill-understood philosophies, (executed in a sort of Anglicised-German, or Germanised-English, we know not which to call it, but certainly neither German nor English.) from the perusal of which they carry away nothing but some very obscure terms, on which they themselves have superinduced a very vague meaning. These terms you in vain implore them to define; or, if they define them, they define them in terms which as much need definition. Heartily do we wish that Socrates would reappear amongst us, to exercise his accoucheur's art on these hapless Theætetus and Menos of our day!

Many such youths might no doubt reply at first to the sarcastic querist, (who might gently complain of a slight cloudiness in their speculations,) that the truths they uttered were too profound for ordinary reasoners. We may easily imagine how Socrates would have dealt with such assumptions. His reply would be rather more severe than that of Mackintosh to Coleridge in a somewhat similar case; namely, that if a notion cannot be made clear to persons who have spent the better part of their days in resolving the difficulties of metaphysics and philosophy, and who are conscious that they are not destitute of patience for the effort requisite to understand them, it may suggest a doubt whether the fault be not in the medium of communication rather than elsewhere; and, indeed, whether the philosopher be not aiming to communicate thoughts on subjects on which man can have no thoughts to communicate. Socrates would add, perhaps, that language was given us to express, not to conceal

This is easily said, and we know *is* often said, and loudly. But the justice with which it is said is another matter; for when we can get these cloudy objectors to put down, not their vague assertions of profound difficulties, uttered in the obscure language they love, but a precise statement of their objections, we find them either the very same with those which were quite as powerfully urged in the course of the deistical controversies of

our thoughts; and that, if they cannot be communicated, invaluable as they doubtless are, we had better keep them to ourselves; one thing it is clear he would do, — he would insist on precise definitions. But in truth it may be more than surmised that the obscurities of which all complain, except those (and in our day they are not a few) to whom obscurity is a recommendation, result from suffering the intellect to speculate in realms forbidden to its access; of venturing into caverns of tremendous depth and darkness, with nothing better than our own rushlight. Surely we have reason to suspect as much when some learned professor, after muttering his logical incantations, and conjuring with his logical formulae, surprises you by saying, that he has disposed of the great mysteries of existence and the universe, and solved to your entire satisfaction, in his own curt way, the problems of the ABSOLUTE and the INFINITE! If the cardinal truths of philosophy and religion hitherto received are doomed to be imperilled by such speculations, one feels strongly inclined to pray with the old Homeric hero, — ‘that if they must perish, it may be at least ‘in daylight.’

We earnestly counsel the youthful reader to defer the study of German philosophy, at least till he has matured and disciplined his mind, and familiarised himself with the best models of what used to be our boast—English clearness of thought and expression. He will then learn to ask rigidly for definitions, and not rest satisfied with half-meanings—or no meaning. To the naturally venturesome pertinacity of young metaphysicians, few would be disposed to be more indulgent than ourselves. From the time of Plato downwards—who tells us that no sooner do they ‘taste’ of dialectics than they are ready to dispute with every body—‘sparing neither father nor ‘mother, scarcely even the lower animals,’ if they had but a voice to reply. They have always expected more from metaphysics than (except as a *discipline*) they will ever yield. He elsewhere, still more humorously, describes the same trait. He compares them to young dogs who are perpetually snapping at every thing about them:—*Οἶμαι γάρ σε οὐ λελθέναι, ὅτι οἱ μαιραῖσκοι, ὅταν τὸ πρῶτον λόγων γεύωνται, ὥς παιδιᾷ αὐτοῖς καταχρῶνται, αἰεὶ εἰς ἀντιλογίαν χρώμενοι καὶ μιμούμενοι τοὺς ἐξελέγχοντας αὐτοὶ ἄλλους ἐλέγχουσι, χαιροῖσι ὥσπερ σκυλάκια τῷ ἔλκειν τε καὶ σπαράττειν τοὺς πλησίον αἰεὶ.* But we hope we shall not see our metaphysical ‘puppies’ amusing themselves, — as so many ‘old dogs’ amongst our neighbours (who ought to have known better) have done, — by tearing into tatters the sacred leaves of that volume, which contains what is better than all their philosophy.

the last century (the case with far the greater part), or else such as are of similar character, and susceptible of similar answers. We say not that the answers were always satisfactory, nor are we now inquiring whether any of them were so; we merely maintain that the objections in question are not the novelties they affect to be. We say this to obviate an advantage which the very vagueness of much modern opposition to Christianity would obtain, from the notion that some prodigious arguments have been discovered which the intellect of a Pascal or a Butler was not comprehensive enough to anticipate, and which no Clarke or Paley would have been logician enough to refute. We affirm, without hesitation, that when the new advocates of infidelity descend from their airy elevation, and state their objections in intelligible terms, they are found, for the most part, what we have represented them. When we read many of the speculations of German infidelity, we seem to be re-perusing many of our own authors of the last century. It is as if our neighbours had imported our manufactures; and, after re-packing them, in new forms and with some additions, had re-shipped and sent them back to us as new commodities. Hardly an instance of discrepancy is mentioned in the ‘Wolfenbüttel Fragments,’ which will not be found in the pages of our own deists a century ago; and, as already hinted, of Dr. Strauss’s elaborate strictures, the vast majority will be found in the same sources. In fact, though far from thinking it to our national credit, none but those who will dive a little deeper than most do into a happily forgotten portion of our literature, (which made noise enough in its day, and created very superfluous terrors for the fate of Christianity,) can have any idea of the extent to which the modern forms of unbelief in Germany — so far as founded on any *positive* grounds, whether of reason or of criticism, — are indebted to our English deists. Tholuck, however, and others of his countrymen, seem thoroughly aware of it.

The objections to the truth of Christianity are directed either against the evidence itself, or that which it substantiates. Against the latter, as Bishop Butler says, unless the objections be truly such as prove contradictions in it, they are ‘perfectly frivolous;’ since we cannot be competent judges either as to what it is worthy of the Supreme Mind to reveal, or how far a portion of an imperfectly-developed system may harmonise with the whole; and, perhaps, on many points, we never can be competent judges, unless we can cease to be finite. The objections to the *evidence itself* are, as the same great author observes, ‘*well worthy of the fullest attention.*’ The *à priori* objection

to miracles we have already briefly touched. If that objection be valid, it is vain to argue further; but if not, the remaining objections must be powerful enough to neutralise the entire mass of the evidence, and, in fact, to amount to a proof of contradictions,—not on this or that minute point of historic detail,—but on such as shake the foundations of the whole edifice of evidence. It will not do to say, ‘Here is a minute discrepancy in the history of Matthew or Luke as compared with that of Mark or John;’ for, first, such discrepancies are often found, in other authors, to be apparent, and not real,—founded on our taking for granted that there is no circumstance unmentioned by two writers which, if known, would have been seen to harmonise their statements. We admit this possible reconciliation readily enough in the case of many seeming discrepancies of other historians; but it is a benefit which men are slow to admit in the case of the sacred narratives. There the objector is always apt to take it for granted that the discrepancy is real; though it may be easy to suppose a case (and a *possible* case is quite sufficient for the purpose) which would neutralise the objection. Of this perverseness (we can call it by no other name) the examples are perpetual in the critical tortures to which Strauss has subjected the sacred historians.*—

* The reader may see some striking instances of his disposition to take the *worse* sense, in Beard’s ‘Voices of the Church.’ Tholuck truly observes, too, in his strictures on Strauss, ‘We know how frequently the loss of a few words in *one* ancient author would be sufficient to cast an inexplicable obscurity over another.’ The same writer well observes, that there never was an historian, who, if treated on the principles of criticism which his countryman has applied to the Evangelists, might not be proved a mere mythographer. . . . ‘It is plain,’ says he, ‘that if absolute agreement among historians’—and still more absolute *apparent* agreement—‘be necessary to assure us that we possess in their writings credible history, we must renounce all pretence to any such possession.’ The translations from Quinet, Coquerel, and Tholuck are all, in different ways, well worth reading. The last truly says, ‘Strauss came to the study of the Evangelical history with the foregone conclusion that “miracles are impossible;” and where an investigator brings with him an absolute conviction of the guilt of the accused to the examination of his case, we know how even the most innocent may be implicated and condemned out of his own mouth.’ In fact, so strong and various are the proofs of truth and reality in the history of the New Testament, that none would ever have suspected the veracity of the writers, or tried to disprove it, except for the above foregone conclusion—‘that miracles are impossible.’ We also recommend to the reader an ingenious *brochure* included in the ‘Voices of

It may be objected, perhaps, that the gratuitous supposition of some unmentioned fact—which, if mentioned, would harmonise the apparently counter-statements of two historians—cannot be admitted, and is, in fact, a surrender of the argument. But to say so, is only to betray an utter ignorance of what the argument is. If an objection be founded on the alleged *absolute* contradiction of two statements, it is quite sufficient to show any (not the real, but only a hypothetical and possible) medium of reconciling them; and the objection is, in all fairness, dissolved. And this would be felt by the honest logician, even if we did not know of any such instances in point of fact. We do know, however, of many. Nothing is more common than to find, in the narration of two perfectly honest historians,—referring to the same events from different points of view, or for a different purpose,—the omission of a fact which gives a seeming contrariety to their statements; a contrariety which the mention of the omitted fact by a third writer instantly clears up.*

‘the Church, in reply to Strauss,’ constructed on the same principle with Whately’s admirable ‘Historic Doubts,’ namely; ‘The Fallacy of the Mythical Theory of Dr. Strauss, illustrated from the History of Martin Luther, and from actual Mohammedan Myths of the Life of Jesus.’ What a subject for the same play of ingenuity would be Dean Swift! The date and place of his birth disputed—whether he was an Englishman or an Irishman—his incomprehensible relations to Stella and Vanessa, utterly incomprehensible on any hypothesis—his alleged seduction of one, of both, of neither—his marriage with Stella affirmed, disputed, and still wholly unsettled—the numberless other incidents in his life full of contradiction and mystery—and, not least, the eccentricities and inconsistencies of his whole character and conduct! Why, with a thousandth part of Dr. Strauss’s assumptions, it would be easy to reduce Swift to as fabulous a personage as his own Lemuel Gulliver.

* Any *apparent* discrepancy with either themselves or profane historians is usually sufficient to satisfy Dr. Strauss. He is ever ready to conclude that the discrepancy is *real*, and that the profane historians are right. In adducing some striking instances of the minute accuracy of Luke, only revealed by obscure collateral evidence (historic or numismatic) discovered since, Tholuck remarks, ‘What an outcry would have been made had not the specious appearance of error been thus obviated.’ Luke calls *Gallio* proconsul of Achaia: ‘we should not have expected it, since though Achaia was originally a senatorial province, Tiberius had changed it into an imperial one, and the title of its governor, therefore, was procurator; now a *sage*, in Suetonius informs us, that Claudius had *restored* the province to the senate.’ The same Evangelist calls Sergius Paulus governor of Cyprus; yet we might have expected to find only a prætor, since Cyprus was an *imperial* province. In this case, again, says Tholuck,

Very forgetful of this have the advocates of infidelity usually been: nay, (as if they would make up in the number of objections what they want in weight,) they have frequently availed themselves not only of apparent *contrarieties*, but of mere *incompleteness* in the statements of two different writers, on which to found a charge of contradiction. Thus, if one writer says that a certain person was present at a given time or place, when another says that he and two more were there; or that one man was cured of blindness, when another says that two were,—such a thing is often alleged as a contradiction; whereas, in truth, it presents not even a difficulty—unless one historian be bound to say not only all that another says, but just so much, and no more. Let such objections be what they will, unless they prove absolute contradictions in the narrative, they are as mere dust in the balance, compared with the stupendous mass and variety of that evidence which confirms the substantial truth of Christianity. And even if they establish *real* contradictions, they still amount, for reasons we are about to state, to dust in the balance, unless they establish contradictions not in inmaterial but in vital points. The objections must be such as, if proved, leave the whole fabric of evidence in ruins. For, secondly, we are fully disposed to concede to the objector that there are, in the books of Scripture, not only *apparent* but *real* discrepancies,—a point which many of the advocates of Christianity are, indeed, reluctant to admit, but which, we think, no candid advocate will feel to be the less true. Nevertheless, even such an advocate of the Scriptures may justly contend that the very reasons which necessitate this admission of discrepancies also reduce them to such a limit that they do not affect, in the slightest degree, the substantial credibility of the sacred records; and, in our judgment, Christians have unwisely damaged their cause, and given a needless advantage to the infidel, by denying that any discrepancies exist, or by endeavouring to prove that they do not. The discrepancies to which we refer are just those which, in the course of the transmission of ancient books, divine or human, through many ages,—their constant tran-

the correctness of the historian has been remarkably attested. Coins, and later still a passage in Dion Cassius, have been found, giving proof that Augustus restored the province to the senate; and thus, as if to vindicate the Evangelist, the Roman historian adds, ‘Thus ‘proconsuls began to be sent into that island also.’—*Trans. from Tholuck*, pp. 21, 22. In the same manner coins have been found proving he is correct in some other once disputed instances. Is it not fair to suppose that many apparent discrepancies of the same order may be eventually removed by similar evidence?

scription by different hands,—their translation into various languages,—may not only be expected to occur, but which *must* occur, unless there be a perpetual series of most minute and ludicrous miracles—certainly never promised, and as certainly never performed—to counteract all the effects of negligence and inadvertence, to guide the pen of every transcriber to infallible accuracy, and to prevent his ever deviating into any casual error! Such miraculous intervention, we need not say, has never been pleaded for by any apologist of Christianity; has certainly never been promised; and, if it had,—since we see, *as a matter of fact*, that the promise has never been fulfilled,—the whole of Christianity would fall to the ground. But then, from a large induction, we know that the limits within which discrepancies and errors from *such* causes will occur, must be very moderate; we know, from numberless examples of *other* writings, what the maximum is,—and that it leaves their substantial authenticity untouched and unimpeached. No one supposes the writings of Plato and Cicero, of Thucydides and Tacitus, of Bacon or Shakspeare, fundamentally vitiated by the like discrepancies, errors, and absurdities which time and inadvertence have occasioned.

The corruptions in the Scriptures from these causes are likely to be even less than in the case of any other writings; from their very structure,—the varied and reiterated forms in which all the great truths are expressed; from the greater veneration they inspired; the greater care with which they would be transcribed; the greater number of copies which would be diffused through the world,—and which, though that very circumstance would multiply the number of variations, would also afford, in their collation, the means of reciprocal correction;—a correction which we have seen applied in our day, with admirable success, to so many ancient writers, under a system of canons which have now raised this species of criticism to the rank of an inductive science. This criticism, applied to the Scriptures, has in many instances restored the true reading, and dissolved the objections which might have been founded on the uncorrected variations; and, as time rolls on, may lead, by yet fresh discoveries and more comprehensive recensions, to a yet further clarifying of the stream of Divine truth, till ‘the river of the water of life’ shall flow nearly in its original limpid purity. Within such limits as these, the most consistent advocate of Christianity not only *must* admit—not only may *safely* admit—the existence of discrepancies, but may do so even with advantage to his cause. He *must* admit them, since such variations must be the result of the manner in which the records have been transmitted, unless we suppose a super-

natural intervention, neither promised by God, nor pleaded for by man : he may safely admit them, because—from a general induction from the history of all literature—we see that, where copies of writings have been sufficiently multiplied, and sufficient motives for care have existed in the transcription, the limits of error are very narrow, and leave the substantial identity untouched : and he may admit them with advantage ; for the admission is a reply to many objections founded on the assumption that he must contend that there are *no* variations, when he need only contend that there are none that can be material.

But it may be said, ‘ May not we be permitted, while conceding the miraculous and other evidences of Christianity, and the general authority of the records which contain it, to go a step further, and to reject some things which seem palpably ill-reasoned, distasteful, inconsistent, or immoral ? ’ ‘ Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. ’ For ourselves, we honestly confess we cannot see the logical consistency of such a position ; any more than the reasonableness, after having admitted the preponderant evidence for the great truth of Theism, of excepting some phenomena as apparently at variance with the Divine perfections ; and thus virtually adopting a Manichæan hypothesis. We must recollect that we know nothing of Christianity except from its records ; and as these, once fairly ascertained to be authentic and genuine, are all, as regards their contents, supported precisely by the same miraculous and other evidence ; as they bear upon them precisely the same internal marks of artlessness, truth, and sincerity ; and, historically and in other respects, are inextricably interwoven with one another ; we see not on what principles we can safely reject portions as improbable, distasteful, not quadrating with the dictates of ‘ reason,’ our ‘ intuitional consciousness,’ and what not. This assumed liberty, however, is, as we apprehend, of the very essence of Rationalism ; and it may be called the Manichæism of interpretation. So long as the canonicity of any of the records, or any portion of them, or their true interpretation, is in dispute, we may fairly doubt ; but that point once decided by honest criticism, to say we receive such and such portions, on account of the weight of the general evidence, and yet reject other portions, *though* sustained by the same evidence, because we think there is something unreasonable or revolting in their substance, is plainly to accept evidence only where it *pleases* us, and to reject it where it *pleases* us not. The only question fairly at issue must ever be, whether the general evidence for Christianity will overbear the difficulties which we cannot

separate from the truths. If it will not, we must reject it wholly; and if it will, we must receive it wholly. There is plainly no tenable position between absolute infidelity and absolute belief. And this is proved by the infinitely various and Protean character of Rationalism, and the perfectly indeterminate, but always arbitrary, limits it imposes on itself. It exists in all forms and degrees, from a moderation which accepts nearly the entire system of Christianity, and which certainly rejects nothing that can be said to constitute its distinctive truth, to an audacity of unbelief, which, professing still vaguely to reverence Christianity as 'something divine,' sponges out nine tenths of the whole; or, after reducing the mass of it to a *caput mortuum* of lies, fiction, and superstitions, retains only a few drops of fact and doctrine,—so few as certainly not to pay for the expenses of the critical distillation.*

Nor will the theory of what some call the 'intuitional consciousness' avail us here. It is true, as they assert, that the constitution of human nature is such that, before its actual development, it has a capacity of developing to certain effects only,—just as the flower in the germ, as it expands to the sun, will have certain colours and a certain fragrance, and *no*

* It may be as well to remark, that we have frequently observed a disposition to represent the very general abandonment of the theory of 'verbal inspiration' as a concession to Rationalism; as if it necessarily followed from admitting that inspiration is not verbal, that therefore an indeterminate portion of the substance or doctrine is purely human. It is plain, however, that this is no necessary consequence: an advocate of plenary inspiration may contend, that, though he does not believe that the very words of Scripture were dictated, yet that the thoughts were either so suggested, (if the matter was such as could be known only by revelation,) or so controlled, (if the matter were such as was previously known,) that excluding errors introduced into the text since) the Scriptures as first composed were—what no book of man ever was, or can be, even in the plainest narrative of the simplest events—a perfectly accurate expression of truth. We enter not here, however, into the question whether such a view of inspiration is better or worse than another. We are simply anxious to correct a fallacy which has, judging from what we have recently read, operated rather extensively. Inspiration may be *verbal*, or the contrary; but, whether one or the other, he who takes the affirmative or negative of that question may still *consistently* contend that it may still be plenary. The question of the inspiration of the whole, or the inspiration of a part, is widely different from that as to the suggestion of the words or the suggestion of the thoughts. But these questions we leave to professed theologians. We merely enter our protest against a prevailing fallacy.

other; — all which, indeed, though not very new or profound, is very important. But it is not so clear that it will give us any help on the present occasion. We have an original susceptibility of music, of beauty, of religion, it is said. Granted; but as the actual development of this susceptibility exhibits all the diversities between Handel's notions of harmony and those of an American Indian — between Raphael's notions of beauty and those of a Hottentot — between St. Paul's notions of a God and those of a New Zealander — it would appear that *the education* of this susceptibility is at least as important as the susceptibility itself, if not more so; for without the susceptibility itself, we should simply have *no* notion of music, beauty, or religion; and between such negation and that notion of all these which New Zealanders and Hottentots possess, not a few of our species would probably prefer the former. It is in vain then to tell us to look into the 'depths of our own nature' (as some vaguely say), and to judge thence what, in a professed revelation from heaven, is suitable to us, or worthy of our acceptance and rejection respectively. This criterion is, as we see by the utterly different judgments formed by different classes of Rationalists as to the *how much* they shall receive of the revelation they might generally admit, a very shifting one — a measure which has no linear unit; it is to employ, as mathematicians say, a variable as if it were a constant quantity; or, rather, it is to attempt to find the value of an unknown quantity by another equally unknown. •

We cannot but judge, then, the principles of Rationalism to be logically untenable. And we do so, not merely or principally on account of the absurdity it involves, — that God has expressly supplemented human reason by a revelation containing an indeterminate but large portion of falsities, errors, and absurdities, and which we are to commit to our little alembic, and distil as we may; not only from the absurdity of supposing that God has demanded our *faith*, for statements which are to be received only as they appear perfectly comprehensible by our *reason*; — or, in other words, only for what it is impossible that we should doubt or deny; not merely because the principle inevitably leaves man to construct the so-called revelation entirely for himself; so that what one man receives as a genuine communication from heaven, another, from having a different development of 'his intuitional 'consciousness,' rejects as an absurdity too gross for human belief: — Not wholly, we say, nor even principally, for these reasons; but for the still stronger reason, that such a system of objections is an egregious trifling with that great complex mass of evidence which, as we have said, applies to the *whole* of

Christianity or to *none* of it. As if to baffle the efforts of man consistently to disengage these elements of our belief, the whole are inextricably blended together. The supernatural element, especially, is so diffused through all the records, that it is more and more felt, at every step, to be impossible to obliterate it without obliterating the entire system in which it circulates. The stain, if stain it be, is far too deep for any scouring fluids of Rationalism to wash it out, without destroying the whole texture of our creed; and, in our judgment, the only consistent Rationalism is the Rationalism which rejects it all.

At whatever point the Rationalist we have attempted to describe may take his stand, we do not think it difficult to prove that his conduct is eminently irrational. If, for example, he be one of those moderate Rationalists who admit (as thousands do) the miraculous and other evidence of the supernatural origin of the Gospel, and *therefore* also admit such and such doctrines to be true,—what can he reply, if further asked what reason he can have for accepting these truths and rejecting others which are supported by the very same evidence? How can he be sure that the truths he receives are established by evidence which, to all appearance, equally authenticates the falsehoods he rejects? Surely, as already said, this is to reject and accept evidence as he pleases. If, on the other hand, he says that he receives the miracles only to authenticate what he knows very well without them, and believes true on the information of reason alone, why trouble miracles and revelation at all? Is not this, according to the old proverb, to ‘take a hatchet to break an egg’?*

Nor can we disguise from ourselves, indeed, that consistency in the application of the essential principle of Rationalism would compel us to go a few steps further; for since, as Bishop Butler has shown, no greater difficulties (if so great) attach to the page of Revelation than to the volume of Nature itself,—especially those which are involved in that dread enigma, ‘the origin of ‘evil,’ compared with which all other enigmas are trifles,—that abyss into which so many of the difficulties of all theology, natu-

* If such a man says that he rejects certain doctrines, not on *rationalistic* grounds, but because he denies the canonical authority, or the interpretation of portions of the records in which they are found, and is willing to abide by the issue of the evidence on those points—evidence with which the human mind is quite competent to deal,—we answer, that he is not the man with whom we are now arguing. The points in dispute will be determined by the honest use of history, criticism, and philology. But between such a man and one who rejects Christianity altogether, we can imagine no *consistent* position.

ral and revealed, at last disembody themselves, — we feel that the admission of the principle of Rationalism would ultimately drive us, not only to reject Christianity, but to reject Theism in all its forms, whether Monotheism, or Pantheism, and even positive or dogmatic Atheism itself. Nor could we stop, indeed, till we had arrived at that absolute pyrrhonism which consists, if such a thing be possible, in the negation of all belief, — even to the belief that we do not believe!

But though the objections to the reception of Christianity are numerous, and some insoluble, the question always returns, whether they over-balance the mass of the evidence in its favour? nor is it to be forgotten that they are susceptible of indefinite alleviation as time rolls on; and with a few observations on this point we will close the present article.

A refinement of modern philosophy often leads our rationalist to speak depreciatingly, if not contemptuously, of what he calls a *stereotyped* revelation — revelation in a '*book*.' It ties down, he is fond of saying, the spirit to the letter; and limits the 'progress' and 'development' of the human mind in its 'free' pursuit of truth. The answer we should be disposed to make is, first, that if a book *does* contain truth, the sooner that truth is stereotyped the better; secondly, that if such book, like the book of Nature, or, as we deem, the book of Revelation, really contains truth, its study, so far from being incompatible with the spirit of free inquiry, will invite and repay continual efforts more completely to understand it. Though the great and fundamental truths contained in either volume will be obvious in proportion to their importance and necessity, there is no limit to be placed on the *degree* of accuracy with which the truths they severally contain may be deciphered, stated, adjusted — or even on the period in which fragments of new truth shall cease to be elicited. It is true indeed that theology cannot be said to admit of unlimited progress, in the same sense as chemistry — which may, for aught we know, treble or quadruple its present accumulations, vast as they are, both in bulk and importance. But even in theology as deduced from the Scripture, minute fragments of new truth, or more exact adjustments of old truth, may be perpetually expected. Lastly, we shall reply, that the objection to a revelation's being consigned to a '*book*' is singularly inapposite, considering that by the constitution of the world and of human nature, man, without *books*, — without the power of recording, transmitting, and perpetuating thought, of rendering it permanent and diffusive, — ever is, ever has been, and ever *must* be little better than a savage; and therefore, if there was to be a revelation at all, it might fairly be expected

that it would be communicated in this form; thus affording us one more analogy, in addition to the many which Butler has stated, and which may in time be multiplied without end, between 'Revealed Religion and the Constitution and Course of Nature.'

And this leads us to notice a saying of that comprehensive genius, which we do not recollect having seen quoted in connexion with recent controversies, but which is well worthy of being borne in mind, as teaching us to beware of hastily assuming that objections to Revelation, whether suggested by the progress of science, or from the supposed incongruity of its own contents, are unanswerable. We are not, he says, rashly to suppose that we have arrived at the true meaning of the *whole* of that book. 'It is not at all incredible that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscerned. For all the same phenomena and the same faculties of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.' These words are worthy of Butler; and as many illustrations of their truth have been supplied since his day, so many others may fairly be anticipated in the course of time. Several distinct species of argument for the truth of Christianity from the very structure and contents of the books containing it have been invented—of which Paley's '*Iloræ Paulinæ*' is a memorable example. The diligent collation of the text, too, has removed many difficulties; the diligent study of the original languages, of ancient history, manners and customs, has cleared up many more; and by supplying proofs of accuracy where error or falsehood had been charged, has supplied important additions to the evidence which substantiates the truth of Revelation. Against the alleged absurdity of the Laws of Moses, again, such works as that of Micholis have disclosed much of that *relative wisdom* which aims not at the abstractedly *best*, but the best which a given condition of humanity, a given period of the world's history, and a given purpose could dictate. In pondering such difficulties as still remain in those laws, we may remember the answer of Solon to the question, whether he had given the Athenians the *best* laws; viz. that he had given them the best of which they were capable: or the judgment of the illustrious Montesquieu, who remarks, 'When Divine Wisdom said to the Jews "I have given you precepts which are not good," this signifies that they had only a *relative* goodness; and this is the sponge which wipes out all the difficulties which are to be found in the Laws of Moses.' This is a truth which we are per-

suaded a profound philosophy will understand the better the more deeply it is revolved; and only those legislative pedants will refuse weight to it, who would venturously propose to give New Zealanders and Hottentots, in the starkness of their savage ignorance, the complex forms of the British constitution. In a similar manner, many of the old objections of our deistical writers have ceased to be heard of in our day, unless it be from the lips of the veriest sciolism; the objections, for instance, of that truly pedantic philosophy which once argued that ethical and religious truth are not given in the Scripture in a *system* such as a schoolman might have digested it into; as if the brief iteration and varied illustration of pregnant truth, intermingled with narrative, parable, and example, were not infinitely better adapted to the condition of the human intellect in general! For similar reasons, the old objection, that statements of Christian morality are given without the requisite limitations, and cannot be literally acted upon, has been long since abandoned as an absurdity. It is granted that a hundred folios could not contain the hundredth part of all the limitations of human actions, and all the possible cases of a contentious casuistry; and it is *also* granted that human nature is not so inept as to be incapable of interpreting and limiting for itself such rules as ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.’

In the same manner have many of the objections suggested at different periods by the progress of science been dissolved; and, amongst the rest, those alleged from the remote historic antiquity of certain nations on which infidels, like Volney and Voltaire, once so confidently relied. And it is worthy of remark, that some of the old objections of philosophers have disappeared by the aid of that very science — geology — which has led, as every new branch of science probably will, to new ones. Geology has, however, in our judgment, done at least as much already to remove difficulties as to occasion them; and it is not illogical, or perhaps unfair, to surmise that, if we will only have *patience*, its own difficulties, as those of so many other branches of science, will be eventually solved. One thing is clear, — that, if the Bible be true and geology be true, *that* cannot be geologically true which is scripturally false, or *vice versâ*; and we may therefore laugh at the polite compromise which is sometimes affected by learned professors of theology and geology respectively. All we demand of either — all that is needed — is, that they refrain from a too hasty conclusion of absolute contradictions between their respective sciences, and retain a quiet remembrance of the imperfection of our present knowledge both of geology and, as Butler says, of the Bible. The

recent interpretation of the commencement of Genesis—by which the first verse is simply supposed to affirm the original creation of all things; while the second immediately refers to the commencement of the human economy; passing by those prodigious cycles which geology demands, with a silence worthy of a *true* revelation, which does not pretend to gratify our curiosity as to the previous condition of our globe any more than our curiosity as to the history of other worlds—was first suggested by geology, though suspected and indeed anticipated by some of the early Fathers. But it is now felt by multitudes to be the more *reasonable* interpretation,—the second verse certainly more naturally suggesting previous revolutions in the history of the earth than its then instant creation: and though we frankly concede that we have not *yet* seen any account of the whole first chapter of Genesis which quadrates with the doctrines of geology, it does not become us hastily to conclude that there can be none. If a further adjustment of those doctrines, and a more diligent investigation of the Scripture, together, should hereafter *suggest* any *possible* harmony,—though not the *true* one, but one ever so gratuitously assumed,—it will be sufficient to neutralise the objection. This, it will be observed, is in accordance with what has been already shown,—that wherever an objection is founded on an apparent contradiction between two statements, it is sufficient to show any *possible* way in which the statements may be reconciled, whether the true one or not. The objection, in that case, to the supposition that the facts are gratuitously assumed, though often urged, is, in reality, nothing to the purpose.* If it should ever be shown, for example, that supposing as many geological eras as the philosopher requires to have passed in the chasm between the first verse, which asserts the original dependence of all things on the fiat of the Creator, and the second, which is supposed to commence the human era, any *imaginable* condition of our system—at the close, so to speak, of a given geological period—would harmonise with a fair interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, the objection will be neutralised.

We have little doubt in our own minds that the ultimately converging though, it may be, transiently discrepant conclusions of the sciences of philology, ethnology, and geology (in all of

* Some admirable remarks in relation to the answers we are bound to give to objections to revealed religion have been made by Leibnitz (in reply to Bayle) in the little tract prefixed to his *Theodicée*, entitled 'De la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison.' He there shows that the utmost that can fairly be asked is, to prove that the affirmed truths involve no necessary contradiction.

which we may rest assured great discoveries are yet to be made) will tend to harmonise with the ultimate results of a more thorough study of the records of the race as contained in the book of Revelation. Let us be permitted to imagine one example of such possible harmony. We think that the philologist may engage to make out, on the *strictest principles of induction*, from the tenacity with which all communities cling to their language, and the slow *observed* rate of change by which they alter; by which Anglo-Saxon, for example, has become English*, Latin Italian, and ancient Greek modern (though these languages have been affected by every conceivable cause of variation and depravation); that it would require hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of years to account for the production, by known natural causes, of the vast multitude of totally distinct languages, and tens of thousands of dialects, which man now utters. On the other hand, the geologist is more and more persuaded of the comparatively recent origin of the human race. What, then, is to harmonise these conflicting statements? Will it not be curious if it should turn out that nothing *can* possibly harmonise them but the statement of Genesis, that in order to prevent the natural tendency of the race to accumulate on one spot and facilitate their dispersion and destined occupancy of the globe, a preternatural intervention expedited the operation of the causes which would gradually have given birth to distinct languages? Of the probability of this intervention, some profound philologists have, on scientific grounds alone, expressed their conviction. But in all such matters, what we plead for is only—*patience*; we wish not to dogmatise; all we ask is, a philosophic abstinence from dogmatism. In relation to many difficulties, what is now a reasonable exercise of faith may one day be rewarded by a knowledge which on those particular points may terminate it. And, in such ways, it is surely conceivable that a great part of the objections against Revelation may, in time, disappear; and, though other objections may be the result of the progress of the older sciences or the origination of new, the solution of previous objections, together with the additions to the evidences of Christianity, external and internal, which the study of history and of the Scriptures may supply, and the still brighter light cast by the progress of Christianity and the fulfilment of its prophecies, may inspire increasing confidence that the new objections are also destined to yield to similar

* It contains, let us recollect, (after all causes of changes, including a conquest, have been at work upon it,) a vast majority of the Saxon words spoken in the time of Alfred—nearly a thousand years ago!

solvents. Meanwhile, such new difficulties, and those more awful and gigantic shadows which we have no reason to believe will ever be chased from the sacred page,—mysteries which probably could not be explained from the necessary limitation of our faculties, and are, at all events, submitted to us as a salutary discipline of our humility,—will continue to form that exercise of faith which is probably nearly equal in every age—and necessary in all ages, if we would be made ‘little children,’ qualified ‘to enter the kingdom of God.’

In conclusion, we may remark, that while many are proclaiming that Christianity is effete, and that, in the language of M. Proudhon (who complacently says it amidst the ignominious failure of a thousand social panaceas of his own age and country), it will certainly ‘die out in about three hundred years;’ and while many more proclaim that, as a religion of supernatural origin and supernatural evidence, it is already dying, if not dead; we must beg leave to remind them that, even if Christianity *be* false, as they allege, they are utterly forgetting the maxims of a cautious induction in saying that it will therefore cease to exert dominion over mankind. What proof is there of this? Whether true or false, it has already survived numberless revolutions of human opinions, and all sorts of changes and assaults. It is not confined, like other religions, to any one race—to any one clime—or any one form of political constitution. While it transmigrates freely from race to race, and clime to clime, its chief home, too, is still in the bosom of enterprise, wealth, science, and civilisation; and it is at this moment most powerful amongst the nations that have most of these. If not true, it has such an *appearance* of truth as to have satisfied many of the acutest and most powerful intellects of the species;—a Bacon, a Pascal, a Leibnitz, a Locke, a Newton, a Butler;—such an appearance of truth as to have enlisted in its support an immense array of genius and learning: genius and learning, not only in some sense professional, and often wrongfully represented as therefore interested, but much of both, strictly extra-professional; animated to its defence by nothing but a conviction of the force of the arguments by which its truth is sustained, and that ‘hope full of immortality’ which its promises have inspired. Under such circumstances it must appear equally rash and gratuitous to suppose, even if it be a delusion, that an institute, which has thus enlisted the sympathies of so many of the greatest minds of all races and of all ages—which is alone stable and progressive amidst instability and fluctuation,—will *soon* come to an end. Still more absurdly premature is it to raise a pæan over its fall, upon every new

attack upon it, when it has already survived so many. This, in fact, is a tone which, though every age renews it, should long since have been rebuked by the constant falsification of similar prophecies, from the time of Julian to the time of Bolingbroke, and from the time of Bolingbroke to the time of Strauss. As Addison, we think, humorously tells the Atheist, that he is hasty in his logic when he infers that if there be no God, immortality must be a delusion, since, if chance has actually found him a place in this bad world, it *may*, perchance, hereafter find him another place in a worse,—so we say, that if Christianity be a delusion, since it is a delusion which has been proof against so much of bitter opposition, and has imposed upon such hosts of mighty intellects, there is nothing to show that it will not do so still, in spite of the efforts either of a Proudhon or a Strauss. Such a tone was, perhaps, never so triumphant as during the heat of the Deistical controversy in our own country, and to which Butler alludes with so much characteristic but deeply satirical simplicity, in the preface to his great work:—‘It is come,’ says he, ‘I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons ‘that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but ‘that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. . . . On ‘the contrary, thus much at least will here be found, not taken ‘for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will ‘thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured ‘as he is of his own being, *that it is not, however, so clear ‘that there is nothing in it.*’ The Christian, we conceive, may now say the same to the Froudes, and Foxtons, and to much more formidable adversaries of the present day. Christianity, we doubt not, will still live, when they and their works, and the refutations of their works, are alike forgotten; and a new series of attacks and defences shall have occupied for a while (as so many others have done) the attention of the world. Christianity, like Rome, has had both the Gaul and Hannibal at her gates: But as the ‘Eternal City’ in the latter case calmly offered for sale, and sold, at an undervalued price, the very ground on which the Carthaginian had fixed his camp, with equal calmness may Christianity imitate her example of magnanimity. She may feel assured that, as in so many past instances of premature triumph on the part of her enemies, the ground they occupy will one day be its own; that the very discoveries, apparently hostile, of science and philosophy, will be ultimately found elements of her strength. Thus has it been to a great extent with the discoveries in chronology and history; and thus will it be, we are confident, (and to a certain extent has been already), with those in geology. That science has

done much, not only to render the old theories of Atheism untenable, and to familiarise the minds of men to the idea of miracles, by that of successive creations, but to confirm the Scriptural statement of the comparatively recent origin of our race. Only the men of science and the men of theology must alike guard against the besetting fallacy of their kind, — that of too hastily taking for granted that they already know the whole of their respective sciences, and of forgetting the declaration of the Apostle, equally true of all man's attainments, whether in one department of science or another, — ‘ We know but in part, ‘ and we prophesy but in part.’

Though Socrates perhaps expressed himself too absolutely when he said that ‘ he only knew that he knew nothing,’ yet a tinge of the same spirit, — a deep conviction of the profound ignorance of the human mind, even at its best — has ever been a characteristic of the most comprehensive genius. It has been a topic on which it has been fond of mournfully dilating. It is thus with Socrates, with Plato, with Bacon (even amidst all his magnificent aspirations and bold predictions), with Newton, with Pascal, and especially with Butler, in whom, if in any, the sentiment is carried to excess. We need not say that it is seldom found in the writings of those modern speculators who rush, in the hardihood of their adventurous logic, on a solution of the problems of the Absolute and the Infinite, and resolve in delightfully brief demonstrations the mightiest problems of the universe — those great enigmas, from which true philosophy shrinks, not because it has never ventured to think of them, but because it has thought of them enough to know that it is in vain to attempt their solution. ‘ To know the limits of human philosophy is the ‘ better part’ of all philosophy; and though the conviction of our ignorance is humiliating, it is, like every true conviction, salutary. Amidst this night of the soul, bright stars — far distant fountains of illumination — are wont to steal out, which shine not while the imagined Sun of reason is above the horizon! and it is in that night, as in the darkness of outward nature, that we gain our only true ideas of the illimitable dimensions of the universe, and of our true position in it.

Meanwhile we conclude that God has created ‘ two great ‘ lights,’ — the greater light to rule man’s busy day — and that is Reason; and the lesser to rule his contemplative night — and that is Faith.

But Faith itself shines only so long as she reflects some faint illumination from the brighter orb.

- ART. II. — 1. *Die Chemische Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der Agricultur und Pflanzenphysiologie.* Von EMIL THEODOR WOLFF. 8vo. pp. 549. Leipzig: 1847.
2. *Précis Élémentaire de Chimie Agricole.* Par le Docteur F. SACC, Professeur à la Faculté des Sciences de Neufchatel (Suisse). 8vo. pp. 420. Paris: 1848.
3. *Mémoire sur les Terrains Ardennais et Rhénan de l'Ardenne, du Rhin, du Brabant et du Condros.* Par ANDRÉ DUMONT, Professeur de Géologie à l'Université de Liège—Extrait du tome XX. et du tome XXII. des Mémoires de l'Académie Royale de Belgique. 4to. pp. 613.
4. *Geological and Agricultural Survey of the State of Rhode Island, made under a Resolve of Legislature in the Year 1839.* By CHARLES T. JACKSON, M.D. 8vo. pp. 312. Providence: 1840.
5. *The present State of Agriculture in its Relations to Chemistry and Geology.* A Lecture delivered before the Royal Agricultural Society, at the Meeting in York. By Professor JOHNSTON. From the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. ix. part 1. London: 1848.
6. *Contributions to Scientific Agriculture.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.L. L. & E., F.G.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 231. London and Edinburgh: 1849.
7. *On the Use of Lime in Agriculture.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, F.R.S.S. L. & E. &c. &c. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 282. London and Edinburgh: 1849.

SUPPOSE an intellectual foreigner, previously unacquainted with Great Britain, with the character of its people or with its social condition, to be informed that they occupied a small and remote corner of Europe, shrouded for many months of the year in fogs and mists, and seldom and briefly visited by the fervid sun, and that they raised from it with cost and difficulty the means of subsistence for their rapidly increasing numbers:—but that nevertheless, their legislature, though one in which the landowners were predominant, had recently thrown open their harbours to all comers, and trusting to their superior energy, perseverance, and skill, had invited the most fertile and favoured regions of the globe to a free competition in their own grain markets,—how would such a man admire the open boldness—how respect the determination of such a people, and long to

study not only their character and habits, but the modes of culture practised with such success in a country so little favoured by nature!

And were he actually to come among us, it would be easy for him, having started from the Land's End, to proceed from one warm-hearted and hospitable farmer to another, till the Pentland Firth arrested his course;—and all his journey long he might converse with cultivators of ardent minds, full of general as well as practical knowledge, who refused to despond, while they saw so much every where around them awaiting the hand of the improver, — who differing widely from each other in political opinion, or on the absolute policy of recent fiscal regulations, yet agreed in feeling that new difficulties only demand new exertions, — and that to resolute men, the conquest of the stubborn land is as sure as the dominion of the sea.

On quitting the British shores, after such a tour, our imaginary foreigner would carry with him a true impression of the flower of English and Scottish agriculturists: And his original estimate of the skill of these island farmers, of their manliness and firmness, would only be strengthened by his actual survey.

But if, instead of being carried along, by his friends or his letters, where the best men and the most skilful culture were to be seen, he should fall into a less known and beaten way, and turning into the by-paths of our rural districts, were to quarter himself on the less instructed class of farmers,—among whom are many who hold large breadths of land,—how ill would the depression and despondency and ignorance of many he now met with agree with his pre-conceived opinions and glowing anticipations! What he had admired as a resolute far-seeing determination, he would here be taught to regard only as the most culpable rashness; and what he had ascribed to large knowledge and confidence in approved skill, he would now be told to attribute to the temporament of over sanguine men, ignorant of what practical agriculture can effect at present, and of what it can ever reasonably hope hereafter to perform. How different the estimate of the character, the skill, and the social state of the country, which this second tour would leave with him, from that which we suppose him to have carried away from the other!

It may be that our former class of cultivators are, in some things, too credulous and venturesome: but most certainly the latter class are too desponding; and underrate, generally from want of knowledge, the command which existing skill might win for them over the difficulties in which they feel or fancy themselves to be placed.

To many, indeed, it may seem strange that in a country

like ours, which, as a whole, certainly stands at the head of European agriculture, so much ignorance should prevail in regard to the principles of the rural arts, — even in the best cultivated districts, and among farmers of the first or leading rank. But the truth is that a few individuals in each county set the example to the rest; make the first trials, run the first risks, and establish the successive improvements. The major part live upon the wits of these men; advance by the help of *their* knowledge, and adopt the experiments which they have tested. And thus the entire district no doubt advances; while the whole body of farmers obtain the credit of understanding what each of them comes at last to practise.

It must, indeed, always be so, in every art. All may learn how to do a given piece of work; but only a few will understand the principles on which the several steps in the process depend, or will be able to explain how the process must be altered when circumstances alter, or when a change in the market renders necessary a corresponding change in the article to be produced. The true intellectual character, therefore, of British agriculture — the soul and spirit of it — is only to be seen in that upper class of men, among whom we supposed our foreigner to have gone in the first instance. They form the locomotive, by which the heavy rural train is slowly dragged ahead, — and which so stoutly snorts against, and battles with the steepest gradients!

It is not wonderful that practical men, who have never learned to take this humbling view of their own apparent skill, should undervalue the aids of the very science which, *unknown to themselves*, has really made them what they are. It has so often happened in ordinary experience that failure has attended the farming of mere men of books and science, from the want of business habits and of a prudent conduct of their affairs; while such prudent conduct, with ordinary observation and some skill in bargaining, has so often made a farmer thrive — that book knowledge has often been driven to the wall, and the value of practice above science immeasurably extolled, where rent had to be paid. In the meantime, the real state of the question is overlooked: — Assume the same prudence, energy, and business skill in both cases: and then the man who knows the principles of his art the best, will, under the same circumstances, unquestionably make the most money. While we ask, therefore, for more instruction, we stipulate for no less prudence than before.

As often as farmers of merely local skill, (and most of our best practical men are, as we have shown, entitled to no higher character,) shift to new counties, where other soils and other cus-

toms prevail, their local knowledge, to their frequent loss and mortification, is found to fail them. They presume, in their shallow self-sufficiency, that what they did elsewhere must succeed everywhere; and that the local practice of the districts they have left, will yield as large or even larger profits, in these to which they have come.

We had the opportunity a few months ago of attending an agricultural meeting on the borders of the fen land of Huntingdon, where the Direct Northern Railway runs across the bog which quakes around Whittlesea Mere. At this meeting one of the most noted farmers of the district, in commenting upon the alleged superior skill of his Scottish brethren, so often, he said, cast in their teeth, stated, that in his recollection no less than six and twenty Scottish farmers had come to settle in that country; and all had failed — except one, who was still under trial. The same result, in so many instances, can scarcely be accounted for by any cause less general than this; — skilful cultivators as they might have been at home, they had been unable to discriminate between the character of the soil and climate which they had left and that of the soil and climate to which they had removed; and consequently they had undervalued the many local adaptations to those peculiar circumstances, which long experience had introduced among the native farmers.

In fact, an inspection of the heavy soils of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, which rest upon and are mainly derived from the Oxford clay, will at once explain to a person who has examined the surface of the northern half of the island, why Scottish farmers, introducing unmodified Scottish practices, should fail, in these quarters, to cultivate with a profit. To say nothing of differences of climate, it is enough that in all Scotland there are no clay soils which at all resemble the clays of these counties, — none so difficult and expensive to work, so stubborn under the plough, so susceptible to rain and drought; in which the *tid* — the time between too wet and too dry — is so short, and which in their present state require such special methods and so large a force to work. Under circumstances so new to them, it is not wonderful therefore that men, locally skilful, and yet unprovided with principles to guide them, should have miscarried in adapting their home methods to these new conditions. How much more generally useful would that measure of prudence and practical skill, which is almost necessarily acquired by every settled member of the agricultural community, become, were such principles universally diffused among them!

But while apprehension and despondency, whether arising

from defective knowledge or from other causes, are disturbing the minds of so many, not only of the occupiers, but of the owners of land, it is of consequence to inquire, — from what sources relief and hope are to be looked for? and, apart from fiscal regulations, what our own hands and heads can do, to uphold, as in times past, the prosperity of the agricultural interest and the comfort of our rural population?

A pamphlet recently published by Mr. Caird, a Wigtonshire farmer*, discusses this question in a practical, though too limited sense. His position, that high-farming is the best substitute for protection, is well illustrated by the results of the actual management of a farm of two hundred and sixty acres on the estate of Colonel M'Douall of Logan in Wigtonshire. The improvements consisted of drainage, judicious grain-cropping, more extended stock-feeding, and high manuring; and, within a time not specified, they have increased the produce fourfold: — ‘amply sufficient,’ it is stated, ‘to pay the increased annual expenditure, and leave a rich return for the tenant’s capital and enterprise besides.’

Supposing two thirds of the whole improveable land of Great Britain, and nine tenths of that of Ireland, to be neither drained, according to our more perfect methods, nor subjected to the greater pressure of high-farming, over this proportion of the two islands the rents of land and the profits of the cultivator might be kept up to at least their present state, by the universal adoption of the more skilful and improved culture described by Mr. Caird. It must therefore be the interest of all persons connected with agriculture, and especially of the owners of such land, to encourage the extension of this improved system, and by every means to diffuse the knowledge on which the profitable practice of the system depends.

But more than this must be done. For the comfort and fair encouragement of all parties, we must not stop here. If prices are to be permanently lowered, both for corn and cattle, it may be feared, that improvements which were profitable under the old prices will not be so under the new. And further, if the Lothians and Lincolnshire, and the best parts of all our other counties be *already* highly farmed, Mr. Caird’s substitute for protection will not avail *them*. They not only cultivate well already, but they pay rents in proportion; and, unless there is some way for them to advance further still, both the rents of the owners and the profits of the cultivators of our most im-

* High-farming, under liberal Covenants, the best Substitute for Protection. Blackwood: 1849.

portant districts must certainly fall. It is not therefore to high-farming, in the abstract sense, that we can look for the general and permanent support of our national agriculture. It is only by the general introduction of improvements upon existing methods, on rich land as well as on poor, on the high-farmed as well as on the low-farmed, that the actual condition of all who depend on land is to be bettered, or indeed maintained. We must raise more corn and cattle on the same surface, or we must raise the same quantities at a less cost.

And how is either of these things to be done?

As in all the other arts by which this country has attained to eminence, it must be by the application of more skill. If the United States of America are now beating us out of any of our old markets, it is not that they possess more energy than we do, more industry, or more intelligence, or have cheaper labour; but because, from their earnest competition, they have in these cases been more attentive to avail themselves of the daily discoveries of Science, and have accordingly so far succeeded in producing better or cheaper articles.

It is from the aids of Science, hitherto so much undervalued, that British agriculture is to draw new strength. If other nations have outstripped her in any art, she, by the use of the same means, may surely outstrip her present self. She has only to carry out a little more zealously and generously into agriculture the system by which her other manufacturing arts have been raised to their present height; and the numerous cases of individual distress which all fiscal and social changes involve—and which, we may add, all great national triumphs bring along with them—will be swallowed up and disappear beneath the swelling tide of general prosperity.

But what has science yet done for practical agriculture to justify this opinion concerning its future use? This is a question, which is still asked, notwithstanding all that has not only been written but performed of late years, showing the relations of science to practical husbandry in its largest sense. The works, of which the titles are placed at the head of this article, afford us the materials for a satisfactory reply.

Our readers are aware that botany, physiology, geology, meteorology, and mechanics, all lay claim, and with much justice, to the honour of having greatly benefited general husbandry and those concerned in it. But during the last twenty years Chemistry has taken the lead in explaining the processes and illustrating the principles on which the practice of agriculture depends. During this period its materials have been gradually accumulating; and, when collected, systematised, and

applied, as in the writings of Liebig, Boussingault, Johnston, and others, they form the wide and important branch called *agricultural chemistry*. Our limits make it impossible for us to illustrate and compare the claims of all the sciences we have named. We shall, therefore, now confine ourselves to the more palpable benefits which Chemistry has already bestowed upon the agriculturist, and which it is to be presumed are but samples of what it may have still in store for him.

In a former article in this Journal we drew attention to the systematic works upon agricultural chemistry which up to that time had been published—those of Lord Dundonald, Davy, de Saussure, Sprengel, Liebig (the great author and guide of the movement still in progress), Johnston, and Boussingault—and we gave a general sketch of the then known relations of this science to the various branches of rural practice. The chemical works we have placed at the head of the present article are such as have appeared since that time; and it is to some of the new matter contained in them that we now propose to address ourselves.

The ‘Contributions to Scientific Agriculture,’ being the most recent of these publications, comprises, as the introduction to the work informs us, a portion of the results of the researches which have been carried on in the laboratory of the author during the last five or six years; and a rapid glance over its table of contents will show us how widely chemistry enters into the various departments of rural life. It performs a part, indeed, in almost every process,—throws light upon every appearance,—explains the qualities and uses of all the materials which the husbandman works with or produces, and aims at removing the greater part of the difficulties which lie in his way. The culture of the land, the manuring of the crops, their value when reaped, the feeding and treatment of stock, the manufacture and management of butter and cheese, have all been made the subjects of analytical investigation in the laboratory; and the practical applications of the results of numerous investigations of this kind are presented to us in the pages now before us.

It is not our intention to advert to any of the subjects of purely theoretical interest which are discussed in these pages. But we propose to select, under the several branches of Agriculture, one or two points of a positive and material kind, such as will illustrate *the money value of science to practical agriculture*.

The true and extensive money value of science to general husbandry is neither understood nor acknowledged. When, eight or nine years ago, the popular and most valuable work of Liebig

drew the attention of practical men to the relations of chemistry to agriculture, their minds became suddenly filled with obscure and undefined expectations of some great, visible, and immediate good they were to derive from this relationship. Every man's visions were shaped according to his own knowledge and wants; but they were all equally vague. When a certain number of years had passed, and extravagant hopes had not been realised, a violent reaction set in; and, as is usual in such cases, we were told that nothing had been done. Yet all the while a great deal had really been done, and was doing. Analytical researches were gradually shedding light upon practical operations in every direction: and it is the immediate pecuniary profit consequent on some of these researches which we are now desirous of making intelligible to our readers.

First. The proportion of nitrogen* contained in different kinds of vegetable food, is a question which is connected with numerous and various economical considerations. This will appear by a statement of the opinion at present entertained concerning the relation of nitrogen to the sustenance of animal life.

Among the parts of the living animal, the muscles occupy an important place, not merely in bulk, but in reference also to the health and strength of the body. The muscles contain nitrogen; and, besides a little fat, are mainly composed of a substance, to which, because of its stringy or fibrous nature, chemists give the name of *fibrin*. Now this fibrin is almost identical in chemical characters and composition, with the white of eggs (albumen), with the curd of milk (casein), with the gluten† of wheat, and with certain similar substances, which exist in beans, peas, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and, in fact, in almost every vegetable esculent, in greater or less proportion. All these substances contain nearly the same per-centage of nitrogen, and are distinguished by the general name of *protein compounds*.

It is now ascertained that, when vegetable food is introduced into the stomach, the gluten, albumen, &c. which it contains, is dissolved and extracted from it, conveyed from the stomach into the blood, and by the circulating blood carried to those parts of the body in which, owing to natural waste or to the demands of animal growth, the muscles require to be re-

* Nitrogen is a kind of air which forms about four fifths of the bulk of our atmosphere.

† When wheaten flour is made into dough, and this dough is washed with water upon a sieve as long as the water is rendered milky, an adhesive sticky mass remains on the sieve, to which chemists give the name of gluten.

newed or enlarged. The power of a vegetable substance, therefore, to increase or sustain the muscles of an animal, depends materially on the quantity of these protein compounds it contains,—or on the quantity of nitrogen by which that of the protein compounds is indicated and measured. It must be of importance, therefore, to know how much of these compounds, or, in other words, how much nitrogen, different vegetable productions usually contain,—how far the usual proportion is subject to variation,—upon what circumstances such variation depends,—and how far it is within the reach of human control. Such questions have obviously an intimate relation to the actual money value of food in the rearing and nourishment of animals: And a few illustrations will show how chemistry has recently occupied itself in solving them.

It is the object of chemical research not merely to explain known facts, but to remove misapprehensions and correct erroneous opinions. The recent determinations of the proportion of nitrogen contained in wheat have served both these purposes. Thus it was long asserted and believed, that the wheat of warm climates always contained more nitrogen, and was consequently more nutritive and of higher money value, than the wheat of our more temperate countries. But later researches have corrected this hasty deduction; and have placed our home wheat in its proper position, economical and nutritive, as compared with the wheat of India, of Southern Australia, or of the Black Sea.

Again, the British miller usually requires a portion of foreign wheat to mingle with our native grain, both to make it grind more easily, and to satisfy the baker with a flour which will stand much water. The pastry-cook and the macaroni maker also demand of him a flour which will make a peculiarly adhesive dough. These several qualities were supposed to be inherent only in wheat which abounded, in an uncommon degree, in gluten, and which was produced under specially favourable conditions of soil and climate. Modern chemistry has the merit of gradually removing these misapprehensions, and of directing us to the true causes of all such differences.

So in regard to the superior amount of muscle-forming matter supposed to exist in wheat in comparison with other kinds of native grain, such as the oat. Experience had long taught the Scotch that oats, such as they grow in their climate, are a most nutritious food; but the habits of the more influential English, and the ridicule of a prejudiced lexicographer, were beginning to make them ashamed of their national diet. Chemistry has here stepped in; and, by her analysis of

both, has proved not only that the oat is richer in muscle-forming matter than the grain of wheat, but that oatmeal is, in all respects, a better form of nourishment than the finest wheaten flour.

But, what is more, chemistry has brought us acquainted with the value of parts of the grain formerly considered almost as waste. The husk or bran of wheat, for example, though given at times to pigs, to millers' horses, and other cattle, was usually thought to possess but little nutritive virtue in itself. Analysis, however, has shown it to be actually richer in muscular matter than the white interior of the grain. Thus the cause of its answering so well as food for cattle is explained; and it is shown that its use in bread (whole-meal bread) must be no less nutritive than economical.

The true value of other kinds of food is also established by these inquiries. Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favourite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring and summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed; and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use: And the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food (wheat, oats, beans, &c.), it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence, if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato: And no doubt the Irish *kolcannon* (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation from the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient.

Further, it is of interest—of national importance, we may say—that an acre of ordinary land will, according to the above result, produce a greater weight of this special kind of nourishment in the form of cabbage than in the form of any other crop. Thus, twenty tons of cabbage—and good land will produce, in good hands, forty tons of drum-head cabbage on an imperial acre—contain fifteen hundred pounds of muscular matter; while twenty-five bushels of beans contain only four hundred pounds; as many of wheat only two hundred, twelve tons of potatoes only five hun-

dred and fifty, and even thirty tons of turnips only a thousand pounds. The preference which some farmers have long given to this crop, as food for their stock and their milk-cows, is accounted for by these facts; while, of course, they powerfully recommend its more general cultivation as food for man.

We may add, while speaking of cabbage, that it is known to be so exhausting to many soils, that wheat will scarcely grow after an abundant crop of it. It springs up indeed, but yields little straw, and early runs to a puny ear, containing little grain. But the same analysis, which shows the value of the cabbage crop, shows also what it takes from the soil; and explains therefore the kind of exhaustion produced by it, by what special applications this exhaustion is to be repaired, and how repaired at the least cost.

Again:—In many parts of our island furze or gorse grows up an unheeded weed, and luxuriates in favourable spots without being applied to any useful purpose. In other districts, however, it is already an object of valuable though easy culture, and large breadths of it are grown for the feeding of stock, and yield profitable returns. Chemical researches show its nutritive property to be very great. Of muscle-building materials it contains when dry as much as thirty per cent., and is therefore in this respect superior to beans, and inferior only to the cabbage. Under these circumstances we can no longer doubt the conclusions at which some experimental feeders had previously arrived, nor the advantage which might be obtained from the more extensive cultivation of gorse on many poor and hitherto almost neglected soils.

The history of the Tussac grass is familiar to most persons. A native of the Falkland Islands, where it grows in the large tufts or tussacs, from which it derives its name, it is described as fattening in an extraordinary manner the stock, and especially the horses, which graze upon it. Some of the seeds which have been lately imported into this country having vegetated, the grown-up plants have been analysed; and it was found, 'that the proportion of muscle-forming ingredients in the dried grass is 'as great as in the best samples of wheat, oats, or barley, 'and therefore that the grass is of a very nutritious character.' Thus its alleged feeding qualities are confirmed; and we may look forward to seeing it, on further trial, domesticated in Great Britain.

The money value of the above investigations is obvious enough—and we do not dwell upon them. But the same branch of chemical inquiry deals with questions of a larger and higher kind. We shall quote one or two illustrations of this from the materials before us.

Among the articles imported in great quantity into this country are the oily seeds of flax, rape, mustard, &c. for the use of the oil-crusher,—and the refuse or cake from foreign oil-mills, for the feeding of cattle. The importance of this cake, whether of home or of foreign manufacture, either as a manure or as food for cattle, is now well known. But chemical analysis has shown, that its efficiency is owing to the large proportion of muscular matter it contains, in addition to the oil which still remains in it. It has further shown, that all oily seeds, almost without exception, are equally rich in this kind of matter; and thus a common value has been given to the refuse-cake of whatever seeds and nut-kernels are crushed for oil. The experience of practical farmers would long have wandered in uncertainty, and have often battled with prejudice in vain, before it could have satisfied the agricultural body at large, of the truth of what this analysis has at once conclusively and directly proved. In the meantime some of these cakes had almost disappeared, by name at least, from the market. Poppy-seed cake was suspected of soporific qualities. Accordingly, in this country it had till lately sold at a very low price—about one-half the price of foreign linseed cake, and indeed was chiefly used as a manure. But this delusion is now dispelled; and the difficulty of procuring it in our home markets is accounted for by its being mixed up with other cakes, and sold under another name.

New oil-cakes, too, have come into demand; and the same analyses which show their value as food, show also their value as manures. Hence the refuse of seeds which for special reasons cannot be used for food, have found a ready sale among the traffickers in manures. Those of the castor-oil bean, of the purging nut (*Jatropha purgans*), and even of the *Croton tiglium*, which yield the acrid croton oil, have obtained access to our markets; and form at once new articles of import and of traffic with other countries, and new means of improvement to our island husbandry. We save, also, for the use of man, what has hitherto been wasted as worthless.

Other consequences have followed. The best cakes being high in price, and their composition being known by analysis, it was asked,—cannot an artificial substitute be manufactured, equally good as food, and of less money cost? Cannot the several materials for forming muscle and fat be separately procured at a lower price, and put together into another compound, at a cheaper rate than is paid for the costly oil-cake? A paper in the 'Contributions' contains several recipes for compounding such artificial cakes; and manufactories for their preparation have already been established in consequence, in various quarters.

In this manner chemical inquiries are constantly giving birth to new arts; by means of which not only are new productions brought into the market, but old ones, with which they come into competition, are cheapened to the buyer.

Chemistry is obviously in close alliance with commerce. Every one is familiar with the employment of caoutchouc, with the innumerable uses lately found for vulcanised india rubber and for gutta percha, and with the large importations of both which in consequence have taken place. The trade in articles of human food is equally indebted to chemical science. Egypt has long furnished corn to Europe, and Egyptian beans are a staple article in our markets. But Egypt, Turkey, and India raise largely a kind of grain which in this country is comparatively little known. The Darra, Durra, or Dhoora is a very prolific plant, yielding a small seed, from which a perfectly white flour is prepared, and from which the inhabitants of the Upper Nile make a native beer. A quantity of the seed, lately brought into this country, could find no sale, till chemistry had replied to the questions—what is its nutritive quality? what grain does it most resemble? for which of our common kinds of food may it be substituted, and in what proportion?—since, on the answers to these inquiries depended the price which should be paid for it. The answer is, that ‘it has a nutritive quality, ‘about equal to that of the average of our samples of wheaten ‘flour; is void of sensible colour, taste, or smell, and may therefore be ground up with wheat without any injury to the ‘quality of the flour; and in its natural state it may be used ‘with advantage in feeding cattle and poultry.’ This answer, accordingly, assigns the Darra its distinct place as a commercial article; and thousands will be benefited by it, to whom the term Chemistry is scarcely known, and to whom it would be almost impossible to convey an idea of the meaning of a chemical analysis. The same is the case in regard to Guinea corn—which is grown extensively in Barbadoes and in other of our West India islands—and to the sweet quinoa, the native food of Peru and Western Mexico. Their nutritive quality has been determined from samples imported for trial, their degree of adaptation to our market pointed out, and their true economical and commercial value indicated.

With respect to the plantain, the native food of another large portion of the earth, especially of the islands and shores of the Carribean Sea and of the Gulf of Mexico, a still more interesting question has been raised. In Dutch Guiana, which lies on the north-east corner of South America, it formed almost the entire subsistence of the field negroes. But in this colony it was

ascertained by statistical returns that the slave population was diminishing at the rate of nearly two per cent. (1·77) per annum; and this rapid decrease was by some ascribed to the food on which they lived. Its nourishing qualities were suspected. The problem could be adequately solved by chemical analysis only: and the indications of these analyses are thus expressed:—‘In the tropical climate of Guiana, there is no reason to believe that the plantain, eaten in the quantity in which the slaves of Guiana consume it, is deficient in any degree in necessary nourishment, where the ordinary exertion of which a man is capable in such climates is alone required.’ But ‘if the amount of labour exacted be equal to that performed by an able-bodied willing labourer in Europe, the amount of sustaining food given to the slave ought to be so also. However true it may be, therefore, that in ordinary circumstances, and when only submitted to ordinary fatigue, the kind and quantity of food given to the negroes of Surinam may be sufficient to sustain their health and strength, yet, if by means of the lash or any other extraordinary stimulus, they are made to perform more than an equivalent amount of labour, the plantain food given them may prove insufficient, and the population may diminish in a certain sensible ratio from this cause alone.’—*Contributions*, p. 154. Thus the dilemma was shown to be only shifted. If the planter was relieved from the responsibility of this mortality in one form, it was to charge him with it in another. The food of the negro had become deficient, in consequence of the excess of labour exacted from him.

We may advert for a moment, before quitting this part of our subject, to a domestic question, which has been sometimes made a political one. When it is looked at from a more reasonable point of view, it will be seen, that one of the main elements for deciding it must be derived from chemistry. The use of Malt in feeding cattle has recently occupied much of the public attention, and the profit of malting barley, before giving it to stock, has been very much extolled. Now it has been ascertained by chemico-physiological inquiries that a substance when introduced into the stomach of an animal may perform one or both of two functions. It may contribute directly, and in proportion to its weight, to the sustenance of the animal, or it may assist the solution, digestion, and consequent usefulness of other food consumed along with it.

In so far as the first or direct feeding quality is concerned, it appears that barley is clearly more valuable than the quantity of malt it yields; inasmuch as this grain loses from ten to twelve per cent. of its weight during the process of malting, of which

loss six or seven per cent. consist of substances of a highly nutritive kind. Thus far the laboratory is favourable to the minister, who seeks to retain the duty on malt. On the other hand, however, it is equally certain that malt possesses a remarkable power of aiding the solution of vegetable food in the stomach, and consequently of facilitating digestion. Food mixed with it, therefore, goes further—from the digestive organs being enabled to extract more perfectly whatever can contribute to the sustenance of the body. Malt owes this property to a substance which is produced in it in small quantity during the process of sprouting—the first step in the manufacture of malt. In this particular, therefore, chemistry makes out the superiority of malt to barley, and supports the practical feeder in recommending it as a food for stock. But this case, as most others, is one of proportion. The solvent power of good malt is found to be so great, that one tenth of it mixed with other dry food, or one twentieth with moist food, like potatoes, is sufficient to produce the chemical effect on which its usefulness in the process of digestion depends. Hence the stock farmer who was free to do with his grain as he pleased would malt only this one tenth of his barley—supposing him to be about to consume all his own barley, and to feed with that grain alone—and would thus incur only one tenth of that loss of weight or substance which, as we have seen, barley undergoes during its conversion into malt. How far the duty on malt interferes with the general market of the barley-grower, or whether it would be worth his while to agitate, for the sake of the duty now payable on the trifling proportion of the grain which he would retain in the shape of malt to feed his cattle with, are questions which chemistry, of course, does not pretend to determine.

Secondly. Let us now briefly turn to the subject of Manures. As regards guanos and similar substances, the services of analytical chemistry to agriculture are at present pretty well understood. It is this branch of science which has established numerous manufactories of artificial manures in so many places; and it is by its aid alone that the absolute and comparative worth—the real money value of the products of these manufactories—can be tested and ascertained. On points so universally acknowledged, therefore, we need not dwell—though the merits of chemistry in reference to them alone ought to have secured to it a much higher consideration with the agricultural community, than has yet been conceded to it, for all the benefits it has conferred upon them. We will take an illustration rather from a subject in which chemistry and geology have played into each other's hands, and have entitled themselves, though in unequal shares, to the gratitude of the farmer.

Descriptive geology had recorded that in the deposits of what is called The Crag—and in those of the Greensand, which in our southern counties skirt the chalk on its southern and eastern borders—calcareous-looking nodules of various sizes, often including shells or corals, were not unfrequently met with. Chemistry applied its tests to these nodules; and as a matter of interest, recorded that they consisted in large proportion—sometimes to the extent of sixty per cent.—of phosphate of lime, derived, no doubt, from the remains of animals which had been entombed in these ancient beds of rock.*

But by-and-by, as the composition of *plants* became better known, chemistry said—‘Inasmuch as phosphate of lime being always present in, must be indispensable to, the growth of plants; and, inasmuch as bones seem to owe a part of their efficacy, when applied to the land, to the large proportion of this phosphate which they contain and yield to the roots of plants, it is probable that the mineral phosphate, such as is found in these nodules, if brought near the roots in an available form, might produce a similar fertilising effect.’ Sprengel was the first, we believe, to whom this idea occurred. He made the first experiment with the mineral phosphate, which is now known to mineralogists by the name of Apatite; and, as he states, with considerable success. But the scarcity of the substance at the time prevented it from being of any real advantage to the farmer as a manure.

It is only within these few years that it has been discovered that the nodules, of which we have spoken as occurring in the Crag, were to be met with in some places in sufficient quantity to allow of their being dug up at a cheap rate: And it is little more than two years since they were first found in the Greensand in such quantity as to promise to be of use. But the trials which have been recently made with these nodules (after being crushed and dissolved by means of sulphuric acid, as is now so generally done with bones,) have been so successful, that manufactories of what is called *superphosphate of lime* have sprung up, in which considerable capital is invested, greatly to the profit of both makers and consumers. There are at present many persons en-

* When phosphorus is burned in the air, it gives off white fumes, which are called by chemists *phosphoric acid*. The white smoke which rises from a lucifer match, when first kindled, is due to the burning of phosphorus, and consists of this phosphoric acid. When united to lime, this acid forms *phosphate of lime*. Bones, when burned, leave a bulky white ash, weighing about half as much as the original bone. This bone-earth consists chiefly of phosphate of lime, which, therefore, exists largely in the bodies of animals possessed of bones. It is found also to exist in the bodies of all other animals.

gaged, and in many countries, in searching for these nodules, wherever deposits like those of the crag or greensand rocks occur, and in inquiring whether other geological formations may not also contain them—so that it is impossible to assign a limit to the general gain to agriculture which may ultimately follow from this one investigation.

An examination of the beds of Marl, in which the greensand nodules are frequently found, has proved that they also contain phosphate of lime, sometimes in considerable abundance, distributed through their entire mass. Immediately on such discovery, these marls rose in estimation. People now found out the reason of their having been often dug up by the neighbouring farmers to lay upon their land. Where they had never been so used, their employment was recommended; and the peculiar and well-recognised fertility of certain soils, which either rested on, or were formed from, or adjoined these marl beds, was at length satisfactorily accounted for.

In many other districts marls occur, by which the adjoining lands have been long known to be improved. Such are the marls which underlie the sandy surface of northern Norfolk, and which gave Mr. Coke the chief means of redeeming from their poverty-stricken state the thousands of acres he lived himself to see enriched. Such also are the marls which, in the form of nests and irregular layers of chalk drift, underlie the immediate surface of a large portion of the counties of Huntingdon and Bedford. Are there any phosphates in these marls? Do those of Norfolk owe any of their fertilising virtue to the presence of mineral phosphate? These are questions which previous experience must now suggest to practical agriculturists: For science is a mistress who, in conferring one favour encourages her suitors to look for more, and shows them the way in which they are most likely to succeed.

But, in many other instances chemistry and geology co-operate for the benefit of agriculture. The former says: ‘Springs which flow through the soil, or which naturally descend from higher ground, exercise the greatest influence upon vegetation. The substances which they hold in solution are sometimes the cause why particular applications, otherwise most useful, are in certain cases unnecessary, or even prejudicial.’ It therefore analyses the waters. This is one of the duties which scientific Agriculture now requires from chemistry, as much as Boards of Health. Accordingly, the complacent science compares the nature of the minerals and rocks through which they have come; when it finds that waters which traverse aqueous rocks contain soluble silicates—that mica slate springs contain silica and magnesia.

— that the streams which so often gush from limestone rocks are charged with carbonate of lime, those from magnesian limestone or dolomites with sulphate of magnesia, from red sandstone formations with salt and gypsum, and from the Oxford clays with sulphate and carbonate of lime. Having performed its part of the appointed task, chemistry now hands over the practical agriculturist to descriptive geology: And she forthwith points out to him the places where these different varieties of rock occur; so that he may judge in what manner particular waters are likely to affect his soils, to influence his crops, or to modify the action of the mixtures he applies to aid their growth.

But the reciprocating sciences do not stop here. Geology then takes the initiative: ‘My greensand beds and my crag deposits are often rich in fossil phosphates. Will not the waters which pass through them be comparatively rich in phosphates also? and may not such waters materially influence the agricultural value of the adjoining lands?’ Thus chemistry is again set to work, and arrives at new results; the pecuniary profit of which the unconscious farmer by-and-by steps in to reap, without ever dreaming that the labour of others, either manual or mental, had been concerned in placing them within his reach.

Again: ‘Some of my clays,’ says Agriculture, ‘are greatly improved by the use of lime, while on others no perceptible good has followed from it.’ ‘Where are they respectively situated?’ asks Geology. Informed on this point, Geology observes, that ‘The London, the Plastic, and the Weald clays, which lime improves, are of a different geological age from the Oxford clay and its derivative soils, on which it is often applied without any sensible effect.’ Both then turn to Chemistry to learn the cause of the difference in question? And her analysis speedily tells them, that the Oxford clay often contains one fourth of its weight of finely divided chalky matter, or carbonate of lime, and requires therefore no further addition of what is truly understood to be a necessary ingredient of every fertile soil. In conclusion, an intelligent interpretation of the experience of the past is full of instruction on the course most profitably to be followed for the future.

The *Use of Lime in Agriculture* is the subject to which one of the books we have placed at the head of this article is especially devoted: And from the many illustrations this work affords, we will select one of a large and general kind.

It may be laid down, as a universal principle, that in our climate a certain proportion of lime in the soil is necessary to bring out its full productive power. But as soils are generally

derived from the rocks on which they rest,—or from others at no great distance, geologically considered,—the proportion of lime these rocks contain is a sufficient indication of the proportion which may be expected in the soils. That is to say, soils will not, in general, contain more lime than the rocks to which they belong: if the one is poor in lime, the other is likely to be poor also. Hence the analysis of the rocks of a district becomes of importance to agriculture, as an index not only of the natural fertility of its soils, but also of the methods to be adopted in order to increase their productiveness. And, as rocks of the same kind often extend over very large areas, and are repeated at intervals more or less distant over the entire surface of the globe, it must frequently happen that the results deduced from a chemical examination of the rocks of one district will prove true of those of many other districts, — the general composition of the natural soils will be the same, and the same practical conclusions will apply to them all.

Among other rocks, those commonly known by the names of whinstone and trap rocks, occur abundantly in Scotland; and the fertility of the soils formed from them is owing, in part, to the large per-centage of lime which they contain. Again, the absence of lime in granitic rocks is one reason for the general unproductiveness of soils formed from them. The inferences, of which we are speaking, must of course hold good of all other districts in which these several rocks occur, and which possess the same general composition.

But a more interesting case is that of the slate-rocks, (formerly called *Grauwacke*, and now distinguished as *Silurian*) which cross the island from the Mull of Galloway to St. Abb's Head. This is a tract of poor country, cold and inhospitable, and, as yet, little frequented by agricultural improvers. A suite of specimens from the rocks of this district has been analysed, with the following result: 'The proportion of lime in the different beds of this formation, in the south of Scotland, is small. In general, as a consequence, the soils formed from them will be deficient in lime. In this the reason appears why, in practice, it has been found that the addition of lime is an almost indispensable preliminary to any successful and permanent improvement of the surface where these rocks prevail.'

Over this large breadth of country no available beds of limestone are at present known to exist; and from our own observations on its western shores, improvement appears to have begun along the borders of the sea, and in the neighbourhood of ports to which lime could be imported, as from Cumberland, from the Isle of Man, or from Ireland,—and to have spread inland as far

and as fast as roads were made to allow of its being easily transported into the interior. It is surely a merit in chemical science to have shown why such a practice has succeeded; and to have assigned a reasonable ground for recommending its general extension as almost indispensable, in a region like this, to the successful development of its agricultural capabilities.

We have said that the practical benefit of such a deduction is not limited to the tract of country in which it has primarily been made. It extends to all countries similarly constituted, or in which the rocks have the same general mineral and chemical characters. This, with certain exceptions, is very much the case with rocks of the same geological age; and thus practical precepts like the above, when once recorded in our books, become part of the stock of chemico-agricultural truth, which is common to, and may be economically applied, in every country of the globe.

Take, for example, the memoir of Professor Dumont, of Liège, upon the Ardennes,—a well-known tract of thinly-peopled and poorly-productive country, which stretches north-east from Mezieres, in France, to the Rhine, at Bonn, and, according to some geologists, far into Westphalia. In reading the description of his *Terrain Ardennais*, one could almost fancy he was treating of the zone of southern Scotland to which we have just been referring.

‘The greater part of the soil,’ he says, ‘is still barren. . . . Immense tracts are covered only with heath, fern, broom, and forests. The slaty parts present, in general, only deserts, dry or wet, covered with heath or with peat, according to their position. It is distinguished from the neighbouring countries by the almost total absence of lime. . . . On its south-eastern extremity the plateau of the Ardennes is covered with a layer of clay, overlying chalk marl, which ameliorates the soil, and changes its character.’ The portion of the Ardennes to which the above description relates, is nearly of the same geological age as that of the southern slate country of Scotland; and the first steps towards agricultural improvement must be the same in both. The artificial application of lime has accordingly been found most advantageous in the one instance; while the natural admixture of marl in the other is seen to change and fertilise the soil. The researches of modern science, therefore, do not leave a doubt concerning the only prudent economical treatment of such a case.

But there is a host of lesser questions of a practical kind, in connexion with the use of lime, on which chemistry has thrown a useful light.

Every one at all conversant with the history of agriculture is aware of the immense sums which are annually expended in the purchase of this substance; of the numerous misapplications of it which are constantly made; and of the injury which has resulted from such misapplications in every country of Europe. Hence the different opinions entertained concerning the purposes which lime serves in the land; the quantity which ought to be administered; the frequency with which it should be repeated; the amount of compensation which ought to be given to a retiring tenant who has limed his farm; and the ridiculous stipulations, in regard to all these points, which have made their way into leases and farm agreements.

Some of the greatest practical mistakes in the use of lime appear to have arisen from supposing that it acts primarily as a manure, properly so called, and that it is capable, in good husbandry, of taking the place of a manure. In describing the treatment to which he means to subject his land, a farmer will say that he means 'to lime *or* manure' his land at such and such intervals; leases bind tenants 'to lime *or* manure' within certain fixed periods; and straw or hay is allowed to be sold off the farm, on condition that so much lime *or* manure be brought on to the farm in return. Chemistry has shown the erroneous nature of the opinions which gave rise to such practices and prescriptions; how evil must follow from them; of what special kind this evil must be; and yet that, with a use of lime as liberal as before, the recurrence of such evils may be prevented. This, of itself, is a sufficiently intelligible money gift conferred by science upon the rural community.

Again, limestones are of use to the farmer, only according to the kind and amount of action they exercise on certain soils and crops. Experience had long shown this. The ancient Greek and Roman writers were aware of it; and, in our home districts, wherever a choice of limes exists, the farmer prefers one variety to another, because of a difference, real or fancied, in their effects upon his land. It was something to ascertain the nature and cause of these diversities; to explain, by analysis, the chemical differences between the limes from which such different effects followed; and thus to connect observation and science. But when practical men are at issue among themselves,—when they cannot agree on the unknown qualities of a new variety of lime,—when a prejudice exists against all the limes of a given district, in consequence of the mischief done by the lime of some particular lime-beds or lime-works,—chemistry has rendered the parties a still more obvious service. To the manifest advantage of both lime-burner and farmer, it is able rigidly to fix the absolute and relative values of each variety, and in every locality.

It is among the interesting consequences, by which all minute researches into nature are at once rewarded and encouraged, that the pursuit of one object almost invariably leads to the unlooked-for discovery of others,—as the high road to a great city leads us past many mansions, opens up beautiful prospects, and brings us now and then to cross-roads where finger-posts indicate the way to places of which the very existence was previously unknown to us. The study of limestones, with a view to economical purposes only, would furnish us with instances in point. We will mention one of them, chiefly because of its close relation to the illustration we have already drawn from the mineral phosphates of the greensand and the crag.

In noticing these phosphates, we explained how essential they were for the production of bone in animals, and that to all plants they were a necessary of life; that therefore they must exist, to a certain extent, in the soil from which plants draw their mineral food; and that they constituted most valuable manures, accordingly, whenever any deficiency in respect of them had to be supplied.

Now in analysing limestones and burned lime, it has been discovered that a trace of this phosphate of lime exists in them all. In some it is merely a trace, in others it amounts to a sensible and practically useful proportion. One of the main benefits which follow from burning limestones and slaking burned lime is, that the lime itself, being naturally reduced, or *falling* to an impalpable powder, can not only be extensively spread over and minutely mixed up with the soil, but is in a condition, also, to act more readily upon those ingredients of the soil which it is intended to influence. Of this minute subdivision the mineral phosphate contained in the lime necessarily partakes, by which means it goes further than a larger quantity applied in the grosser form of bone-dust, or in any of the other forms in which it has hitherto been usually laid on the land.

In so far, therefore, as they contain phosphate of lime, applications of quick lime really act directly as manures; and since in some limes, even of the same geological age and position, this phosphate is *six times* more abundant than in others, we have arrived at an intelligible cause of the difference which different limes present, in the character of manures. To a soil naturally deficient in phosphates, and in districts where the artificial application of phosphates is unknown, the use of one of these limes rather than the other must be attended with important consequences.

Not only are such considerations economically useful to the practical man—in showing him how and what to select, and

the relative money values of this or that variety — but they explain why in some places land will bear and pay for liming much longer than in others; why some soils remain long fertile without any artificial addition of phosphates; and how in some localities the rearing and breeding of stock, and the reaping of yearly corn, may be continued from generation to generation without apparent injury to the land.

One example, among the numerous perplexities of the farmer, we may venture to specify, as the statement we have just made enables us to explain it. Dairy husbandry has long prevailed in Cheshire. Now it has been ascertained that every milk cow robs the land annually of as much phosphate of lime as is present in eighty-two pounds of bone-dust. From being thus gradually despoiled of this valuable mineral, the Cheshire pastures have become less rich in nutritious herbage; and hence the peculiar benefit derived from boning them, — a practice now so extensively and profitably introduced. But the Cheshire farmers found that after their land had been *limed*, bones were, to a great degree, a failure; while, conversely, some observed that, after a heavy boning, lime was not so immediately remunerative. The analysis of the soils and of the limes usually applied in that county, cleared up both appearances. The soil being poor, both in lime and in phosphoric acid, — the two ingredients of bone-earth, — was less grateful for the after application of lime, because the bones had already given it a certain dose of this substance; and, on the other hand, the soil was less remarkably affected by bones, because of the notable quantity of phosphoric acid which lime of a certain quality had previously conveyed to it.

The money value to practical men of an accurate knowledge of calcareous substances, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that a few years ago a patent was obtained for the process of burning the shell-sand (sea-sand mixed with fragments of shells) which occurs so abundantly on the coasts of Cornwall and of the Western Isles. Plausible statements concerning the value of this burned sand as a manure were circulated and believed; and much money was wastefully expended in the purchase of it. The publication of an analysis of its contents by a competent authority at once destroyed the charm; and protected the farmer from further imposition, — at least, in this particular.

Even the theoretical views of men of science in regard to fertilising substances have often a direct bearing upon practice. In England we are fond of novelty; and we frequently yield our assent to scientific opinions when given forth with sufficient confidence, and expend our money in obedience to them. It is

far from true that, by despising and neglecting science himself, the practical farmer escapes from its influence. The speculations of the men he underrates affect in an important degree the profits of his class notwithstanding. Of this we can now give a striking illustration. Analysis in the laboratory of the chemist had ascertained that ammonia exists in the atmosphere to a certain extent, and that plants always contain a quantity of mineral matter, derived from the soil. In the meantime experience had found in the field, that mineral substances, such as saltpetre, nitrate of soda, gypsum, common salt, &c., were often extremely beneficial when applied alone to our growing crops. Upon these facts, Liebig ventured boldly to propound two opinions — *first*, that the application to the soil of substances containing nitrogen was wholly unnecessary, because the ammonia of the atmosphere was sufficient to supply all they required of this ingredient*; and *next*, that a proper admixture of mineral substances was all that a manure need contain in order to render the land fertile for any crop. Thus mineral manures were strenuously recommended — alone, and for all soils. Proceeding upon the assumption that the rains are continually washing from the soil its mineral constituents in proportion as they became dissolved, he next concluded that the action of his mineral mixtures would be more permanent and efficient if, by some chemical process, they were rendered more sparingly soluble in water. Hence the origin of the patent manures called after his name. They profess to contain all the substances which the crops for which they are intended can require from the soil, and to contain them in a state in which the rains would not readily remove them.

The love of novelty, assisted by faith in a deservedly high name, has caused thousands of pounds to be spent in the manufacture of these manures, and many more thousands in the purchase of them; while even larger sums have been lost by the more or less partial failure of the crops they were intended to improve. It was in vain that more cautious practitioners warned their brethren by their own experience; which the more complete and correct deductions of science have since confirmed and explained. Manures containing nitrogen are available in all soils in promoting luxuriance of growth: But the solubility of such substances as saltpetre and common salt is one of the very properties on which their immediate and successful action upon plants depends. It required the successive crops of two harvests, however, to convince the parties of their imprudence.

* The reader is, probably, aware that ammonia consists of the two gases, — *nitrogen* and *hydrogen*.

These insoluble manures have now disappeared from the British markets; purely mineral mixtures, however, still retain an uncertain and temporary hold upon public favour. But two facts are sure to banish them from the list of fertilising substances, which can generally be relied upon in all soils and for all crops. These are, *first*, that plants do really obtain and require from the soil certain forms of organic food; and, *secondly*, that all naturally fertile soils do contain a sensible proportion of such organic matter. Suppose a soil to be deficient in this organic matter, a purely mineral manure, however compounded, cannot supply it; and the application of such a manure upon such soils must be followed by a failure. But let it be naturally rich in such matter, and the mineral mixture may possibly be applied with a profit.

It must appear, therefore, how economically important it is to practical agriculture, that science should be steadily and cautiously prosecuted in its behalf; and that the best safeguard of the farmer's pocket is a knowledge of the scientific principles on which his art eventually rests. Without that knowledge, however much he may undervalue it, he is at the mercy of every rash hypothesis, and may be induced to expend his money upon the nostrums of mere money-seeking quack-salvers.

Thirdly. The Dairy and the feeding of stock form another general branch of husbandry, to which science has been of no less positive use, than to the two departments which in the preceding pages have principally engaged our attention. Indeed, this must have already struck the reader, from what we have said upon the subject of food, and from the brief allusion we have made to the specially exhausting effects of the dairy husbandry upon the soils of Cheshire, and the mode of repairing them which chemistry supplies.

In the case of dairy farms, the chemical examination of milk drawn from different animals, and under very varying circumstances, has provided us with a body of facts which admit of numerous profitable applications. Thus it is ascertained that the curd and the butter of milk correspond to the muscle and fat of the animal. Hence the reason why good milkers are generally poor in condition, and why the milk falls off when they begin to fatten. And as the curd and butter, like muscle and fat, are derived immediately from the food which the cow eats, and as we know the respective sources of these, we can in some measure control the proportion of each which the milk shall contain. If it is to be rich in butter, we select a food which, like linseed or linseed cake, is naturally rich in oil, or we mix other cheaper forms of fatty matter directly with the ordi-

nary food. If curd (or cheese) is our object, we give food, such as beans and cabbage, which analysis has shown to be rich in gluten, or in some other of the so-called protein compounds. And if, while we are rearing calves, we wish to sell the milk which is high in price, we can, from our knowledge of the composition of milk, and of the various kinds of food at our command, provide an artificial substitute which will serve exactly the same purpose in feeding and rearing the calf, and yet cost less money than the sale of the milk brings in.

Our limits do not permit us to introduce other detailed illustrations of the uses of chemistry to the dairy. Why butter is hard or soft—how its quality is to be improved or maintained—how it is to be best preserved—why it becomes rancid, and how such a change is to be prevented—what takes place during the process of churning, what during that of natural or artificial curdling—what is the nature of rennet, and how it acts—in what manner we can prepare an artificial substitute for rennet which shall be easily made and constant in its composition, quality, and effect—how cheese should be salted—what kind of salt employed—why difficulties occasionally arise in the storing of cheese—how they are to be overcome or prevented;—these and many similar questions are treated of in the works before us of the latest date. The mere enumeration of them is all that can be wanted to demonstrate how very extensive, and how practically and economically useful, are the applications of chemical science to the pursuits of the dairy farmer.

In our climate, the rearing and feeding of Stock is scarcely second in importance, as a source of rural profit, to the growing of corn; and there are many who think that under our altered fiscal regulations it must and ought to become the more important of the two. It is certain that, so far as climatic conditions go, green crops appear to be more natural productions of our rainy islands than crops of corn. But, for the feeding of animals science has done at least as much as for the culture and fertilising of the land. The several purposes which are promoted by food have been investigated—what it must be fitted to serve if it is to keep an animal in a healthy condition—what is the composition of each of the more common kinds of food on which animals are nourished—how, what is given to the animal must be adapted to its period of growth, to the purposes for which it is fed (for work, for beef or mutton, for milk, for growth, &c.), and to the conditions of temperature, &c. in which it is placed—why one kind of food will keep an animal in condition for hard or fast work, while another makes him heavy, sleek, or fat—why the same kind of root crops are not always equally nutritive,

what power we possess to increase their natural nutritive quality, or, when this quality is lower than usual, to bring it up to the natural standard—why green herbage is more nutritious in its recent than in its dry state, and how the loss in drying is to be prevented—why new corn, wheat, beans, or oats, are unwholesome food for a horse—why new oats make him greasy—why kiln-dried oats affect his kidneys—why hunters keep their condition better on the common Angus than on the potato oat, and why the meal of the former variety is a better support for the Scottish ploughman;—these are all questions which chemistry has taken up, and has succeeded in fully solving—or is confident in its ability to solve,—and the least informed in practical matters must see how the solution of every one of these problems more or less directly affects the pecuniary interests of the holder or possessor of land. We might enumerate scores of other questions of a similar kind, which only scientific investigation can answer; and, as in the preceding part of this paper, we might illustrate by numerous examples the direct money value of such researches. But our limits compel us to refrain.

Fourthly. There is a fourth subject, not without its share of economical interest to the farmer, on which the volumes before us throw considerable light. All our manufactures produce Waste or Refuse materials, to which the progress of science gives a new value by discovering for them new uses. ‘Can any of them be of use to me?’ Agriculture demands; ‘for what purposes can I employ them? and what price ought I to pay for them?’ It is to Chemistry that we must suppose these questions put; for it is chemical analysis alone, which has the power of making a satisfactory reply.

When the principles on which the improvement of land is based are once fully understood,—when the elementary substances are known, which are necessary to render a soil fertile, or to make a crop grow healthily and with luxuriance, and also their opposites,—all we require to learn of any substance, with the view of determining whether or no it will form a useful application to the land, is, what it consists of, and in what state of combination its constituents exist. We can then pronounce with certainty whether it *can* be of any use to vegetation, and upon what soils and crops, and in what quantities, it is *likely* to produce the most beneficial effects. Chemical analysis, therefore, determines the value to the farmer of the refuse of the manufacturer, and upon such inquiries it has expended considerable time and minute attention.

The determination of such values involves two considerations,—a chemical and an economical one. The chemical inquiry is,—Does this substance contain any thing which is likely to benefit

the soil or the crop? and, further, What soils and what crops? The economical inquiry is, What is the worth of the refuse, calculated at the market price of the useful ingredients it contains? and, further, What is its worth to this or that farmer living at this or that distance from the manufactory, and having to transport it thither?

For instance, the refuse substance, though possessed of a certain money value on the spot where it is produced, may lose that value when carried even to short distances; that is to say, the expense of conveying it a very few miles may make it a dearer application than a purer material would be more portable or nearer at hand. A simple illustration will make this plain. A farmer contracts with a gas company for all their white gas lime, containing very little sulphur, for so many months, at sixpence a ton. This he carts six miles; and he thinks it much cheaper than the quick lime which he can purchase at the lime-kiln, two miles from his farm, for five shillings a ton. But, on a chemical examination, the gas lime is found to contain half its weight of water; so that two tons contain only one of dry lime, for which, therefore, he pays a shilling. But, besides, the lime is found to be chiefly in the state of carbonate,—the dry matter containing about two fifths—say only one third—of carbonic acid. Deducting this carbonic acid, we find that in three tons of the refuse there is only one of pure or quick lime, which, therefore, costs the farmer eighteen-pence. If his return carts carry it home at the low rate of fourpence a ton per mile, each ton of pure lime will cost him a shilling a mile for carriage. On this supposition, its ultimate price will be seven-and-sixpence a ton when delivered on his farm. At the same rate of carriage the lime from the kiln would be laid upon his land for five shillings and eightpence a ton; and, being caustic, or newly burned, one half the quantity would produce an equally sensible effect. Thus the apparently cheaper material is in reality much the more costly of the two.

Many cases of this simple chemico-economical kind have come under our own notice; and they illustrate very intelligibly the way in which exceedingly simple chemical inquiries may bring about a great saving to the farmer. The study of waste materials, while it shows that some substances, though really containing what is valuable to the plant, will prove dear to the farmer at any price, has also shown that many other refuse materials, which have been hitherto thrown away or allowed to run to waste, might be collected with great profit for agricultural purposes.

We might proceed to another line of inquiry—the prevention of disease in plants and of destruction from the attacks of in-

sects—on which, also, science has entered and made no small progress. But we must conclude our argument, which, cumulative in its nature, has already been sufficiently varied to meet the knowledge and to touch the experience of almost every reader. And we do think we may now venture to say that in the face of all our illustrations, it can no longer be said, with any degree of truth, that science is not of any direct money value to the practical farmer; and, if to him, then to the owners of land also from whom the farmer holds.

Half-read men are prone, in farmers' clubs and agricultural meetings, to exaggerate the importance of some trifling practical difficulty, and to lessen the value and usefulness of science,—because, so far as they know, it either has not solved or cannot solve that difficulty. On the other hand any one, who should declare that our present knowledge of this branch of applied science enables us already to solve every difficulty, would display as much rashness, and a degree of ignorance almost as inexcusable as those who deny its intrinsic claims upon our consideration. A familiarity with the actual state of science will keep us from both extremes. There are still, no doubt, many points in regard to which our ignorance is very great; many more, of which our knowledge is very imperfect; but the acknowledgment of this does not weaken the just pretensions of science to the intelligent gratitude of the agricultural community. It is at this moment busily labouring to remove these dark places from the surface of our knowledge; and deserves to be encouraged, not only because of what it has done, but on account of what it is striving and undertaking hereafter to accomplish. How little hitherto agricultural bodies have for their part done to secure the aids of science almost every farmer can tell;—while to reproach science that, amid all discouragements, it has not done more for a too thankless class, is not the most likely way of ensuring its more zealous services for the future.

To return, then, to the point from which we started. Many persons are apprehensive of injury to the husbandry of the country, in consequence of the abolition of our corn laws; and are asking by what substitute the prosperity of agriculture is to be sustained. We have said, that more knowledge, especially of elementary science, is one of the ways by which this end is to be attained. But how, it is replied, will the possession of such knowledge aid us? The rejoinder to this is simple. It will enable us, either as individuals or as a nation, to beat in the race all other individuals or nations who, placed in similar circumstances with ourselves, possess a less degree of knowledge.

Nay more—arm all parties alike with the whole knowledge of the day, and we still believe that our native energy will bring us through. We may possibly be left to depend on our home productions—or we may be called on to compete with the productions of the world. In the one case, we shall be able to maintain our whole population more easily and with cheaper corn; in the other, we shall be more likely to triumph in the fight, even over countries more favoured by nature than ourselves.

There is, perhaps, a stronger argument still for our encouragement of the application of science. It is this. If we allow other nations to add the advantage of higher knowledge to their more favoured natural circumstances, the decline of our agricultural prosperity must then become almost certain. Above all other countries, the United States of America and our own colonies—born of the same blood, and inspired with the greater ardour of young nations—are most to be feared by our home farmers. They are rapidly advancing in knowledge, and are eagerly seeking it from every quarter; and if, while they enjoy so many other advantages, they can raise themselves even to an equality in agricultural skill and resource with ourselves,—what will be the result to Great Britain it is not difficult to conjecture.

The eighth section of Count Strzelecki's 'Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land' is a striking exposition of what is doing in those two countries for the improvement of their agriculture; and of the skill and energy which we may expect to see developed in our other colonies. As regards the United States, we may add another observation. The desire of their several governments to promote the applications of science to agriculture has been shown by the numerous surveys they have lately caused to be made, and by the reports,—similar to that of Dr. Jackson, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article,—which have been printed and circulated at the public expense. The anxiety of individuals also to obtain further information, and their estimation of its money value, may be judged of from the recent visit of Mr. Colman to this country. This gentleman was, in a certain sense, commissioned by his countrymen to inspect and report upon British agriculture; inasmuch as, before he embarked for England, he had already received upwards of 3,000 subscribers for his intended work. His published volumes on British Agriculture are full of kindly and benevolent feeling. From being written for the most part while in England, and published piecemeal, they are somewhat sketchy and unmethodical, and, in this respect, suffer by comparison with the smaller and more con-

densed work of Von Weckherlin*, Director of the Agricultural School at Hohenheim, in Wurtemberg; yet they contain an outline of what was attracting most attention among us during the period of his visit, and can scarcely fail to be productive of good.

In respect to this visit of inquiry, also, we may remark that the welcome reception and ready communications on all subjects which Mr. Colman every where experienced among us — as is shown by his published letters, — are not only gratifying to ourselves, as they must have been to himself; but will prove, we trust, to our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic that we are still influenced by the old adage, that ‘blood is thicker than water.’ Let such of them as doubt this come among us with open hearts, and try.

To return from this brief digression, we would say that here, as in America and elsewhere, to avail ourselves of all the resources which science has already placed within our easy reach, is not enough. We should also secure its more extended and more zealous services for the future. In this way only are the difficulties, from which so much is apprehended, to be overcome. If with little encouragement, science has already, in so many ways promoted the interests of agriculture, what, as hopeful men, may we not expect from it when it is really stimulated to exert itself to the uttermost in our behalf?

In conclusion, while we speak thus of the uses of science and the services it may be made to render us, we do not hold them up as infallible nostrums for all possible evils. We are not to entertain unfounded expectations from it, as if sudden and great discoveries were to be made on the occurrence of every new emergency. All scientific progress is slow; but it is also sure; and its benefits are lasting. Nor do we recommend the diffusion and enlargement of such knowledge as the only things to be done, or as precluding any other means of improving the prospects of the agriculturist. But they are methods which ought to be tried, and which must and will be tried sooner or later. We had better try them early, in the hope by their means of *maintaining* our existing position. It will be harder work to employ them hereafter, in the attempt to *regain* a position which we may then have lost.

* Ueber Englische Landwirthschaft, und deren Anwendung auf Landwirthschaftliche Verhältnisse insbesondere Deutschlands. Stuttgart: 1845.

- ART. III.—1. *The Princess; a Medley*. Poems by ALFRED TENNYSON. Fifth Edition. London: 1848.
2. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. 3 vols. London: 1847.
3. *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*. Edited by R. MONCKTON MILNES. 2 vols. London: 1848.

IN our recent notices of Mr. Taylor's 'Eve of the Conquest' and of the 'King Arthur' of Sir E. B. Lytton, we ventured to deal with these remarkable productions as representatives of those forms of the poetical character to which they seemed severally to belong. On the present occasion we propose, though somewhat late, to take the opportunity which Mr. Tennyson's 'Princess' affords us, of continuing our sketch of modern poetry and poets.

If a man were to scrutinise the external features of our time, for the purpose of characterising it compendiously, he would be tempted, we suspect, to give up the task before long, and to pronounce the age a Medley. It would be hard to specify the character of our Philosophy, including as it does fragments of all systems, sometimes at open war, and sometimes eclectically combined. Not less various is the texture of Society among us, in which time-honoured traditions are blended with innovations which a few months make antiquated. The Political condition of our day is a war of great principles. As heterogeneous in its character is Art among us. Here we have an imitation of the antique, there a revival of the middle ages; while sculpture itself is sometimes compelled to relax its severity, and copy the rude attire of our northern yeomen. By what term could we describe the architecture of the day? In our rising cities we find a Gothic church close to a Byzantine fane or an Italian basilica; and in their immediate neighbourhood a town-hall like a Greek temple, a mansion like a Roman palace, and a club-house after the fashion of Louis XIV. The age in which we live may have a character of its own; but that character is not written in its face.

In this respect Mr. Tennyson's poem 'The Princess,' not without design if we may judge by the title, resembles the age. 'A Medley' he calls it; and a medley, so far as its materials are concerned, it assuredly is. We find in it classical allusions, a tournament of the middle ages, and the scientific and political associations of modern times. It is only on a repeated perusal that a certain unity of purpose which methodises its variegated exterior discloses itself. It professes but to weave together a chaplet of gay devices, such as might amuse the idleness of

a young party on a summer's day : and the reader will perhaps be disposed to regret this—if his experience be not sufficient to warn him that grand undertakings are apt to turn out tedious performances, and that often where least is promised most is accomplished.

The 'Prologue' of the poem explains its drift, and is indeed one of its most graphic and graceful portions. A rural festival is celebrated in the grounds of Sir Walter Vivian, a 'good old country gentleman,' fond of sports and of the poor. His son, with several young college friends, is passing the vacation at his house ; and some ladies from the neighbouring country-seats are of the party. The morning is spent in looking over those curiosities of art and antiquity with which an old country-house may be supposed to abound : the guests inspect the rusty armour of times gone by, and dive into old family records, including a chronicle which celebrates a knight without fear and without reproach, Sir Ralph, who fought at Ascalon, and a certain lady who had herself borne helmet and sword, and driven the foe from her walls. Leaving the house they then mingle with the crowd ; after witnessing whose revels for a time, they make their retreat at last within the walls of a Gothic ruin, where they sit down to tell college tales, criticise Masters, Proctors, and Tutors, and compare old things with new. A broken statue of the good knight Ralph which Lilia, the daughter of Sir Walter, has, in a childish caprice, mantled with a scarf of crimson silk, recalls the family legend ; and where, asks Walter, is a true heroine now to be found ? His young sister affirms that the land is still rich in such, but that their heroic qualities are undeveloped in consequence of their being deprived of a befitting education. Catching at this idea, half in ridicule and half in sympathy, the young men agree to recount a tale of which the heroine is to be a Princess who devotes herself to the exaltation of her sex, bringing up the maidens of her land in all manly knowledge and training. The narrators who are seven in number engage to take up the story in succession. The character of the tale is thus announced (p. 12.) :—

'But one that really suited time and place
 Were such a medley ! we should have *him* back
 Who told the Winter's Tale to do it for us !
 A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
 A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
 A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
 And there, with shrieks and strange experiments,
 For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
 The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.'

With this intimation the tale corresponds. The poem begins as an English Decameron of the nineteenth century; but it swells as it proceeds into a wider continuity of interests, and deepens in pathos. A vein of kindly irony runs through no small portion of it; but, by insensible gradations, the serious and the tender first, then the pathetic and the profound, supervene upon the gamesome. Any but the most delicate execution in this respect would have produced a very coarse, not to say grotesque, effect. The humorous and the serious are, however, seldom here found antithetically opposed to each other; but blend rather, like the different shades of some fine material shifted in the light. In this respect the poem is in harmony with nature; who so intertwines the grave with the gay, in her passages of sadness or promise, that the colour of the web is dark or bright according to the humour of him who handles it. There is room both for Democritus and Heraclitus in the world; and their dispute is one in which neither can have the last word.

The narrative is but a slender thread; perhaps too slender compared with the gems of precious poetry with which it is strung. A certain Prince, of whom we know no more than that he was 'blue-eyed and fair in face,' and that 'on his cradle shone the Northern Star,' had been betrothed and proxy-wedded while a child, to a Princess in the south not more than eight years old. The boy wears next his heart her picture, and one dark tress of southern hair; and around these relics, as boyhood changes into youth,

'Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.'

Ida, the Princess, has had her ideal also; but to her young lover she has been faithless before she has had the opportunity of being faithful. She admits, indeed, that

'We had our dreams — perhaps he mingled with them;'

but she has been the spoilt child of a doting father, and she has had her way in all things. The motherless girl had fallen moreover under the influence of two widows, Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche: and they have taught her, how

'Knaves are men

That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,

And dress the victim to the offering up,

And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,

And play the slave to gain the tyranny.' (P. 71.)

Among her own companions the Princess has seen also an instance of ill-requested truth. These circumstances have strengthened an early aspiration into a fixed resolve. It is thus

that the king, her father, describes it to the young Prince who has sought his court, and in vain demanded the fulfilment of the early contract. He speaks of her two widow friends (pp. 18, 19.):—

‘They fed her theories, in and out of place
Maintaining that with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harp’d on this: with this our banquets rang;
Our dances broke and buzz’d in knots of talk;
Nothing but this: my very ears were hot
To hear them. Last, my daughter begged a boon
A certain summer-palace which I have
Hard by your father’s frontier: I said no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,
All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled.’

The utmost that the Prince can obtain is permission to seek her out, and use his own powers of persuasion. Accompanied by two faithful friends, Florian and Cyril, he returns northward to the neighbourhood of the Princess’ university, which no man is allowed to enter on pain of death. The three adventurers however effect an entrance, disguised as students. The Princess is thus presented (p. 25.):—

‘There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,
With two tame leopards couch’d beside her throne,
All beauty compass’d in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our man’s earth: such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch’d brows, with every turn
Lived thro’ her, to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet.’

It would be difficult to exceed the skill with which this female university is described. Even the colleges of our native land, though devoted to manly studies, once held in them a certain feminine element of seclusion, decorous observance, innocence, sanctity, and obedience—of which the gown survives as the symbol. In early times, indeed, they were households on a larger scale, collected round the hearths of the church. Mr. Tennyson has availed himself of the points of analogy, touching more rarely those of contrast, and treating them in a spirit rather of friendly raillery than of satire. In his management of a theme so perilous as the adventures of three young men in a secular nunnery, there is no offence against

good taste or good manners. He does all honour to the purity of a high though erring intention; sees only what is worthiest to be seen, and turns even the aberrations of female wilfulness into the graceful, the winning, and the womanly. The first thing that the disguised youths do is to attend lecture. The Lady Blanche and the Lady Psyche are the most famous of the professors. They enrol themselves among Psyche's pupils. (P. 28.)

—

'As we enter'd in,

There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils.'

Her lecture begins with science, and ends in something more like song. Psyche, though she had been married to a nobleman of the southern land, is the sister of Florian; nor can his disguise protect him long from her recognition. After much pleading, however, the young men prevail upon her to keep their secret, on condition of their speedy departure. The next evening the Princess heads a riding party, to take the dip of certain strata in the base of the neighbouring hills. All the evening they climb the precipices, and after their repast sing songs. The following, rather a suspicious one, is that sung by the Northern Prince (pp. 69, 70):—

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died!

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

'O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods;
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

Before the evening is over, Cyril breaks in with some wild boisterous catch, and quite forgets the necessity of mimicking the female voice. The strangers are consequently discovered: and a sudden flight ensues. As the Princess gallops away in indignation, her horse stumbles upon the bridge, and she is precipitated into the river just above the falls. While her maidens clap their hands and scream upon the bank, the Prince plunges into the flood, and after a hard struggle brings her safe to land. Again she mounts, and with her train reaches the university. Downcast and with a slower pace the discovered youths follow. They are brought before the judgment-seat of the incensed Princess, who is not in the most placable of moods. (P. 78.)

'They haled us to the Princess, where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each side
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough,—stronger than men!
Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain
And labour. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and clang'd about with mews.'

It is in vain that the Prince boldly pleads his love, and urges his contract. At this critical moment the college is suddenly beleaguered by an armed host. The father of the Prince, a rough fierce old man with hoary hair and a fiery eye flashing beneath it, had thought from the first that an appeal to arms was the orthodox mode of settling the question of the repudiated contract. From that scheme he had been dissuaded; but hearing that his son has made his way into the forbidden precinct, and jealous lest mischance should befall him there, he has hastily collected his army, surprised the little priggish king, the father of our formidable heroine, and surrounded the university. The Princess is equal to the emergency; and her native character, which is heroic and self-devoted, asserts itself. She refuses to surrender, and quells the tumult. (Pp. 88, 89.)

'From the illumin'd hall
Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,

And gold, and golden heads; they to and fro
 Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
 All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
 Some crying there was an army in the land,
 And some that men were in the very walls,
 And some they cared not; till a clamour grew
 As of a new-world babel, woman-built,
 And worse-confounded: high above them stood
 The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

'Not peace, She look'd, the Head: but rising up
 Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
 To the open window moved, remaining there
 Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
 Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
 Glares ruin, and the sea-birds on the light
 Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd
 Across the tumult — and the tumult fell!'

The Prince is expelled by the eight 'daughters of the plough.'

From this moment the story gradually becomes more serious. The Princess has been from her infancy the delight of three warlike brothers; they too collect an army, and the rival hosts meet ere long beneath the walls of the maiden college. The Prince rides forth to the hostile camp, and has an interview with the brothers of the Princess. He challenges them to submit the dispute to the arbitrament of a combat, to be fought by fifty chosen knights on each side. The combat takes place, in the presence of both courts; and the Prince, with his two friends, after a terrible conflict, is left on the plain among the dying and the dead.

The next book begins with the Princess' song of triumph — but ends with her defeat. This scene has a greatness of character beyond perhaps any other part of the poem. In it more than anywhere else, the large performance breaks through the narrow limits of the unambitious design; and we recognise, as we glance around on its manifold sources of interest — the wounded Prince, the unhappy father, the mother pleading for her child, the indignant warrior, and the Princess slow to yield — an epic breadth of effect as well as style of handling. Accompanied by her maidens, and holding in her arms the infant child of Psyche, whom she had taken to herself on its mother's flight, Ida descends to the battle-field. An enemy more formidable than armed hosts there assails her — Pity. It is not by physical suffering alone that she is confronted. Psyche pleads hard for the restoration of her child. Cyril forgets his own wounds while vindicating her claims. The memory of old friendship comes to their aid, — and Psyche is forgiven. Old Gama bitterly reproaches

his daughter. The Prince's father refuses her aid. Reality comes suddenly home to one whose life has been a dream; and nature will have her way. 'Let the wounded be carried into the university,' she exclaims, overwhelmed by the passion of sudden grief; 'Psyche shall be Cyril's nurse; she will herself tend her chief enemy.' She speaks, and it is done. The Prince gains, unconsciously and in defeat, the privilege after which in health and strength he had in vain aspired.

The conclusion need hardly be narrated—unless we too could tell it as it is told by the poet. The wounded knights, after a struggle discreetly prolonged, recover. The remedial process was apparently rather empirical in character, consisting, in a large measure, of transfusion and counter-irritation. By degrees renovated strength glided, from the touch of their youthful nurses and very friendly physicians, into the veins of the wounded warriors: by degrees fever left the wearied head; but a kindred unrest was transferred into the hearts (how recently occupied only by learned cares) of those who were piously grateful for the work of their own hands. The knights live; and the ladies indulgently favour their devotion. In ice itself there are different degrees of coldness. Psyche is already betrothed to Cyril, and Melissa, the daughter of the spiteful Blanche, to Florian; while the Princess still holds out, 'like Teneriffe or 'Atlas unremoved.' Example, however, is dangerous; idleness is more so; and Ida's great design has been brought by compulsion to a stand still. Remorse, also, as well as compassion, has been dealing with her; and Spring-tide falls at last upon Ida's heart. One evening the Prince awakens from a long trance, and for the first time is conscious of outward things. Seldom has love been so described. (Pp. 148—150.)

'I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:
 Sad phantoms conjured out of circumstance,
 Ghosts of the fading brain, they seem'd; nor more
 Sweet Ida. Palm to palm she sat: the dew
 Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
 And rounder show'd: I moved: I sigh'd: a touch
 Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand!
 Then, all for languor and self-pity, ran
 Mine, down my face; and with what life I had,
 And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
 So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
 Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
 Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

' "If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
 I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:
 But if you be that Ida whom I knew,

I ask you nothing : only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night !
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die."

'I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd ; she paused ;
She stoop'd ; and with a great shock of the heart
Our mouths met ! out of langour leapt a cry,
Crown'd Passion from the brinks of death, and up
Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips ;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose,
Glowing all over noble shame ; and all
Her falsèr self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,
And down the streaming crystal dropt, and she
Far-flected by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end ! Nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee ! but mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep.'

Again, in the middle of the night, the Prince wakes : Ida sits beside him, and holds (pp. 150, 151.)—

'A volume of the Poets of her land :
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me !

"Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

"Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow—as thy thoughts in me.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake :
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

There is silence. Again she opens the volume, and reads the following Idyl (pp. 151—153):—

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him ! by the happy threshold, he,
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spiced purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
 With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
 But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley ; let the wild
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air.
 So waste not thou ! but come ! for all the vales
 Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee ; the children call, and I'
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound !
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees."

'So she, low-toned ; while with shut eyes I lay
 Listening ; then look'd. Pale was the perfect face ;
 The bosom with long sighs labour'd ; and meek
 Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
 And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
 Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd,
 In sweet humility ; had fail'd in all ;
 That all her labour was but as a block
 Left in the quarry.'

In surrendering herself Ida surrenders all. Her lover, however, restores to her the substance of her early hope, now purified from presumption and ambition ; and, learning as well as teaching through the sympathies, assures her that there had been a heart of truth in her aspiring creed. (Pp. 156, 157.)

'For woman is not undevelop'd man
 But diverse : could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this

Not like to like, but like in difference :
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care :
 More as the double-natured Poet, each :
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words ;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
 Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other ev'n as those who love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men :
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm :
 'Then springs the crowning race of humankind !'

The reader will have been enabled, by our analysis of the story, and still more by our extracts, to form a judgment of Mr. Tennyson's poem. He will perceive that, although the discordant materials of the tale are put together with much skill, it does not propose to itself the highest objects of narrative poetry. He will discover, also, that it is equally far from being a burlesque. The work, which is eminently original in its conception, is in narrative poetry much what the comedy of poetry and character, as distinguished from that of wit and manners, is in dramatic. The 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the 'Tempest' include a serious meaning, although the tragic element enters not into them. They contemplate human life in the main from the sunny side; but, even from fairy-land, it is still human life which they regard. So it is with Mr. Tennyson's 'Princess.' The abundant grace and descriptive beauty which meet the superficial eye, constitute but its external charm. Studying his work with that attention which the labour of a true poet should always command, we soon discover that, while fantastic in its subject, it is eminently human in sentiment, and that the human gradually rises higher and higher into the moral. The poem plays with the arbitrary and the theoretical; but it plays with them only to make them their own confutors. Such is the lore which we learn from human life. Our follies are our most effectual instructors; and the strongest resolutions of manhood flourish best in that soil in which the extravagancies of youthful hopes have found a grave. The deep and rich humanity with which this poem, notwithstanding its fanciful plot, is replete, can hardly be illustrated by

quotations. That its tendency is not to depreciate womanhood, but to exalt it, we have already remarked; and our observation is amply borne out by the passage, one of the most deeply touching in the poem, in which the Prince speaks of his mother. 'The same reverence for what is holiest in the affections is shown in the delineation of the Princess' late and reluctant love.' Poets of a different class from Mr. Tennyson are always more successful in painting love than any of the other affections. One reason of this may be that in that passion there is often less of the humanities than in any other. If the love be very immature or very egotistical, — if it float in the imagination only, or be rooted in the exclusive demands of a narrow nature, and still more if it be mainly a matter of temperament, — in any of these cases it admits of being easily described, because it is little modified by the more complex sympathies of our nature. Such love-poetry, accordingly, is very easily written, — or rather such love is poetry ready made; and it will find acceptance with the least poetical readers. The love-poetry of the 'Princess' is of another sort. In Ida the personal love rises out of that human love from which caprice and a wild enterprise had long estranged her. There is nothing new in the philosophy that 'pity is akin to love;' but the pity which exists only for a lover, is too like the charity which begins, and ends, at home. Ida has first pitied the deserted infant: —

'We took it for an hour this morning to us
In our own bed: the tender orphan hands
Felt at our heart, and seemed to charm from thence
The wrath we nursed against the world.'

She also pities the bereft mother, the estranged friend, the grey old father: and it is thus that at last she requires no formal refutation of that which had been the favourite object of her youthful aspirations. It drops away unshaken. She has been humanised; and all the great human relations assume at once their due place. Loyalty is the basis of them all. She loves; and feminine subjection appears to her no longer a tyranny, but a something beautiful, befitting, and worthy: — 'Thy *desire* shall be to thy husband, and he shall have the *rule* over thee.' The scientific eminence which she has wished her sex to share becomes at once a trifling as well as a visionary thing. For this development we are prepared by many artistic touches in the progress of the poem:

It has been remarked, among the distinguishing attributes of high poetry, that such contains ever, whether intentionally or not, a number of subordinate meanings, beside that which lies

on the surface. Indeed we know not how it should be otherwise: the stream will make mention of its bed; the river will report of those shores which, sweeping through many regions and climes, it has washed; and those currents of thought whose sources lie afar off must needs be enriched with a various and precious store. The results of large generalisations must ever, though undesignedly, be symbolical — a fact which in itself proves how needless is the labour of a poet who, with a didactic purpose, devises a formal allegory, and models his work on such a framework. Suggestiveness we should class among the chief characteristics of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. Among the lesser meanings of his most recent work, that vindication of the natural ties against the arbitrary and the theoretical, is not the least significant. Many passages in it have a remarkable reference to children. They sound like a perpetual child-protest against Ida's Amazonian philosophy, which, if realised, would cast the whole of the child-like element out of the female character, and at the same time extirpate from the soul of man those feminine qualities which the masculine nature, if complete, must include. Human society can only be a perfect thing when it is the matured exponent of man's nature fully developed in it; and such development can only take place when, with due distinction and division, the contrasted parts of it, whether brought out by diversity of sex, age, rank, power, or other circumstance, are allowed an independent and separate expansion. We dare not, however, undertake the exposition of all Mr. Tennyson's hidden meanings. In these cases every reader is best contented with his own discoveries.

The faults of 'the Princess' are, in the main, faults of detail. Here and there the heroine seems to us a little too metaphysical in her discourse, as in p. 62.; and the distinction between her real character and the unnatural one which she has chosen to assume is, in one or two instances, not so carefully maintained as is usually the case. In the college hall, for instance, we would have been better pleased to hear of her 'grave professors' having scattered 'gems of art and science,' than of the Princess herself having rivetted admiring eyes by her skill in so idle a pastime. We do not know whether the general effect of the poem is the worse for the fact that its hero, like Kents's Endymion is rather an embodiment of youthful impulses than a special and individual character. It strikes us, however, that classical allusions are put too often into his mouth, — considering that he belongs to the fair academy in pretence alone. The diction of the poem, too, though scarcely ever quite simple or natural, seems to us occasionally too fami-

liar. In the main it is graceful and terse, and in the more important parts it is richly expressive; but, notwithstanding its uniformly elaborate and *recherché* tone, there are places in which its aversion to the stilted makes it colloquial to a degree hardly consistent with the dignity of poetry; — the language of which, when most homely, should still be a ‘lingua communis,’ unconnected with trivial, as well as with stately associations. Occasionally also we meet with periods which in their ample sweep appear to us deficient in compactness. These faults are, however minute in character, and interfere but little with the interest of the poem.

Many characteristic qualities of ‘the Princess’ will have been illustrated by our quotations: we shall remark on but a few in addition. There is a peculiar sweetness in Mr. Tennyson’s vein of tenderness and pathos as exhibited in this poem. He is not one of those writers who think that the heart can never lawfully surrender till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated phrases, and who drive nails into us by way of touching our feelings. He knows that the odour from the flower-bed wafted to us in the casual gust is sure to please; but that the flower which is pressed too hard or held too near will smell of the stalk. The scene in which Psyche, who has discovered the secret of the intruders, promises at last not to betray them, is a remarkable specimen of the tender united with the playful. Equally tender, in a pathetic vein, is the description of Psyche, when, driven in disgrace from the university and wearied with wandering in the dark, she laments her child (pp. 98, 99.): —

‘Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
The child is hers! — for every little fault,
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl
Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all:
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,

And lay my little blossom at my feet,
 My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child!
 And I will take her up and go my way,
 And satisfy my soul with kissing her :
 Ah ! what might that man not deserve of me,
 Who gave me back my child ?" " Be comforted "
 Said Cyril " you shall have it : " but again
 She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so,
 Like tender things that being caught feign death,
 Spoke not, nor stirr'd.'

The descriptive power exhibited throughout the whole of 'the Princess' is of the highest order. As an example we will quote the following sketch of the female university (pp. 45, 46.):—

' At last a solemn grace
 • Concluded, and we sought the gardens : there
 One walk'd reciting by herself, and one
 In this hand held a volume as to read,
 And smoothed a petted peacock down with that :
 Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
 Or under arches of the marble bridge
 Hung, shadow'd from the heat : some hid and sought
 In the orange thickets : others tost a ball
 Above the fountain-jets, and back again
 With laughter : others lay about the lawns,
 Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May
 Was passing : what was learning unto them ?
 They wish'd to marry ; they could rule a house ;
 Men hated learned women ! and to us came
 Melissa, hitting all we saw with shafts
 Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
 That harm'd not : so we sat ; and now when day
 Droop'd, and the chapel tinkled, mixt with those
 Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
 Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
 While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
 Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
 A long melodious thunder, to the sound
 Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
 The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
 A blessing on her labours for the world.'

Had we space we would add the description of the Princess descending with her train to the battle-field, and the picture of Florian's love, Melissa.

If extending our regard from the work before us to the body of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, we endeavour to ascertain the pecu-

liar character of his genius, we are at once impressed by the Versatility of his imagination. In his earlier efforts he was fond of exploring new forms of beings; and sang us songs of mermen and sea fairies,—wild themes treated with no lack of verisimilitude. In his more recent efforts he has exercised the same rare faculty, by embodying the most dissimilar forms of poetic thought and sentiment. In his ‘*Ænone*’ we have a thoroughly classic Idyl; in his ‘*Dora*,’ while the associations are English, the handling of the narrative reminds us, by its brevity, force, and rugged simplicity, of the old Hebrew legends. The spirit of the chivalrous romance meets us in his ‘*Morte d’Arthur*;’ in his ‘*Dream of Fair Women*’ we are reminded of Dante’s sharp outline, keen intensity, and definite imagery; while in his ‘*Recollections of the Arabian Nights*,’ and ‘*Day Dream*,’ we are led back to the East, and lodged in a garden of delights, where the splendour is never a mere glitter without taste or congruity,—a thing too commonly the case in that gilded furniture-poetry which takes its name from the East, and lies, amid more honest trinketry and perfumery, in the boudoir and on the dressing-table. Of all our recent poets Mr. Tennyson, we think, is the most versatile. Versatility is sometimes indeed in poetry as in life, only the exercise of that imitative power which betrays a want of individuality, original conception, and tenacity of purpose. In such cases it proceeds from quick and volatile sympathies vividly open to external impressions, and from that clear unwrinkled mind, which, being all surface, apprehends and reflects all forms of thought, but is incapable of receiving a principle or resting in a conclusion. Poetry thus produced is the result neither of genius nor of high ability; but of that cleverness which bears often more resemblance to the former than to the latter.

Before examining into the character of Mr. Tennyson’s poetry, considered relatively to that of our other recent poets, it may be well to make a few observations on that high poetic attribute, versatility, which it so strikingly exemplifies; for the purpose, first of removing some popular misapprehensions, and, secondly, of illustrating the importance of a faculty which gives to poetry its earliest impulse, and supplies it to the end with fresh materials. Genuine versatility like Mr. Tennyson’s must ever be numbered among the chief poetical gifts. It consists in mobility of temperament united to a large mind, and an imagination that diffuses or concentrates itself at will. It is only when the ‘various talents’ are united with ‘the single mind,’ that they give their possessors ‘moral might and mastery o’er mankind.’ The Hebrew Poet

'says my heart is fixed,' and then proceeds, 'I will sing.' And it is truly when the heart is most fixed that the imagination can afford to be most flexible. It may wave like a pine tree in the breeze, if, like the pine, it sends its root deep into the rocky soil. On these conditions, the more versatile the genius is, the ampler will be its sweep, and the mightier its resilient power. It is such versatility that enables the poet to apply his own experience, analogically and by imaginative induction, to regions unknown and forms of life untried, — at once passing into the being of others and retaining his own. The characters delineated by the greatest poets have accordingly been always remarked to possess the two great attributes of universality and individuality. But they could never unite these, if the corresponding faculties were not united in the versatile imagination and profound moral sense of the poet. For want of the former faculty there are men who can produce but a single work of value. And such writers are plagiarists even when they borrow from life itself, for they add nothing to that which they borrow. Beyond the limit of their individual experience there is for them 'nil nisi 'pontus et aer,' and within that narrow pasture their faculties grow lean. On the other hand how many are there who, for want of moral depth and tenacity in conjunction with versatility, remain for ever but imitators, and wholly fail to fulfil the promise of their earlier and happier efforts.

We cannot better corroborate these opinions than by observing that the greatest of dramatists not only exhibits the faculty of versatility in its perfection, but proves to us, at the same time, that other and converse faculties are consistent with it. Shakspeare, it has been said, is but a voice. If so, it is a voice direct from nature's heart — and far indeed from the voice of a mocking bird. The *affection* which we feel for him is in itself a proof of this. In poetry, as elsewhere, those who forget themselves are the last to be forgotten by others. Shakspeare is everywhere present in his poetry, though he may be nowhere distinctly or completely seen. As the spirit of poetry tacitly pervades all nature, — refreshing, consoling, renewing, — so Shakspeare himself accompanies us through all his works, a potent and friendly genius. In all his thoughts we recognise one method of thought; his own sweet and large nature ever mediates between the natures that he describes, even when they are most discordant; his manner is familiar to us, and throughout his ample domain we recognise his genial laugh or his doubtful smile — like that of the Dryad evanescent in the branches, or the Nereid descending in the wave. Does any one need a

biography to tell him whether Shakspeare was a kindly man or cold, liberal or niggardly, humble or proud? whether his faults were faults of infirmity or of malice? whether there were weeds amid his abundance, or whether his heart was a soil protected by its barrenness? whether he was a patriot, or had secluded himself from national sympathies? whether his disposition was to believe or to scoff? *These* questions, at all events, have hitherto furnished no materials for critical battles.

It is of course in dramatic poetry that versatility is most needed; but all genuine poetry is in its spirit dramatic. It would be a truism to remark, that in narrative poetry there is a dramatic element, — it being in fact the soil out of which the drama (but a more concentrated form of narration) grew. Even in idyllic, nay, in descriptive poetry, the dramatic, and therefore the versatile faculty, is also necessary; nay, the humblest object which includes the beautiful, or has ever inspired song, cannot be poetically appreciated by one who is unwilling to forget himself, or unable to pass into other forms of being. In many an orderly and compact tragedy, there is less of dramatic versatility than in Burns's allusion to a worn-out horse, or Dante's description of the bird

‘who midst the leafy bower
Has in her nest sat darkling through the night,
With her sweet brood; *impatient to descry*
Their wished looks, and to bring home their food.’

(Cary's translation.)

Such things, it is obvious, cannot be thus described unless they are known — nor thus known except through the imaginative insight of the affections. Sympathy is, in truth, but versatility of heart; and large sympathies are, therefore, the most powerful auxiliaries of poetic genius. For the same reason egotism, prejudice, a habit of dogmatism, and whatever else locks up our nature, are impediments to poetry. On the other hand, among many supposed to be removed from literary influences — among the poor, and especially among children — the very essence of poetry is to be found in the form of prompt and extended sympathies. A versatile imagination is indeed the chief faculty of children. Having as yet hardly realised a self-conscious being of their own, they have the less difficulty in passing into that of others. The consequence is that their life is almost wholly poetical; all that goes on around them is a long drama; a piece of stick with a ribbon tied to it represents a king or a queen; and they can hold delighted and truly dramatic colloquy with men and women impersonated by their fancy alone. Hans Andersen's genius consists mainly in his being so far still a child.

It has been often remarked, that with nations also the poetical period is that of early youth. And the reason is, that when men have ceased to be pressed down by the selfish wants of savage life, and not yet hardened and made selfish by the conventions of over civilisation, the imagination has a versatility, and sympathy a vital power, which at other periods is unknown. It is then that the emotions are fresh; in other words, that man has a power of *moving out of himself*; it is then that the most ordinary objects appear to him wonderful, and that nothing wonderful is either extraordinary or incredible; it is then that religion is natural to him, and that nature is invested with supernatural attributes, and regarded with religious awe. A lively sensibility to grief and joy, to love and to hate, is that through which all outward things acquire for us a real existence, and become objects of affection. In the absence of these, our nearest domestic interests would have for us as remote and visionary an existence as spiritual truths possess for the merely secular intelligence; and in the presence of these, not only the animal races are brought home to our human sympathies—the brooding bird, or the faithful hound—but the inanimate elements become humanised; waves and clouds live in our life; if they swell, it is in wrath; if they fly, it is in fear; if they pursue, it is in love. In other words, nature itself, and all its powers, are dramatised; and the faculty which makes them rehearse their several parts is that of a versatile imagination.

That Mr. Tennyson's versatility is the result of a high poetic mind, and not merely that of a pliable temperament, we have abundant evidence. It is associated, in the first place, with those powers of imagination and passion which belong only to original genius. However he may vary his strain, there always remains behind an identity which cannot be overlooked; and the most dissimilar of his poems are more like to each other than any of them is to the school of which it most reminds us. Lastly, we observe, that, in all his later works, his own peculiar character of poetry has become more and more pronounced, and that his poems have proportionally increased in power. The versatility of a very young poet is indeed but a part of his docility. He will listen, with the susceptible faith of youth, successively to each of the great masters of song; and the echo which remains in his ear will in some degree modulate his tone. He will trace every path which the Muse has trod, in the hope of reaching that point from which they diverge; and it is well that he should try all things, provided he hold fast to that which is best. The infancy of the life poetic, like that of all life, learns much by unconscious imitation; but it can only so learn when the poet possesses those

high faculties which seek, through imitation, only to work out their own development. True genius will soon cast aside whatever is alien to its individual nature; while, on the other hand, incorporating into its proper substance all poetic elements that are truly congenial, it will blend them also with each other, and stamp upon them a unity of its own. The poet will be original when he wields collectively the powers that once were his only alternately; and versatility will then have been exalted into a higher gift,—that of comprehensiveness.

It is not in the instance of Mr. Tennyson alone that the faculty of versatility has recently shown itself, not only in a dramatic illustration of character, nature, and life, but also in the manifold power with which the same poet has produced the most dissimilar species of poetry. We need hardly name Byron, Shelley, and Keats. In these cases, and especially in the latter two, the character of the poetry produced by the same person was wholly different at different times. But in cases too numerous to be named, poetic versatility has also shown itself in a very different manner. All regions of the earth have been ransacked for the materials of poetry—Persia, Arabia, Hindostan, Iceland: it has been the ambition of the poet to reproduce the forms and manners, if not the mind, of the remotest lands; and even where his imagination has been content to tread on English soil, it has commonly taken refuge in some remote period of our history, and recounted the Saxon legend, the chivalrous exploit, or the feuds of border warfare. Our poets may have been impelled to this practice, in part by the fact that the age in which we live is not eminently poetical, and that the unknown has always a charm. This circumstance, however, can but have supplied the external occasion for their course. Its cause is to be found within, and may be referred to the versatile powers and instincts of the imagination. Indeed, it is only in a qualified sense that we can admit our age to be unpoetical.

That any age not too late for virtue, too late for religion, and too late for the human affections, should be really too late for poetry we cannot believe,—though it may easily be unpoetical in its outward features. The Roman Empire during its decline was probably unable to produce any better poetry than those snatches of sacred song, in which, protesting against the illusive vision of corrupt sense that surrounded it, the early Christian intelligence expressed its aspirations after the realities of the world unseen. The Greek empire, during its long and mummied existence, was as incapable as modern China is of producing anything great in poetry or in the kindred arts. Surrounded by the noblest monuments of ancient genius, the

best of her degenerate children could do little more than lecture on them; and gratify with them, not a generous pride, but a narrow and sectarian vanity. In neither of these cases was it tyranny which had subdued the human mind, however tyranny may have assisted in keeping it prostrate. The positive and negative evil proceeded from the same cause. That decay of all rational and manly sentiment which connived at a despotism unsupported by the moral sense, and sustained only by arms and the superstition of custom, was inconsistent with the instincts and aspirations which incite to poetry.

Except, however, at periods of barbarism, of thoroughly corrupt morals, or of utter effeminacy, the poetic instinct will ever assert itself. For the imagination at all times pervades the whole of our nature; and is sure to work its way up into the light, no matter through what obstructions. If the age be a poetical one, the imagination will embody its sentiment, and illustrate its tendencies. If it be unpoetical, the imagination will not therefore be repressed. It will then create a world for itself—or, revert to some historic period, the memorials of which it will invest with a radiance not their own. Unquestionably those ages are the most favourable to poetry in which the imagination can pluck the ears of corn as it passes through the field, and is not obliged to seek its food afar. At those periods in which life retains much of the adventurous, in which no political conventions can supply the place of valour and wisdom in rulers and of a generous loyalty in subjects, in which moral refinement coexists with an imperfect civilisation, in which the first great triumphs of patriotism are won, and in which temples rise from the ground at the bidding of a zeal which has not learned to measure itself or its efforts;—at such periods it is that poetry is most genial, most real, and most authentic. Such were the periods at which Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare wrote. The heroic age of Greece, the theology and philosophy of mediæval Europe, and the manners and history of his country furnished these men respectively with the main materials of their verse. These are the great *National* poets of the world. They belong indeed to all ages; but they belonged especially each to his own. The materials of each were supplied by the objects surrounding him, or the traditions which had descended to him by inheritance.

It would, however, be a grave error to suppose that the national is alone the great poet. On the contrary, it is among the results of poetic versatility, as well as of the instincts of the human heart, that there has ever existed in our literature, and,

to no small degree, in that of other countries, two great schools of poetry, one only of which can properly be called national. It does not depend on the circumstances of the age alone whether the poet find his materials in the circle of surrounding things, or seek them elsewhere: this will in the main be determined by the constitution of his own moral nature, and the preponderance in it of a vivid sympathy with reality on the one hand, or, on the other, of an ardent aspiration after the ideal. In either case the imagination will lend to him its high mediating powers; in the former interpreting the outward world to him, in the latter interpreting him to his fellow men. Even in the best and healthiest periods of national development the human mind will aspire after a region more exalted and pure than it can ever find on earth; even in the most prosaic it will be able to detect something noble in the world of common things. From this double power arise two converse schools of poetry; the one characterised by its plastic power and its function of embodying the abstractedly great and the ideally beautiful; the other by its reality, its homebred sympathies, its affinities with national history, character, and manners. To expound the philosophy of these two schools would be to write a treatise on poetical versatility and imagination. On such an enterprise we cannot now adventure. We must content ourselves with some slight historical notices of the two schools among ourselves, ---schools which have existed from the beginning of our literature, and which have been reproduced in our own day. The merest outline will illustrate the momentous truth that neither in nations nor individuals has poetry an isolated existence, but that it flourishes or declines in conjunction with that moral, political, and spiritual well-being which it helps to sustain. We shall conclude with some remarks on two poets of the ideal school, Shelley and Keats; with whom Mr. Tennyson has been sometimes compared---although, as we shall endeavour to show, the points of resemblance between him and them are not more marked than those of dissimilarity.

The imagination then, as we have observed, has ever recognised two great offices, distinct though allied---the one, that of representing the actual world; the other, that of creating an ideal region, into which spirits whom this world has wearied may retire. The former function, which is chiefly discharged by the ‘*historia spectabilis*’ of dramatic poetry, is that to which Bacon refers when he speaks of poetry as ‘submitting the ‘shows of things to the desires of the mind.’ The latter belongs for the most part to poets lyrical or mythic, who, in the

‘enchanted islands’ or ‘snowy cloisters’ of ideal poetry have provided retreats in which spirits

‘Assailed from all encumbrance of the time,’

might rest and be thankful. Mr. Keats boasts that ‘a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,’ assigning as a reason that

‘it still will keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and happy breathing.’

A perfect Poet ought to unite both the great attributes of poetry. To a limited extent the greatest have done so; but even in their case the balance has ever preponderated in one direction or the other.

In Greece, as in England, these two species of poetry co-existed; but in the former neither of them connected itself with the associations of any foreign country. No region more beautiful or sacred than Greece could then be conceived of; and the Greek poet could only forsake the company of his heroes for that of his Gods. But in our northern regions, which on emerging from barbarism found the ancient literature a perfect work imperfectly explored, the South has always been regarded with feelings akin to those entertained by the Greek for the fabled Hesperia of the west. It was a region of beauty and delight on which the imagination might rest half way to heaven,—an asylum which combined the solidities of this earth with the ideal perfection of the worlds beyond. The beauty of the southern countries, their remoteness, and their ancient fame, favoured the illusion; and the imagination of England was further drawn to them by the indirect attraction of those other arts, sympathetic with poetry, which have been carried to perfection in the South alone. The southern mind moreover is more inventive than that of the North, though less thoughtful and imaginative; and, as a consequence, Italian and Spanish ‘Novelle’ supplied the plot to half our British Dramas,—a circumstance too commonly ascribed to the single fact that on the revival of letters the literature of the South had sprung first into existence. All these influences imparted a character distinctly southern to that school of English Poetry, which was inspired rather by the love of the beautiful than by national associations, as both advanced to their development.

It was in Shakspeare and Milton that the two great schools found their chief representatives. The former is the greatest of national poets, although he occasionally forsook the national for the ideal department of song; and Milton is not a national poet, although (his ideal resulting as much from his moral sense as his imagination,) his poetry derives from his religion a reality

and a solidity which seldom belongs to the ideal school. This distinction between the character of the two poets is illustrated by the different reception their works have met with. Shakspeare's sympathies were keenly native; and he has therefore ever been a favourite with the people. He is above their appreciation, indeed, but not beyond their love. His dramas have many planes of interest, which underlie each other like the concentric layers of bark produced by the annual growth of a tree; and while the most philosophic eye cannot penetrate the inmost, the most superficial is pleased with that which lies outside. Where any love of the drama remains, Shakspeare is enjoyed even by the most homely audience. But if any one were to submit to such an audience a page or two of the *Paradise Lost*, far from being received like the Rhapsodist of old, the Ballad-singer, or the Methodist Preacher, he would effectually disperse the crowd. The audience which Milton demanded was 'fit though few;' Shakspeare demanded none; but if people came, he probably thought 'the more the merrier.' The latter wrote for the stage, but never was at the trouble of publishing his works: the former prescribed for himself a choral audience consisting of grave divines, sage patriots, and virtuous citizens; and when this selected audience hissed him, as occasionally happened, he cursed them to their faces in Hebrew and in Greek—as 'asses, apes, and dogs,' whose portion ought to be with the schismatics who had 'railed at Latona's twin-born progeny.'

It is not, however, its deficient popularity so much as its subject and its form which proves that Milton's great work is not a national poem, high as it ranks among our national triumphs. If that mind had remained with him, which was his when English landscape supplied the scenery of his 'Allegro,' and Anglican theology inspired the moral teaching of his 'Cenotaph,' he would probably have fulfilled his youthful intention, and celebrated Britain's mythic hero. But, instead of the great romance of the North, he wrote the religious epic of the World. Some will affirm that he illustrated, in that work, his age if not his country. His age, however, gave him hints rather than materials. Puritanism became transmuted, as it passed through his capacious and ardent mind, into a faith, Hebraic in its austere and simple spirit,—a faith that sympathised indeed with the Iconoclastic zeal which distinguished the anti-papal and anti-patristic theology of the day, but held little consent with any of the complex definitions at that time insisted on as the symbols of Protestant orthodoxy. Had the Puritan spirit been as genuine a thing as the spirit of liberty which accompanied it; had it been such as their reverence for Milton makes many per-

sons still suppose it to have been, the mood would not so soon have yielded to the licentiousness that followed the Restoration. Milton laboured as a patriot while a field of labour was open to him: he then turned again to his true greatness, and once more confronted the mighty works of ancient genius. They pleased him still, from their severity and their simplicity: But they did not satisfy him—because they wanted elevation. When some one pointed in admiration to the dome of the Pantheon, Michael Angelo, who was already engaged on his studies for St. Peter's, rejoined, 'but I will lift it up, and plant it in heaven.' It was thus that Milton regarded the ancient Epic! And thus that in his *Paradise Lost* he elevated and endeavoured to spiritualise that majestic form of composition. There are many who will always regard St. Peter's temple in the air as the first of architectural monuments. The admirers of the classic will, however, feel that its amplitude and elevation are no sufficient substitute for that massive simplicity and breadth of effect which belong to the Parthenon; while those who revere our cathedrals will maintain that it lacks the variety, the mystery, the aspiration and the infinitude which characterise the Christian architecture of the North. On analogous grounds the more devoted admirers of Homer and of Shakspeare will ever be dissatisfied with Milton's work—however they may venerate his genius. It is undoubtedly composite in its character—the necessary result of its uniting a Hebraic spirit with a classic form. Dante, like Milton, uses the Greek mythology freely; considering it, no doubt, as part of that inheritance of the Heathen, into possession of which Christendom had right to enter; but he uses it as a subordinate ornament, and in matters of mere detail. His poem is a Vision not an Epic, the vision of supernatural truth—of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise—that passed before the eyes of the mediæval Church as she looked up in nocturnal vigil; not the mundane circle of life and experience, of action and of passion, exhibited in its completeness, and contemplated with calm satisfaction by a Muse that looks down from heaven. But a mystic subject, open rather to apprehension than comprehension, would not have contented Milton; who, with his classical predilections, had early laid it down as a canon that poetry should be 'simple, sensuous, and impassioned,' a statement of the utmost importance where applicable, but by no means embracing the whole truth. To him the classic model supplied, not the adornment of his poem, but its structure and form. The soul that inhabited that mould was, if we cannot say the spirit of Christianity, at least a religious spirit—profound, zealous, austere, and self-reverent—as analogous perhaps to the

warlike religion of the Eastern world, as to the traditional Faith of the second Dispensation. Such was the mighty fabric which, aloof and in his native land an exile, Milton raised: not perfect, not homogeneous, not in any sense a national work, --- but the greatest of all those works which prove that a noble poem may be produced with little aid from local sympathies, or national traditions.

From the earliest period of our literature, as we have observed, we have possessed the two schools, which culminated in Shakspeare and in Milton. In Chaucer the national element greatly preponderated: it reigns almost alone in many of the *Canterbury Tales*, especially in the humorous; but in several, of which the moral tone is higher and the execution more delicate, a southern spirit prevails. Of these his 'Second Nun's Tale,' including the legend of St. Cecilia, is a beautiful example; illustrating, as it does, that moral influence of which the origin eluded the eye, like the invisible garland of the saint,—that influence which was exhaled from the life and manners of the first Christians, and through which, in part, their religion was diffused. The national element of our poetry, too, has always asserted itself almost exclusively in our historical ballads; that exquisite series, the musical echo of so much of our history. Surrey and Wyatt, in no slight degree, represented that Italian-Gothic school of which Spenser may be considered as the great representative. In him the spirit of chivalry elevated the love of the beautiful; and both, while ennobled by a meditative piety, were enriched by all the gentler associations of classical song. He was a man of a graver mind than belonged to any of his models; and we miss in him that buoyant gaiety which animates the poets of the South: But such deficiencies were amply atoned for by that tenderly contemplative spirit which pervades his poetry. His Hymns on 'Heavenly Love' and 'Heavenly Beauty' are noble specimens of the Platonic moral philosophy: and it is probable that we can nowhere meet an exposition of the Christian Religion in its completeness and proportions, doctrinal, devotional, and practical, so searching and so large as exists in the Tenth Canto of his First Book, describing the visit of the Red Cross Knight to the 'House of Holiness.' In the *Faery Queen*, indeed, we find the essence of the prose Romances of the Middle Ages --- as we find the essence of their theologians in Dante. Ariosto is neither more various nor more picturesque: nor is that imaginative love-sentiment which, rather than the passion itself, was the theme of the ideal poets, celebrated with more purity, refinement, and sweetness, in the sonnets of Petrarca than in those of Spenser. Spenser's faery-land will never be much frequented by those

whose sympathies are exclusively with Action, Passion, and Character. But with poetic students of another class, who, if they have advanced less in the lore of life, have wandered less from the breast of the Muses; with those by whom ideal beauty, refined sentiment, rich imagery, 'fancies chaste and noble,' harmonious numbers, and a temperament of poetry steeped in the fountains of pleasure, but irradiating them with its own purity;—with those by whom such qualities are cherished, the poetry of Spenser must ever remain a favourite haunt. It is not, indeed, a classic temple, which charms and rests the eye by the perfection of its finite proportions. Yet to it also belongs, in its several parts, that definiteness without which organic beauty cannot exist. It is a forest palace,—half natural, half artificial: we wander through groves as regular as galleries; and catch glimpses of openings like stately halls dismantled:—but our foot is ever upon flowers; and the moonlight of the allegory helps to sustain the illusion.

From the chivalrous paradise of Spenser's 'Faery Queen' to Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' the two schools of English poetry maintained a friendly rivalry. Both sources of inspiration contended at times in the same author, even when a dramatist. Marlow, in his beautiful narrative poem 'Hero and Leander'; Shakspeare, in his 'Rape of Lucrece' and his 'Venus and Adonis'; Fletcher, in his 'Faithful Shepherdess'; Shirley, in his 'Narcissus and Echo,' are southern, not only in their subject but in their mode of treating it. In Brown's 'Britannia's Pastorals,'—a poem full of beauty, and which, we are glad to see, has recently been republished in a cheap form,—the classic spirit reigns almost alone. The scenery itself is classical, though the author was probably never out of England: and its 'silver streams' and 'pleasant meads' are never depressed by the shade of northern mountains or clouds. The Sonnets of Drummond abound in an Italian beauty; as indeed do many of Daniel's, whose other writings are characterised by an English robustness and thoughtfulness. The exquisite fragments which, in his swift and brief career, were carelessly shaken from Sidney's affluent genius, are as full of the southern inspiration as the dew-drops of dawn are of light: and in Lovelace, Suckling, Carew, as well as other lyric poets of their time, we find a terseness and light-hearted grace which are not of northern origin. In Herrick the southern spirit becomes again the spirit of the antique. In the very constitution of his imagination he was a Greek: Yet he sang in no falsetto key: his thoughts were instinct with the true classical spirit; and it was, as it were, by a process of translation that he recast them in

English words. It is to this circumstance that we are to attribute his occasional licence. His poetry hardly lay in the same plane with the conventional part of our Protestant morality; but his genius never stagnates near the marsh. In his poetry we

‘Recognise that Idyl scene
Where all mild creatures *without awe*,
Amid field-flowers and pastures green
Fulfil their being’s gentle law.’*

With the exception of Milton, the period that succeeded the Restoration was as fatal to the ideal as to the national school of English poetry. The religious sentiment had bled well nigh to death, through the wounds of a society cut up with sects and with schisms. The political enthusiasm had also burned out. The sublime had been changed into the ridiculous; the performance had mocked the conception; and if Milton’s majestic prose treatises had sounded the Prologue, the Epilogue of this literary drama was furnished by the shrewd and thoroughly English comment of Butler’s *Hudibras*. The Gothic church was pulled down indeed; but the ‘second temple’ remained unbuilt. Cromwell passed away; and the grand and gloomy world his shoulders had supported, fell with him. As if the Puritan prophets had but prophesied in somnambulism, as if the nation had but in hypochondria fancied itself a Levitical community, as if their lofty Hebraic aspirations had been but an ethical ‘renaissance’ or ‘the nympholepsy of some fond despair,’ the work of their hands melted strangely away before the eyes, and with the seeming consent of the English people!

The cavaliers had again their day; but their success turned out likewise a failure. The king had been brought back; but he could not believe in himself—and the ancient loyalty was no more. A less imaginative age had succeeded, and the pleasures of sense were called in, to supply the place of spiritual illusions dispelled. The degradations of society infected literature. The national riot, to be sure, in time subsided; but the debauch of the night left the head giddy and the stomach weak in the morning; and the epicurean had soured into the cynic. That period was succeeded by a still colder one. Its chief political work, the Revolution, was effected in business-like fashion,—but with little on either side of that faith or hope which had elevated the earlier struggle. Its theology held equally in suspicion whatever was passionate and whatever was traditional: its philosophy repudiated abstractions and *à priori* views; and its arts lacked the

* R. M. Milnes.

fervour alike of ideal conceptions and of home-bred affections. At such a time poetry necessarily became imitative; and the Anglo-Gallican school grew up. The silver age of English poetry was adorned with writers of admirable abilities; of whom Dryden was the greatest in mental power, while Pope has left behind him the most perfect works. Conventional manners, satire, and if not moral philosophy at least moral disquisition, supplied their chief materials to that school: and in the absence of a creative spirit or a shaping art, its chief attractions were found in its executive skill, and a style accomplished, masculine, and pointed. It died out soon, however, for it had no root. Its classical allusions, taken at second hand, had never breathed a genuine classical spirit; and its disquisitions gradually degenerated into metrical treatises on botany, hunting, or medicine!

In conjunction with stronger political interests and deeper feelings on moral and religious subjects, Poetry gradually revived. It exhibited, from the first, a native origin that attested its authenticity, and in time it developed an ideal aim. The former was marked by its fidelity to nature, and its frequent reference to the rural manners of England. The nature which Thomson describes is living nature, and the blood flows freely in her veins. A refined appreciation of the graceful and the poetical he lacked; and the deficiency which makes itself ridiculous in the clumsy handling of his '*Musidora*' and other narratives, exists also in his delineations of scenery. The landscapes of Thomson, like those of Rubens, are sensual, though in each case we remark that quality less than when the subject treated is higher; and in each the want of refinement and spirituality is compensated by a rich combination of less exalted merits. The poet and the painter alike present us, in their landscapes, with the '*fat of the land*:' their substantial plains and well-watered meads remind us that they were intended to be meat for man and for beast; but whatever they may lack they are not deficient in reality. With an idyllic a moral poetry rose up. The moral meditations of Young had comprised much original thought of native English growth. Cowper, a kindred, though far greater poet, expressed in purer and simpler language thoughts with more of depth and of substantial worth, as well as a strain of sentiment, manly, religious, and gravely affectionate. In him, too, we find an admirable fidelity to outward nature in detail; although with her grander forms, unendeared by association, he had little sympathy; while ideal representations of scenery are no more to be found in his poetry than ideal conceptions of character.

If the poetry of Cowper belongs to our national school, that

of Burns is yet more racy of the soil. He was, on the whole, more fortunately circumstanced for poetry, though he had more to contend with. The period at which he lived furnished materials sufficiently poetical, when presented to his keen insight and searching sensibilities; and Burns was luckily without that smattering of learning which often leads men from what surrounds them, without enabling them truly to appreciate the spirit of another age. He felt deeply; and he affected nothing foreign to his genius. Song and ballad, and light tale and humorous dialogue, the forms of composition with which the neighbourhood was familiar,—with these, while he ‘unlocked’ his heart’ he also interpreted that of his country. Most of those qualities which were distributed among his countrymen were concentrated in his larger being, or embraced by his ardent sympathies. As a thousand rivulets are blended in one broad river, so the countless instincts, energies, and faculties, as well as associations, traditions, and other social influences which constitute national life, are reconciled in him whom future ages are to recognise as the poet of the nation. It is not merely the romantic side of the Scotch character which was represented in Burns,—its imagination, its patriotism, its zealous affectionateness, its love of the legendary, the marvellous and the ancient; that part, in fact, which belongs chiefly to the highlands. As amply was he furnished with the better lowland qualities,—sense, independence, courageous perseverance, shrewdness and humour; a retentive heart, and a mind truthful even when reserved. These qualities were united in his abundant nature; and his poetic temperament freed them from the limitations, which belong to every character formed upon a local type. The consequence has been that his songs are sung at the hearth and on the mountain side; his pathos is felt and his humour applauded by the village circle; his sharp descriptions and shrewd questions on grave matters are treated as indulgently by ministers of the ‘National Assembly,’ the ‘Free Kirk,’ and ‘orthodox dissenters,’ as Boccaccio’s stories have been by the Italian clergy: and for the lonely traveller from the south the one small volume which contains his works is the best of guide-books,—not indeed to noted spots and the best inns—but to the manners, the moral soul, and the heart of the Scotch people. In other words, Burns is emphatically a national poet.

We have now brought down nearly to our own times our imperfect sketch of the two main schools into which our poetic literature may be divided: and we have already remarked that both these schools have their origin in the nature of poetry and the instincts of man. This statement derives a

historical confirmation from the fact that both became extinct together, when English poetry had declined into mere imitation; and that whenever the poetic genius of England has been most powerfully developed, both have flourished together—united like the Latin and Saxon elements of our compound language. The poetic mind of England, on its revival towards the end of the last century, again as of old, manifested itself in the form of two schools which, with much in common, still represented, notwithstanding, the northern and southern hemispheres of our literature. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the chief examples of our national school; though in Coleridge the national frequently passed into a mystical inspiration; Shelley and Keats of the ideal. These were not perhaps the most popular poets of their time; but they were the most characteristic, and they have exercised the most enduring influence. We have referred to but a few of the names most generally known: but to each school belonged many writers whose works will long be remembered.

The word School, we are aware, is an inadequate one; and we use it but for the convenience of classification. The growths of the same region, however diverse in detail, have yet characteristic features in common: and it is thus also with the growths of the mind. In Mr. Coleridge's poetry the reasoning faculty is chiefly that of contemplation and intuition; in Mr. Wordsworth's, the meditative and the discursive prevails; but to both a predominance of the thoughtful is common; and in that respect both poets not only illustrate the peculiar genius of their country, but are also fit interpreters of the *spirit* of their age, as distinguished from the fashion of the moment or the sentiment of the hour. In both, too, there is a remarkable absence of the versatile faculty, as exhibited in one of the modes to which we have alluded;—and accordingly, in the poetry of both, little change has taken place except that of growth. Till their genius had found out its own nature and scope it would rehearse no other part. The 'Laodamia' of the latter shows at once what he might have done, and what it was foreign to him to do; nor does any great poet, mediæval or classical, seem to have ever drawn either of them into the sphere of his separate attraction, and detained him there. In the drama, also, neither of them had versatility enough to avoid a certain psychological effect—the result of a knowledge of character which was metaphysical rather than dramatic. In both, however, we find a deep-seated patriotism, a reverence for the hearth, a love of local traditions, an English enjoyment of nature, a humanity, mournful not seldom, and even in its cheerfulness grave—as though cheerfulness were less an instinct than a virtue or a duty. Most of these qualities exist also

in the poetry of Mr. Southey, in which, with less both of thought and imagination, and a style less pregnant and felicitous, there is more of invention, and a more determined purpose. It is thus that with many and important differences poets whose individuality is complete, yet admit of being classed together. The same fact is true with respect to Shelley and Keats, and Mr. Landor and others who might be named,—poets in whom a southern temperament and more classical ideal prevails.

It was in temperament chiefly that Mr. Shelley belonged to the classical school. In intellect he was metaphysical and abstract, to a degree scarcely compatible with the sensuous character of Greek poetry. His imagination likewise, admirable as it was, differed essentially from that of the classic models. It was figurative rather than plastic. In place of moulding the subject of a poem as a whole, it scattered itself abroad in the splendour of countless metaphors, seen sometimes one through another, like a taper discerned through a taper. A beautiful image had for him an attraction independently of the thought with which it was allied; and, once brought within the sphere of its attraction, his fancy fluttered around it, bewildered and intoxicated. A thought had for him also a value irrespectively of the place which it held in his argument: he prized it as truth; he prized it yet more as knowledge; and with such thoughts his poetry, at once subtly and expansively intellectual, is charged to a degree almost unprecedented. The lamentable errors which lurked in the first principles upon which he had so recklessly precipitated himself, (errors, however, hardly worse than lurk in many grave treatises welcomed with little mistrust at the present day,) of course infected his results. The conclusions, however, at which he arrived, were logical; and those who can learn from errors as well as truths, will find a sad instruction in the coherency of his reasonings, and a comparative safety in the audacity with which they are expressed. If, for instance, we adopt the opinion—which is a suppressed premise in all his speculations,—namely, that there exists no moral evil in the nature of man except that which finds its way there accidentally,—it will be hard to avoid conclusions analagous to his, respecting both religion and government. The seed at least of such principles will be planted, and their growth will depend on the ardour of the climate, and the fertility of the soil. It is only with his poetry, however, that we are now concerned. Its abstruse as well as imaginative character would have rendered it almost unintelligible, if he had not possessed, though apparently by nature rather than by study, a singular gift of language. His diction, which was searching, vigorous, various, arranged

itself into periods, scholastic in the skill that joined clause on to clause, and the sustained melody of which at once discriminated the meaning and enforced the sentiment. The same dialectical precision gave dignity to his style, whether he wrote in verse or in prose; and imparted to both the utmost clearness which the subject matter, the involved thought, and the redundant imagery allowed of. This faculty was eminently Grecian; and the very sound of that noble language, which was not so much a study to him as a delight, will often be found in his verse. He reminds us of the Greek inspiration chiefly by the skill with which he illustrated the ancient mythology. In his 'Prometheus Unbound,' his classical vein is too often checked by political or metaphysical disquisitions most inappropriately introduced; but in it, and in the chorusses of his 'Hellas,' there is an *Æschilean* energy; and many of the classical touches in his 'Adonais' are admirably true. It is, however, in his minor poems that he most belongs to the South. His 'Hymn of Apollo' and 'Hymn of Pan' are full of the musical hilarity of the Greeks; his 'Ode to Naples' is a true ode of compact structure and concentrated purpose; and his 'Arethusa,' the metre of which sweeps along like a vernal torrent, and in which the nymph and the element she presides over are with such skill blended and alternated, proves that Shelley's versatile temperament included that Protean power by which the Greeks dramatised Nature and humanised all her forms.

In few writers are we more instructively reminded than in Shelley, of that analogy between the Poet and the Man, without which poetry would include little inward significance and moral power. His temperament was of the highest order. All temperaments, to be sure, except the phlegmatic, can lend themselves to poetic purposes; but while that one which unites the saturnine with the impassioned produces poetry often, as it were, by disease, poetry is the natural expression of one like his, — sanguine and organised with the utmost of nervous sensibility. The former quality is marked by that soaring hope with which he watches the destinies of man, heralding the promise of a Future on which he — the professed enemy of Faith — had too credulous a dependence. The second we trace in the childlike wonder with which he regards the daily face of Nature; all objects, from the far off peak to the flower at the mountain's base, wearing for him a radiance, as if the glorious apparition of the earth had but just started into existence. His disposition also, as it is described by his friends, cordial and full of sweetness, though threatening if assailed, — impetuous, yet shy at intervals, and when shy, opening no more, — makes itself felt throughout his poetry in many a passage, the sentiment of which, if deficient in robustness, is alive

with pathetic tenderness. His character, too, affected as it was by outward accidents, stands up in his works conspicuous, for evil and for good. His poetry, in truth, is the embodiment of a social creed, not only dogmatic and exclusive but aggressive. His song is no voice from Nature's recesses, sent forth to indicate the whereabouts of sweet and secret passion; still less is it the orderly array of thought with which the ambitious scholar studiously adorns his theme and commends his name to posterity. It is the chaunt of the bard, or rather the war-note of the prophet-chief. In the solitudes of the soul, and when most 'hidden in the light 'of thought,' Shelley was a public man — bent on political designs, such designs as even now convulse the world. His spirit did not, indeed, like Milton's, 'sit in the pomp of singing robes,' but, to use his own expression, 'hovered in verse o'er his accustomed 'prey.' Nor, in so estimating himself, did he mistake, yet hink, either his vocation or his abilities; but he greatly mistook the subject and himself. He taught when he had but begun to think, and before he had begun to learn; and the perverse error which blinded his eyes was a snare also to his feet, and made void one half of the work of his hands. Seldom have such gifts been so abused. He was strong in zeal, but weak through self-confidence: he rushed into the fight without armour though with boundless courage; and with the weapon of an idle and ignorant scorn he struck, not only at abuses and corruptions, which such as he are sent to plague and to destroy, but at truths older than either science or song, and higher than his highest hopes for man.

The errors of Mr. Shelley were not such as a true charity either conceals or palliates: but as little do we deem it our duty to enlarge on them here. The infidelity of the mind has its root oftentimes in the will. The gravity and the danger of such error cannot be exaggerated; but neither its origin, its character, nor its effects admit of being treated of in a few words. Infidelity and blasphemy need no epithets to characterise them. Partly to account for his opinions, and partly in the passion of the hour, vices were imputed to Shelley from which we believe him to have been exempt. We should believe this (were there no other reason) because we believe that a high moral sense, and a nature, however darkened, neither corrupt nor insincere, must be the basis of all elevated poetry. One of the lessons which we have to learn from Shelley is the insufficiency of the highest moral aspirations alone to guard us against lurking evil in our spiritual nature; and especially against that of pride—the root of infidelity, and the weakness that borders most nearly on insanity. Our theme however is a humbler one than that of theology, and we shall

allude to Mr. Shelley's errors only as they affect him as a poet.

With great moral energies he had great moral deficiencies. Few men possessed more than he that high faculty of admiration, through which men learn so much and become so much. He gazed in admiration at all things, whether the triumphs of the human mind or the commonest achievements of mechanic skill: yet in all his poetry we find no trace of his having possessed the kindred, but nobler habit—that of veneration: And yet, to be without veneration is to be shut out from a complete world,—the world moreover which *contains* that in which we live. The spirit of his poetry often looks up in wonder and glances around in love, and flings its gaze far forward in anger or in scorn; but its eyes are never cast reverently downwards,—and therefore, even in its zeal for truth, it overruns the ground in which truth lies. He had an intellectual defect also which corresponded with this moral one. He had no power of suspending his judgment. He could not doubt; and his infidelity itself was in part a passionate faith in certain moral principles with which he rashly assumed Christianity to be at war; and in part that indiscriminating hatred of priestcraft to which the fanatics of liberty are subject. His mind was extraordinarily keen, but deficient in breadth. Such minds, especially when irradiated by an imagination addicted to metaphors, admit no twilight of intelligence. All their thoughts stand out like realities, until eclipsed by rival thoughts. This one-sidedness of mind accounts in part for the fact, otherwise inexplicable, of his having denied, at an age when others at most but doubt—and obtruded rather than confessed his infidelity. His temper also was impetuous, to a degree that, while it misapplied his reasonings, deprived his poetry of that perfect sanity which we find in the great masters. He was aware that it lacked self-possession and serenity. It lacked it because his whole nature,—constitutional, intellectual, and moral,—was deficient in gravity. He wrote moreover ambitiously, and with too much effort: And his genius was to a slight degree sophisticated by egotism. The ideal of every poet includes something of himself; and Shelley's nature, in its militant capacity, is indicated in his two most important works, his 'Prometheus' and his 'Revolt of Islam': but his 'Alastor,' 'Prince Athanasz,' and many of his minor poems, prove that he was fond of dwelling upon it in other relations, and in a spirit of anatomical scrutiny. We should err, however, in our estimate of Shelley's genius if we did not allow for the degree in which its products were modified by circumstance. Ill health had preyed on him till his natural sensibility had been heightened into nervous irritability. This circumstance, together with the

belief that his time in this world was short, made him over-task his faculties, which were thus ever in a hectic state of excitement. The abstract habit of his mind gave an additional daring to his conclusions; and that habit was increased by the fact that between him and his countrymen there was war. Isolation indeed always intensifies, for good or for evil, the energies of speculative men; whose powers are at once tamed down and enriched when merged in friendly communion with other minds. In the case of Shelley it also left his poetic education incomplete. He had carefully fed his mind on all things beautiful and sublime; nor had the influences of study, philosophical, scientific, and political, been wanting to him: But living remote from practical life, his genius lacked one species of nourishment, the knowledge that comes by experience. It had never been disciplined.

To estimate justly the faults as well as the merits of the truly great is a duty which we owe not only to truth and to ourselves, but to them. It is only when we know what hinderances were opposed to their greatness by the forfeits exacted from their weakness, that we can know to what that greatness might, without such obstacles, have amounted. We can but guess, therefore, what would have been the mature works of such a mind as Shelley's, when the soil had cooled down sufficiently to produce healthy growths. The manhood of human life is still but the boyhood of genius: yet how much has he not done in his brief span! There is not one of his larger works which is not a storehouse of condensed thought and beauty—whatever may be its faults in the way of unreality or exaggeration. His 'Hymn on Intellectual Beauty,' his odes to 'Liberty,' to 'Naples,' to 'the West Wind,' his 'Cloud,' his 'Skylark,' and many a choral ode in his Lyrical Dramas, are in themselves a conclusive answer to a charge frequently brought against English Poetry, namely, that it has seldom soared into the highest region of lyrical inspiration: and in his shorter pieces there are numerous snatches of song to which the term 'essential poetry' would not be misapplied,—poems not only of magnetic power, but as flawless as the diamond, and in their minuteness as perfect as the berry on the tree or the bubble on the fountain. Great indeed is the bequest which Shelley has left us: and it is not without somewhat of remorseful sorrow that we remember what life gave him in return. Looking on what is past and gone through the serene medium of distance, all petty details vanish from our view, and a few great realities stand bare. In sad retrospection we look forth—and we see a man and a life! A young man, noble in genius, in heart ardent,

full of love, his whole being expanded to all genial and cheering influences as 'a vine-leaf in the sun:'—such an one we behold, endowed richly with the treasured stores of old learning and cherished hopes for future man. With the joy of a strong swimmer he flings himself upon the stream of life—and finds himself bleeding and broken on the rocks it covers! To say 'it was his own 'fault' is a mode of disposing of the matter rather compendious than (to us) satisfactory. For his errors he is answerable at another tribunal than ours. The age which partakes of and fosters such errors may find time to remember his sufferings as well. Through trials not the less severe because not unprovoked, he fought his way if not in peace of conscience, yet certainly with high courage and heroic hope. He deemed that he had lived long. But he was only in his twenty-ninth year when the Mediterranean waves closed above his head. A sad career was his:—He had his intellectual resources, and he had friends; yet his was a sad career; and worthy of deeper thoughts than belong either to the region of adulation or of anger.

The genius of Keats was Grecian to a far higher degree than that of Shelley. His sense of beauty was profounder still; and was accompanied by that "in which Shelley's poetry was deficient—Repose. Tranquillity is no high merit if it be attained at the expense of ardour; but the two qualities are not incompatible. The ardour of Shelley's nature shows itself in a strong evolution of thought and succession of imagery;—that of Keats in a still intensity. The former was a fiery enthusiasm, the latter was a profound passion. Rushing through regions of unlimited thought, Shelley could but throw out hints which are often suggestive only. His designs are always outline sketches, and the lines of light in which they are drawn remind us of that 'temple of a spirit' described by him, the walls of which revealed

'A tale of passionate change divinely taught,
Which in their winged dance unconscious genii wrought.'

Truth and action may be thus emblemized; but beauty is a thing of shape and of colour, not of light merely, and rest is essential to it. That mystic rapidity of interwoven thought, in which Shelley excelled, was foreign to the deeper temperament of Keats. One of his canons of poetry was, that 'its touches 'of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader 'breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the 'setting of poetry should, like the sun, come naturally to 'the poet, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight.' He disliked all poetical surprises, and affirmed that poetry 'should strike

‘the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and ‘appear almost a remembrance.’ Shelley’s genius, like the eagle he describes,

‘Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.’

But, beauty moves ever in curved lines, like the celestial bodies, and even in movement simulates rest. Beauty was the adornment of Shelley’s poetry; it was the very essence of Keats’s. There is in his poetry not only a constant enjoyment of the beautiful,—there is a thirst for it never to be satisfied, of which we are reminded by his portrait. Shelley admired the beautiful, Keats was absorbed in it; and admired it no more than an infant admires the mother at whose breast he feeds. That deep absorption excluded all consciousness of self,—nay, every intrusion of alien thought; and while the genius of others, too often like a double-reflecting crystal, returns a twofold image, that poetic vision which day by day grew clearer before Keats was an image of beauty only, whole and unbroken. There is a peculiar significance in the expression, ‘a child of song,’ as applied to him. Not only his outward susceptibilities retained throughout the freshness of infancy, but his whole nature possessed that integrity which belongs but to childhood, or to the purest and most energetic genius. When the poetic mood was not on him, though his heart was full of manly courage, there was much of a child’s waywardness, want of self-command, and inexperienced weakness in his nature. His poetry is never *juvenile*. It is either the stammer of the child or the ‘large utterance of the ‘early gods.’

Keats possessed eminently the rare gift of invention—as is proved by the narrative poems he has left behind. He had also, though without Shelley’s constructive skill as to the architecture of sentences, a depth, significance, and power of diction, which even the imitational affectation to be found in his earliest productions, could not disguise. He instinctively selects the words which exhibit the more characteristic qualities of the objects described. The most remarkable property of his poetry, however, is the degree in which it combines the sensuous with the ideal. The sensuousness of Keats’s poetry might have degenerated into the sensual, but for the ideal that exalted it,—a union which existed in consequence of a connexion not less intimate between his sensitive temperament and his wide imagination. Perhaps we have had no other instance of a bodily constitution so poetical. With him all things were more or less sensational; his mental faculties being, as it were, extended throughout the sensitive part of his nature—as the sense of sight;

according to the theory of the Mesmerists, is diffused throughout the body on some occasions of unusual excitement. His body seemed to think; and, on the other hand, he sometimes appears hardly to have known whether he possessed aught but body. His whole nature partook of a sensational character in this respect, namely, that every thought and sentiment came upon him with the suddenness, and appealed to him with the reality of a sensation. It is not the lowest only, but also the loftiest part of our being to which this character of unconsciousness and immediateness belongs. Intuitions and aspirations are spiritual sensations; while the physical perceptions and appetites are bodily intuitions. Instinct itself is but a lower form of inspiration; and the highest virtue becomes a spiritual instinct. It was in the intermediate part of our nature that Keats had but a small part. His mind had little affinity with whatever belonged to the region of the merely probable. To his heart, kindly as he was, everything in the outer world seemed foreign, except that which for the time engrossed it. His nature was Epicurean at one side, Platonist at the other — and both by irresistible instinct. The Aristotelian definition, the Stoical dogma, the Academical disputation, were to him all alike unmeaning. His poetic gift was not a separate faculty which he could exercise or restrain as he pleased, and direct, to whatever object he chose. It was when 'by predominance of thought oppressed' that there fell on him that still, poetic vision of truth and beauty which only thus truly comes. The 'burden' of his inspiration came to him 'in leni aurâ,' like the visits of the gods; yet his fragile nature bent before it like a reed; it was not shaken or disturbed, but wielded by it wholly.

To the sluggish temperaments of ordinary men excitement is pleasure. The fervour of Keats preyed upon him with a pain from which Shelley was protected by a mercurial mobility; and it was with the languor of rest that Keats associated the idea of enjoyment. How much is implied in this description of exhaustion! 'Pleasure has no show of enticement, and 'Pain no unbearable frown; neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor 'Love have any alertness of countenance; as they pass me by 'they seem rather like three figures on a Greek vase—two men 'and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in 'their disguisement. This is the *only* happiness; and is a rare 'instance of advantage in the body overcoming the mind.' (P. 264. vol. i.) A nobler relief was afforded to him by that versatility which made him live in the objects around him. It is thus that he writes:—'I scarcely remember counting on 'any happiness. I look not for it, if it be not in the present hour.

‘Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights; or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick with it, about the gravel.’ (P. 67. vol. i.) Elsewhere he speaks thus of that form of poetic genius which belonged to him, and which he contradistinguishes from the ‘egotistical sublime.’ ‘It has no self. It is every thing and nothing—it has no character—it enjoys light and shade—it lives in gusts, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated—it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen.’ (P. 221. vol. i.) In this passage, as elsewhere, he seems to confound versatility with the absence of personal character. That versatility of imagination is however by no means incompatible with depth of nature and tenacity of purpose we have already observed; and our opinion is confirmed by a remark of Mr. Milnes, whose life of Keats, from which we have so largely quoted, is enriched with many pieces of admirable criticism. Keats’s versatility showed itself, like Mr. Tennyson’s, not only in the dramatic skill ‘with which he realised various and alien forms of existence, but also, though to a lesser degree, in the fact that the character of his poetry varied according to the model he had been studying. In ‘Endymion’ he reminds us of Chaucer and Spenser; in ‘Hyperion’ of Milton; in his ‘Cap and Bells’ of Ariosto; and in his drama, the last act of which is very fine, of Ford. Mr. Milnes remarks, with reference to the last two works, that Keats’s occasional resemblance to other poets, though it proves that his genius was still in a growing state, in no degree detracts from his originality. He did not imitate others, Mr. Milnes observes, so much as emulate them; and no matter whom he may resemble, he is still always himself.

The character of Keats’s intellect corresponded well with his large imagination and versatile temperament. He had not Mr. Shelley’s various and sleepless faculties, but he had the larger mind. Keats could neither form systems nor dispute about them; though germs of deep and original thought are to be found scattered in his most careless letters. The two friends used sometimes to contend as to the relative worth of truth and of beauty. Beauty is the visible embodiment of a certain species of truth; and it was with that species that the mind of Keats, which always worked in and through the sensibilities, held *conscious* relations. He fancied that he had no access to philosophy, because he was averse to definitions and dogmas, and sometimes saw glimpses of truth in adverse systems. His mind had itself much of that ‘negative capability’ which he remarked on as a large part of Shakspeare’s great-

ness, and which he described as a power 'of being in uncertainty, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.' (P. 93. vol. i.) There is assuredly such a thing as philosophical doubt, as well as of philosophical belief: it is the doubt which belongs to the mind, not to the will; to which we are not drawn by love of singularity, and from which we are not scared by nervous tremours; the doubt which is not the denial of any thing, so much as the proving of all things; the doubt of one who would rather walk in mystery than in false lights, who waits that he may win, and who prefers the broken fragments of truth to the imposing completeness of a delusion. Such is that uncertainty of a large mind, which a small mind cannot understand; and such no doubt was, in part, that of Keats, who was fond of saying that 'every point of thought is 'the centre of an intellectual world.' The passive part of intellect, the powers of susceptibility and appreciation, Keats possessed to an almost infinite degree: but in this respect his mind appears to have been cast in a feminine mould; and that masculine energy which Shakspeare combined with a susceptible temperament unfathomably deep, in him either existed deficiently, or had not had time for its development.

If we turn from the poet to the man, from the works to the life, the retrospect is less painful in the case of Keats than of Shelley. He also suffered from ill-health, and from a temperament which, when its fine edge had to encounter the jars of life, was subject to a morbid despondency: but he had many sources of enjoyment, and his power of enjoyment was extraordinary. His disposition, which was not only sweet and simple, but tolerant and kindly, procured and preserved for him many friends. It has been commonly supposed that adverse criticism had wounded him deeply: but the charge receives a complete refutation from a letter written on the occasion referred to. In it he says, 'Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. . . . I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment*, hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. . . . I was never afraid of failure.'

There are, however, trials in the world from which the most imaginative cannot escape; and which are more real than those which self-love alone can make important to us. Keats's sensibility amounted to disease. 'I would reject,' he writes, 'a Petrarchal coronation — on account of my dying day — and 'because women have cancers!' A few months later, after

visiting the house of Burns, he wrote thus, — ‘His misery is a dead weight on the nimbleness of one’s quill: I tried to forget it . . . it won’t do. . . . We can see, horribly clear, in the works of such a man, his whole life, as if we were God’s spies.’ (P. 171.) It was this extreme sensibility, not less than his ideal tendencies, which made him shrink with prescient fear from the world of actual things. Reality frowned above him like a cliff seen by a man in a nightmare dream. It fell on him at last! The most interesting of all his letters is that to his brother (p. 224. vol. i.), in which he, with little anticipation of results, describes his first meeting with the Oriental beauty who soon after became the object of his passion. In love he had always been, in one sense: and personal love was but the devotion to that in a concentrated form which he had previously and more safely loved as a thing scattered and diffused. He loved and he won; but death cheated him of the prize. Tragical indeed were his sufferings during the months of his decline. In leaving life he lost what can never be known by the multitudes who but half live: and poetry at least could assuredly have presented him but in scant measure with the consolations which the Epicurean can dispense with most easily, but which are needed most by those whose natures are most spiritual, and whose thirst after immortality is strongest. Let us not, however, intrude into what we know not. In many things we are allowed to rejoice with him. His life had been one long revel. ‘The open sky,’ he writes to a friend, ‘sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown: the air is our robe of state; the earth is our throe; and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it!’ Less a human being than an Imagination embodied, he passed, ‘like a new-born spirit,’ over a world that for him ever retained the dew of the morning; and bathing in all its freshest joys he partook but little of its stain.

Shelley and Keats remained with us only long enough to let us know how much we have lost —

‘We have beheld these lights but not possessed them.’

The genius of the poet whose latest work we have discussed at the beginning of this paper has been more justly appreciated than that of either of them: But it will now probably be asked to which of the two great schools of English poetry illustrated by us *he* is to be referred? The answer to that question is not easy, for in truth he has much in common with both. His earlier poems might sometimes be classed in the same category with those of Shelley and Keats: For, the three have in common an ardent temperament, a versatile imagination, and an

admirable power of embodying the classical; but in other respects they differ widely. Tennyson has indeed, like Keats, with whom he has most in common, a profound sense of the beautiful, a calm and often soft intensity, a certain voluptuousness in style, that reminds us of the Venetian school of painting, and a marvellous depth and affluence of diction—but here the resemblance ends. We do not yet observe in his works, to the same degree, that union of strength with lightness and freedom of touch, which, like the unerring but unlaboured handling of a great master, characterised Keats's latest works. On the other hand, Tennyson has greater variety. Wide indeed is his domain—extending as it does from that of Keats, whose chief characteristic was ideal beauty, to that of Burns, whose songs, native to the soil, gush out as spontaneously as the warbling of the bird or the murmuring of the brook. Even in their delineation of beauty, how different are the two poets. In Keats that beauty is chiefly beauty of form; in Tennyson that of colour has at least an equal place: one consequence of which is, that while Keats, in his descriptions of nature, contents himself with embodying separate objects with a luxurious vividness, Tennyson's gallery abounds with cool far-stretching landscapes, in which the fair green plain and winding river, and violet mountain ridge and peaks of remotest snow, are harmonised through all the gradations of aerial distance. Yet his is not to be classed with that recent poetry which has been noted for a devotion, almost religious, to mere outward nature. His landscapes, like those of Titian, are for the most part but a beautiful background to the figures. Men and manners are more his theme than nature. His genius seems to tend as naturally to the idyllic as that of Shelley did to the lyrical, or that of Keats to the epic.

The moral range of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, too, is as wide as the imaginative. It is remarkable how little place, notwithstanding the ardour of Shelley and of Keats, is given in their works, to the affections properly so called. They abound in emotion and passion: in which respect Mr. Tennyson resembles them; but he is not less happy in the delineation of those human affections which depend not on instinct or imagination alone, but which, growing out of the heart, are modified by circumstance and association, and constitute the varied texture of social existence. His poetry is steeped in the charities of life, which he accompanies from the cradle to the grave. He has a Shakspearcan enjoyment in whatever is human, and a Shakspearcan indulgence for the frailties of humanity; the life

which his verse illustrates with a genial cheer or a forlorn pathos, is life in its homely honesty, life with its old familiar associations and accidents, its 'merry quips' remembered sadly at the death of the old year, its 'flowing can' and its 'empty cup.' The truth of this statement will at once be recognised by all who have read his 'Miller's Daughter,' his 'May Queen,' and 'New Year's Eve,' with their beautiful 'Conclusion'; his 'Dora,' 'Audley Court,' 'Talking Oak,' or his 'Lyrical Monologue.'

Nor is his intellectual region less ample. Many of his poems are the embodiment of deep philosophical speculations on the problem of life. We allude to such pieces as the 'Palace of Art,' 'The Two Voices,' the 'Vision of Sin,' and those brief but admirable political poems, 'You ask me why though ill at ease,' and 'Of old sat Freedom on the Heights.' In these poems, whether metaphysical or ethical, there is a characteristic difference between the style of Mr. Tennyson and Shelley; the latter of whom was essentially dogmatic in the corresponding part of his works, while the former, with an interest not less deep in the intellectual and political progress of the human race, speaks only in the way of suggestion, and in his significant hints reminds us of Mr. Keats's expression, 'Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbour.' In this department of Mr. Tennyson's poetry we can, perhaps, trace the influences of German literature, modified by an English mind, and, we are glad to observe, by English traditions.

Mr. Tennyson's genius, so far as we can pretend to judge of what is so large and manifold, is, perhaps, on the whole, most strikingly characterised by that peculiar species of versatility which, as we have already observed, is the application of the dramatic faculty to other subjects instead of the drama. All his important poems are complete embodiments, not merely illustrations of the subject treated. Each is evidently the result of long musings, meditative and imaginative; and each represents, in its integrity and distinctness, an entire system of thought, sentiment, manners, and imagery. Each is a window from which we have a vista of a new and distinct world. In each too, we come to know far more of the characters than is explicitly stated; we know their past as well as their present, and speculate about their associates. How much, for instance, of our time and country do we find in 'Locksley Hall,' that admirable delineation of the modern Outlaw, the over-developed and undisciplined youth, the spoilt child and cast-away son of the nineteenth century! How many tracts

against asceticism are condensed in his *St. Simcon*! Whether idyllic or philosophic in form, not a few of these poems are at heart dramas. If it were true, which we cannot believe, that the drama is amongst us but an anachronism, such poems would be perhaps the most appropriate substitute for it. They are remarkable also as works of art. Mr. Tennyson is a great artist; nor would it have been possible without much study, as well as a singular plastic power, to have given his poems that perfection of shape which enables a slender mould to sustain a various interest.

It is frequently asked whether Mr. Tennyson is capable of producing a great and national work. Hitherto such has obviously not been his ambition; nor can we think any man wise who, instead of keeping such a design steadily before him, and making all his labours a preparation for it, embarks on the execution of it at a period earlier than that at which his faculties and his experience approach their maturity. A great poem is a great action; and requires the assiduous exercise of those high moral powers with which criticism has no concern, and action much;—courage, prudence, enterprise, patience, self-reliance founded on self-knowledge, a magnanimous superiority to petty obstacles, a disinterested devotion to art for its own sake, and for that of all which it interprets and communicates. Should Mr. Tennyson devote himself to a great work, he has already exhibited the faculties necessary for his success: But, whether he writes it or not, he has taken his place among the true poets of his country. With reference to a national poem, and to our previous observations concerning the ideal and the national in poetry, we may remark, that Mr. Tennyson's progress has constantly been towards the latter, while he has carried along with him many attributes of the former. His early poems, steeped as they were in a certain fruit-like richness, and illumined by gleams of an imagination at once radiant and pathetic, like the lights of an evening horizon, were deficient, as all young poetry is, in subject and substance. They had then also a defect, which they shared with much of Shelley's and some of Keats's—that of appearing poetry, distilled from poetry, rather than drawn from the living sources of life and of truth. But that defect has long since been corrected; and it is observable, that in proportion as his poetry has become more robust and characteristic, it has also become more home-bred. He has given us admirably characteristic landscapes from almost all countries; but it is plainly among the meads and lawns of his native land that his imagination finds a home. Nor is it English scenery only that he illustrates

with such truth and power, but English manners likewise; indeed, when we say that his poetry does not shrink from the interests and accidents of daily life, it is especially English life to which we refer. It is not merely the romantic tale that he records, as in 'Godiva' and 'The Lord of Burleigh,' but many a modern trait from the village green, the corn-field, the manor-house, many a recollection from college life, or the social circle. The tale which we have reviewed, though not English in subject, is yet eminently English in its setting. That modern England does not contain the materials of poetry we cannot believe, as long as we find that it produces the faculties that tend to poetry; but those materials unquestionably are obscured by the rubbish that now overlays them; and to extricate and exhibit them requires, therefore, unusual poetic discernment. The difficulty of illustrating our modern manners is increased by the fact that they include much from which poetic sympathies recoil. A deep interest in national manners and history is the best imaginative preparation for a national poem. In what way the poetical side of modern life might be seized and set forth on a large scale, is a problem well worth consideration; but our limits deter us from even an attempt at the solution of it. Assuredly that life will not be poetically exhibited merely by allusions to its outward accidents, — its railways, and its steamboats, or by the application of poetry, in the spirit of a partisan, to the disputes of the hour. To delineate modern life, the first thing must be to understand human life; and the second to trace its permanent relations as they are modified by the more essential characteristics of modern society. In this process the poet will be assisted in proportion as his sympathies are vivid, as his habits are thoughtful, and as his versatile imagination unites itself to fixed principles. The sympathies which give power to those who feel them, are such as help their immediate objects likewise. The man must feel himself a part of that life which he would illustrate (though the poet in the man, must ever preserve his isolation); the hand must inform the heart, and the heart direct the mind; for it is through the neighbourly duties alone that the universal relations of society become understood vitally. Scanned in speculation alone, they are a theme for the philosopher, not the poet.

ART. IV.—1. *Rudimentary Electricity; being a concise Exposition of the General Principles of Electrical Science, and the Purposes to which it has been applied.* By Sir W. SNOW HARRIS, F. R. S. London: 1848.

2. *Regulations of the Electric Telegraph Company.* London: 1849.

3. *Traité de Télégraphie Electrique, renfermant son Histoire, sa Théorie, et la Description des Appareils.* Par M. l'ABBÉ MOIGNO. Paris: 1849.

THE curiosity of the British people, which the wonders of science have fed so profusely for the last fifty years, has latterly not only spread over a larger area as knowledge has diffused itself, and increased in intensity as it grew by what it fed on, but has also remarkably altered its direction. From the days of the Stuarts down to a comparatively recent period, the unscientific portion of the nation was chiefly interested by marvellous natural phenomena; and concerned itself little in even the most practical applications of the experimental sciences. In our own day a totally opposite feeling prevails. A worthy naval captain comes home to announce that he has seen a great sea serpent. His account is scarcely published, before it is depreciated, criticised, and derided, from one end of the island to the other. The ‘Gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease’ may differ among themselves as to what the good captain did see, but are quite at one as to what he did not see. In the seventeenth century any number of sea serpents would have been credited; and the bigger and more uncouth they were, so much the better. None, indeed, of the treasures of natural history which the British Museum can now exhibit, are half so strange as a Londoner could take his country cousin to, in the times of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Feathers could then be produced which had dropped from the tail of the Phœnix. Ostriches were to be seen which, unlike the birds of the present day, had not pecked their way into the world through an eggshell, but had been born alive. Bones were plentiful, of giants compared with whom Goliath was a dwarf. Petrified babies were not very rare; or solid thunderbolts, or unicorns’ horns — or barnacles which had first been shell-fish, and then changed into Solan Geese! Our forefathers rejoiced for the most part in believing such things; and the few that were sceptical could only hazard a doubt. Credulity, however, never absorbs the entire man. It appears, on the contrary, to necessitate a countervailing scepticism. Credulity

and scepticism, indeed, are two blind imps playing at see-saw. Neither sees his opposite, — although each would be flung off if not counterbalanced by the other; and the arc which the one describes determines the space through which the other must travel. The terrified gazer at comets and implicit believer in astrology made himself amends, accordingly, by denouncing as a wizard the man who showed him the sun's spectrum on a wall, or the image of a tree turned upside down in a camera obscura; so that even the contemporaries of Newton thought it prudent to hide, under anagrams and verbal enigmas, their more striking discoveries from the vulgar observer. His faith was unlimited in one direction, and his intolerance in another; and he allowed each full play. To slay one's enemies was not only a lawful but honourable thing; to hang, draw, and quarter a traitor was the duty of a loyal subject; to shut up a man stricken with the plague, and leave him to his fate, was the most tender mercy which he could expect; but to dissect the dead body of foe, traitor, or plague-patient was a crime against God and man! The credulous believer in a thousand imaginary natural and supernatural phenomena, unconsciously revenged himself for his credulity, by a fixed disbelief in man's power to conquer physical nature; and would not have stirred from his door to witness the most curious mechanical invention — or have wished it success, or expected good from it.

But these things have been long completely changed. The popular mind, like a magnet struck with lightning, — which reverses its poles, so that it points to the south with the end which formerly pointed to the north, — has been so electrified by the triumphs of experimental science, that it has whirled round like the disordered compass-needle; and what it formerly admired it now despises, and what it once despised it now admires. Had it been wise, it would have kept much of its old faith, (to which it will yet return) and would have been content with adding to its previous beliefs whatever it found admirable in the youthful or regenerated sciences. But at present, when there seems no end to the achievements of experimental science, these achievements alone engross attention; and the public has not yet had time to count the cost, or grow weary of its new toy. It was not at all necessary, however, that botany or zoology should be thrown aside, because chemistry and electricity had recently abounded in wonders. A nettle or a linnet, the meanest weed or humblest insect, still more a nautilus or a humming-bird, is, after all, at least as curious a thing as gun-cotton or chloroform; and a torpedo or gymnotus is in reality a much more wonderful machine than a voltaic battery. Many-voiced,

however, as the public is, it is not many-sided. It has latterly remorselessly narrowed its tastes to a very few scientific subjects; and the present period marks something like the culmination of a morbid relish for the exploits of applied physics. Supernaturalism is either entirely discredited, or reduced to a quite tangible realism, and subjected to manipulation — as in animal magnetism and phrenology. From chairs of chemistry, lectures are delivered on the nature of the soul: And the pupils of such a class, in a celebrated university, may be instructed one day as to the properties of magnesia or cream of tartar; and learn, on the next, that the burning kisses which passionate lovers exchange, are accompanied by actual flames, which the duly gifted may perceive hovering round their meeting lips! So strangely in our own day has the once invisible eagle, who dwelt near the sun, submitted to have his wings clipped, and taken his place among tame geese, and barn-door fowls.

The natural-history sciences, in short, although now of far greater interest to philosophers than they ever were before, have been completely eclipsed in general estimation by the Experimental sciences. Travellers' tales have long been at a discount. The most distant places of the globe are now so near, in time, that it is worth no one's trouble to palm a deliberate fiction upon us as to their condition — when a few weeks at furthest may expose the fabrication. Every fortnight brings a mail from India and the New World; so that two weeks on an average bound the longevity of the most plausible imported lie. The public, needy as it was, waited with patience for exact information concerning the Californian gold; and its patience has been rewarded. It is still more willing to suspend its utterly speculative curiosity till the mail shall arrive. We now hear little, accordingly, of marine or transmarine monsters; and the few that do present themselves are called to so strict an account by Professor Owen and his brethren, that if so much as a scale, a bristle, or a claw are out of order, it goes hard with them; and they are likely to be refused their certificates, like doubtful bankrupts. All this is well, and but wholesome discipline for the world of science. But the unscientific public has gone far beyond the most sceptical naturalist, in excluding from favour the once prized objects of natural history and phenomenal science. The only rare animals that have recently excited interest have been all, we think, of the human species, — Red Indians, Bosjesmans, and Tom Thumb. Zoological gardens are everywhere in Great Britain struggling against extinction, and are indebted in many places to the humiliating assistance of fireworks or gymnastic exhibitions for their prolonged existence. How great the extremity is, may be gathered

from the fact, that even the Zoological Society of London has gone the unusual length of prosecuting the defaulters among its members for their arrears. The same spirit appears in the loud outcry at present raised against the expenditure of public money on the palm-house at Kew, — whilst thousands which no tax gatherer demanded have been voluntarily flung away on hopeless projects which experimental physics were rashly supposed to sanction. Geology, except as a searcher for coal, metallic ores, limestone, or gold, is not the popular science it is often supposed to be. It is too difficult, comprehensive, and expensive a pursuit, to be largely followed by any but the highest grade of amateurs. The number of unscientific persons, accordingly, who realise to themselves, so that they can properly be said to believe, that coal was once wood, and ironstone once mud, and that there formerly lived on this earth such creatures as Pterodactyles or Ichthyosaurs, is, in fact, very small. Unscientific religious people are still to a great extent ready to account for every fossil by Noah's deluge; and reluctant to make any creature older than Adam. The irreligious semi-scientific public, on the other hand, reads eagerly whatever seems to contradict the book of Genesis: But understands too little of what it reads, and finds what little it understands too far removed from its every day cares, hopes, and fears, to trouble itself much with the speculations of palæontology.

The oldest and grandest of the sciences fares no better. Although astronomy has recently been discovering planets at the rate at which she formerly discovered comets, and by her one gift to the known heavens, of Neptune, has cast far into the shade all the younger branches of knowledge, yet the public heard with perfect indifference the really idle, but for it, trustworthy announcement, that Neptune had gone a missing, or rather had never been found. Were it to be rumoured, however, that the electric light had proved, or would prove on the large scale, a total failure, its extinction would be lamented as a public calamity; or had it been but hinted that the wires of the electric telegraph were found to be rapidly losing their power to conduct electricity, and would soon refuse to conduct it at all, the whole island would have taken fright.

In speaking thus, we must be understood as excluding from our reference not only all those who study science as science, and all those who study it professionally as the basis of art, but likewise all that large class of intelligent amateurs of both sexes, who cannot be divided by a sharp line of demarcation from the students of science or art, among whom they are often amply entitled to take their places. But after deducting the philosopher, the professional man, and the amateur, there remains the great

bulk of the people of all ranks, who only indirectly and occasionally interest themselves in science. They are very important, however, not only by their numerical preponderance, and as the raw material out of which the special students must be drafted, but likewise as filling the important offices in the community of treasurer, banker, and pursebearer—and as furnishing the supplies, without which neither science nor art, in many of their provinces, any more than war, can be carried on.

The sciences which the public, thus defined, at present crowds to popular lectures to hear expounded, are Natural Philosophy and Chemistry — though it would probably be more just to say that the arts springing out of these sciences are popular, than that the sciences themselves are. The laws regulating the elasticity of steam at different temperatures, the theory of waves, the 'Idea of Polarity,' the doctrines of diamagnetism, of electromagnetics, of isomerism or organic types, and much else, find no favour with such disciples; but screw-propellers, electric lights, and new manures are cordially welcomed.

The preference thus shown for the sciences of Experiment, as contrasted with those of Observation, appears to admit of a two-fold explanation. The former have always the charms of novelty about them; the latter have long been familiar to all. Among the sweetest remembrances, no doubt, of happy childhood, are the early listening at a mother's knee to the sacred record of the Creation; the appointment of the sun to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night; and Adam's giving names to the living creatures in the garden of Eden. Nor is there any toy more welcome to children than the well-freighted Dutch-built Noah's ark, nor any spectacle more delightful than a wild beast show, or a peep through a telescope at the man in the moon. But when childhood and youth are once gone by, natural history is but too often left behind with them; and the starry heavens are seldom consulted—except at the changes of the moon, when the roads are dark and the weather threatening.

A character of peacefulness, serenity, and unchangeableness, belongs to the phenomenal sciences; and is one of their charms for those who study them profoundly: And this indeed is more or less clearly perceived by all. The heavens upon which we gaze are felt to be the heavens to which the first pair lifted their eyes in Paradise. The plants and animals we now see are not distinguishable from those which the Egyptian draughtsman made his designs from, or the Greek artist carved on his reliefs. But this thought, so soothing in some moods of mind, is out of keeping with the turbulent activity of busy manhood—especially as it occupies itself in our own country at present. Man's newest planet is probably heaven's oldest one. The last dis-

covered flower has been growing for any one to pluck, since the flood; and kangaroos were in New Holland before Britons were in Great Britain. An air of majestic antiquity and completeness belongs almost exclusively to the phenomenal sciences. But even this makes them less attractive to a generation living more in the future than the past. In addition too, to the great charm novelty, the idea of Power is much more connected by the people with the experimental than the phenomenal sciences. The experimental sciences have in truth, within this century, effected so vast a revolution in the political, commercial, and social relations of the world, that men do not now know what next to dread, or to expect from them. The natural history and phenomenal sciences, on the other hand, have not very visibly affected the recent progress of mankind. The services of geology in discovering valuable minerals, of zoology in pointing out the localities of valuable fisheries, and of botany in introducing new vegetables, have been unobtrusively rendered; and have not come before the public in such a way as either to startle and be wondered at, or even to be understood or appreciated. Mechanics is applauded indeed for its steam ships; but geology is not thanked for discovering in Labuan, Chili, Australia, Vancouver's Island, and elsewhere, the coals, without which the ocean steamers could never have ventured on their stupendous careers. Chemistry has the whole credit of introducing guano; the fertilising virtues of which had, however, been indicated by natural history, long before chemistry had subjected it to analysis.

This habitual application of an *utilitarian test* to the sciences, has necessarily excluded from attention some of the noblest of them. What was the planet Neptune to the utilitarian public, or that public to Neptune? His appearance in the heavens did not lead to any reduction in the window tax, or to any saving in candles. The skies looked no brighter for his coming, and the street lamps were as needful as before. The sea serpent comes home to no man's business, and we trust will come home to no man's bosom. But the gunpowder-makers naturally enough quailed at the report of gun-cotton; and Sir Walter Scott's famous stage-coach companion, who, silent on every subject suggested for conversation, exclaimed at last, 'Tak me on bend leather, and I'm your man!' would, if now alive, have taken interest in at least one additional topic, and have woken up at the sound of 'gutta percha soles.' The shareholders in the gas companies go about anxiously inquiring concerning the electric light; and coal merchants look blank at a recent newspaper paragraph which announces a method of

producing an inflammable vapour from resin, charcoal, and water.

In all this, however, there is nothing surprising; and not much to be lamented. The scientific discoveries of recent years, and their marvellous applications in the arts, have been of such a nature and magnitude, as to astonish the most sober philosophers; so that we cannot wonder that they have filled the less reflecting public with extravagant hopes and fears. We are far from wishing to impute to the mass of the people a merely selfish or sordid interest in applied science. The least avaricious may well take alarm, at the prospect of a single unlucky invention ruining his trade or profession; and in a densely peopled country like this, enterprising young men, unpossessed of capital, naturally entertain sanguine expectations as to the substantial gains and honourable independence which may accrue to them from one successful investigation or ingenious device. But apart altogether from the perception of a pecuniary interest in the progress of discovery, every newspaper reader, however unscientific, perceives that the world is moving onwards at an accelerated rate—which, according to his temperament, exceedingly delights or exceedingly alarms him. Intelligent appreciation, in short, childish fear, childish wonder, a feverish spirit of speculation, and a strong infusion of cupidity, are all strangely mingled in the popular estimate of what the sciences are destined to effect for the world. The general faith in science as a wonder-worker is at present unlimited; and along with this there is cherished the conviction that every discovery and invention admits of a practical application to the welfare of men. Is a new vegetable product brought to this country from abroad, or a new chemical compound discovered, or a novel physical phenomenon recorded? The question is immediately asked *cui bono*? What is it good for? Is food or drink to be got out of it? Will it make hats, or shoes, or cover umbrellas? Will it kill or heal? Will it drive a steam-engine, or make a mill go? And truly this *cui bono* question has of late been so often satisfactorily answered, that we cannot wonder that the public should persist in putting it, somewhat eagerly, to every discoverer and inventor, and should believe that if a substance has one valuable application, it will prove, if further investigated, to have a thousand. Gutta serena has not been known in this country ten years; and already it would be more difficult to say what purposes it has not been applied to, than to enumerate those to which it has been applied. Gun-cotton had scarcely proved in the saddest way its power to kill, before certain ingenious Americans showed that it has a remarkable power of healing,

and forms the best sticking plaster for wounds. Surgeons have not employed ether and chloroform as anæsthetics for three years; and already an ether steam-engine is at work in Lyons, and a chloroform engine in London. Polarisation of light, as a branch of science, is the enigma of enigmas to the public. What it is, is a small matter; but what work it can perform is a great one. It must turn to some use. The singularly ingenious Wheatstone, accordingly, has already partly satisfied the public by making polarised light act as a time-keeper, and has supplied us with a sky-polariscope; a substitute for a sun-dial, but greatly superior to it in usefulness and accuracy. Of other sciences we need scarcely speak. Chemistry has long come down from her atomic altitudes and elective affinities; and now scours and dyes, brews, bakes, cooks, and compounds drugs and manures, with contented composure. Electricity leaves her thunderbolt in the sky, and like Mercury dismissed from Olympus, acts as letter-carrier and message-boy. Even the mysterious magnetism—which once seemed like a living principle to quiver in the compass-needle, is unclotted of mystery, and set to drive turning lathes. The public perceives all this, and has unlimited faith in man's power to conquer nature. The credulity which formerly fed upon unicorns, phoenixes, mermaids, vampires, krakens, pestilential comets, fairies, ghosts, witches, spectres, charms, curses, universal remedies, pactions with Satan, and the like, now tampers with chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, as it once did with the invisible world. Shoes of swiftness, seven league boots, and Fortunatus' wishing caps, are banished even from the nursery; but an electro-magnetic steam fire-balloon, which will cleave the air like a thunderbolt, and go straight to its destination as the crow flies, is an invention which many hope to see realised, before railways are quite worn to pieces. We may soon expect, too, it seems, to shoot our natural enemies with saw-dust fired from guns of the long range pointed at the proper angle, as settled by the astronomer-royal; which will enable the Woolwich artillerymen (who will hereafter be recruited from the blind asylums) to bombard Canton, or wherever else the natural enemy is, and save the necessity of sending troops to the colonies. A snuff-box full of the new manure, about to be patented, will fertilize a field; and the same amount of the new explosive will dismantle the fortifications of Paris. By means of the fish-tail propeller to be shortly laid before the Admiralty, the Atlantic will be crossed in three days! Dreams little less extravagant than these, are floating through the brain of many at the present day; not so sharply defined,

perhaps, as we have here laid them down, for then their visionary character would be detected; but sufficiently distinct to fill the dreamers with a feverish anticipation of what the future is to effect. We think it well, therefore, to tell the public betimes, that it is a little crazed at present on the subject of applied science; and must learn to moderate its expectations; otherwise, after some additional disappointments, destruction of life, property, and capital, a reaction will assuredly come—which, alike for the sake of the scientific and unscientific sections of the public, we should greatly deplore. For, to the unthinking faith of the people, and the instinctively sagacious empiricism of the unscientific and semi-scientific, we are substantially indebted for many of the most precious gifts of modern science. These gifts are, no doubt, the true children of science; but, like the ostrich, *she* would have left them in the sand. They have to a great extent been nursed and developed into their energetic manhood by other than parental hands. Without science we should not have had our light-houses, railways, locomotive engines, ocean steamers, or telegraphs: But it needed something more than science to secure their speedy realisation. Had not blind faith put her hand into her pocket, and become shareholder and banker, science must have wanted the black board and chalk of actual trial, with which alone the necessary problems could be solved. An unhesitating empiricism stopped its ears, when it was told by the oracles of science that no steam ship could possibly cross the Atlantic,—and incontinently freighted goods for New York—which were duly delivered! It was laid down, with equal authority, that railways must go as nearly as possible in straight lines and on dead levels; but empiricism would not read the statute,—and railroads now meander safely in winding curves, and up and down most formidable slopes. It is the combination, in short, of rigid, cautious, hesitating science, with bold, sagacious, and often reckless empiricism, that has made the Anglo-Saxon races in the old and new world, excel all other modern people as conquerors of physical nature.

We select one of their recent achievements, in which, however, other races than the Anglo-Saxon have a large share, for present notice—namely, the Electric Telegraph.

In what follows we shall not attempt a minute description of the entire machinery of the telegraph, but confine ourselves to an explanation of what is essential to it as an electrical contrivance. A full description of it has not yet appeared in our language. A treatise, however, is announced as in the press, *On Electricity; its Theory, and practical Application*, from the pen of M. de la Rive, the eminent philosopher of Geneva;

and a special work on the Telegraph is understood to be in preparation by one of our own electricians. Meanwhile, an excellent description of the general principles of the telegraph, and the mode in which these have been carried out in practice, will be found in Mr. Charles Knight's 'Companion to the British Almanac for 1843 and 1848,' and in the *Révue des deux Mondes* of August last. We are indebted, however, to a French author for the only systematic treatise we possess, as yet, on the subject. The Abbé Moigno's work on Electric Telegraphy which characterise the scientific writings of his countrymen; and he displays, in the execution of his task, more than their ordinary vivacity in discussing questions of Physics. His work is, in consequence, as lively and entertaining as it is instructive; and is peculiarly valuable for its ample discussion of the relative merits of the different eminent men who have contributed to the perfection of the telegraph. This discussion carries the author over delicate ground (which we shall altogether avoid); for the majority of the inventors and improvers of the electric telegraph are still living, and claims of priority have been keenly contested among them. We must do the Abbé the justice to say that, in disposing of these claims, he has shown a praiseworthy impartiality, and, in particular, a liberality towards the English electricians, especially Wheatstone, such as we do not find every day in French historical or polemical works. He is a little hard, in the body of his treatise, upon Professor Morse, of America, whom he accuses of claiming too much; adding, by way of justification alike of the Professor and of his own judgment upon him, that 'Frère Jonathan est très exalté, de sa nature.' But he frankly acknowledges, in a postscript, that he has been 'trop sévère envers M. Morse;' and for this, and certain other hasty but not deliberately ungenerous judgments, cheerfully apologises on the plea of 'ma vivacité.' A translation of M. Moigno's volume would form an admirable basis for an English standard work on the Electric Telegraph.

A difficulty, at first sight very formidable, attends all explanations of electrical phenomena. The question is asked, What is electricity? And to this no categorical answer can yet be returned. The question, however, may be set aside, as not requiring to be answered before the effects of electricity are considered. Of the nature of heat and of light, as well as of magnetism, we are in truth still quite ignorant: But we do not hesitate to discuss the changes which matter undergoes when illuminated, heated, or magnetised, without waiting till our theories of heat, light, and magnetism are perfect. We can do the same, therefore, with electricity, in explaining the telegraph, or any other elec-

trical contrivance, — provided we adopt some provisional theory as to its nature, which shall supply us with suitable terms for describing the phenomena, although it may be quite inadequate to account for them.

Two views, setting aside minor modifications, are entertained concerning the nature of electricity, — very analogous to those now held concerning the nature of heat, light, and magnetism. According to the one view, electricity is a state, condition, or power of matter. According to the other view, electricity is a peculiar substance, or form or kind of matter. The latter is the more easily apprehended hypothesis; and supplies the nomenclature almost universally adopted in describing electrical phenomena, even by those who prefer, as more probable, the opposite belief. Electricity, then, may be assumed to be a highly attenuated substance, — analogous to an elastic fluid, such as hydrogen gas, but infinitely lighter; in truth, not sensibly heavy at all. In bodies not exhibiting electrical phenomena this imponderable entity is supposed to exist in a latent or insensible condition, hidden as it were in their substance or pores. Bodies, on the other hand, which manifest electrical phenomena, have the imponderable fluid set free at their surfaces, in an active, sensible, or non-latent condition; so that it envelopes them, as a fog does a mountain-top; or flows over them as smoke does over the mast of a ship; or flows through them, as a current of warm water streams through a mass of cold. Electricity, as thus defined, is as invisible as common air; but when its intensity is high, it is cognisable by all the senses. It addresses the eye by its spark or lightning-flash; the ear by its snap or thunder; the nostrils by a peculiar indescribable odour which it develops; the tongue by an equally peculiar taste which it occasions; and the organs of touch by its characteristic shock. The unknown something, condition, or kind of matter, which is the cause of those and many other phenomena, is electricity. We shall, for the present, write of it as a kind of matter, *i. e.* as something over and above or superadded to the body, whatever that be, which exhibits electrical phenomena; so that a telegraph-wire will be referred to, as conveying a current of substantial electricity; as a gas-pipe conveys gas, or a water-pipe water. Before, however, we can consider how this wonderful agent is made to convey intelligence, we require to notice certain relations of electricity which must be discussed before the explanation can proceed.

The phraseology of scientific treatises, in reference to electrical phenomena, is very apt to mislead and perplex those who consult them for information concerning special points. Such terms continually occur as, *statical electricity*, *dynamical electricity*, *positive electricity*, *negative electricity*, *electricity of tension*,

electricity of quantity, friction electricity, voltaic electricity, animal electricity, magneto-electricity, thermo-electricity — till the distracted reader, who finds one electricity perplexing enough, loses count and heart, and closes the treatise in despair. But this formidable list of electricities, which might readily have been lengthened, fortunately admits of being reduced to *two kinds* of electricity, and *two modifications* of each kind. The kinds are *Positive* and *Negative* electricity. The modifications are electricity of *Tension*, and electricity of *Quantity*. Statical and dynamical refer respectively to free electricity, as either at rest or in motion; and the five other titles merely point to certain important sources of electricity, — which, however, is essentially the same, whatever be its source. The titles, positive and negative, apply to a much deeper and more fundamental peculiarity of electricity than the terms tension and quantity; but the latter are more important in reference to its practical applications; inasmuch as they are variable; whilst the twofold positive and negative relations of this agent is constant — and, so far as we at present know, inseparable from the very existence and manifestation of all electricity. We shall discuss this duplex character of electrical force presently; but it will be better appreciated after the difference between electricity of tension and electricity of quantity has been shortly explained.

The phrases in question, which, philologically considered, are inaccurate and inelegant enough, are used to denote the difference which is found to exist between the quantity of electricity which any source of it, such as a voltaic battery, furnishes, and the intensity of the electricity so furnished. The distinction is one of the same kind as that which is familiarly recognised in the case of light and heat. In the phosphorescence of the sea, for example, which often spreads continuously over thousands of miles, we have an illustration of light very feeble in intensity, but enormous in quantity; a white-hot platinum wire, on the other hand, gives out a very small quantity of light, but that of high intensity; while the sun radiates light at a maximum, as regards both intensity and quantity. A similar variation exists in the case of electricity; only that we have no electrical sun, *i. e.* no source, natural or artificial, of electricity alike great in quantity and in intensity.

We measure the quantity of electricity in many ways; but most conveniently by the amount of any chemical compound which it can decompose. A machine or battery, for example, which when arranged so as to decompose water, evolves from it four cubic inches of oxygen and hydrogen in one minute, is furnishing twice the quantity of electricity supplied by an apparatus which

evolves only two cubic inches of the gases in the same time. The *intensity* of electricity is less easily measured; but is well enough indicated by the ease with which it can travel through bad conductors; by its power to overcome energetic chemical affinity, such as that which binds together the elements of water; by the length of space across which it can pass through dry air (as in the case of the lightning flash striking a tree from a great distance); by the attractions and repulsions it produces in light bodies; and by the severity of the shock it occasions to living animals. Tried by those tests, and by others, we find that the electricity of the friction-machine, of an insulated steam-boiler, or of a thunder-cloud, has extraordinary intensity — while its quantity is excessively small. We speak very much within bounds when we state, that the whole electricity of a destructive thunder-storm would not suffice for the electro-gilding of a single pin, — so insignificant is its amount. A small copper wire, dipped into an acid along with a wire of zinc, would evolve more electricity in a few seconds than the largest friction electrical machine, kept constantly revolving, would furnish in many weeks. No shock, on the other hand, would be occasioned by the electricity from the immersed wires; nor would it produce a spark, or decompose water — so low is its intensity. A double-cell voltaic battery, again, produces electricity of such intensity that its shock would kill a large animal; and it can force its way along very bad conductors — at the same time its quantity is so enormous that torrents of oxygen and hydrogen rise from the water it is made to decompose.

Out of the distinctions thus explained, have arisen the phrases, electricity of Tension and electricity of Quantity. Interpreted literally, those terms have no meaning. We cannot recognise the existence of any Electricity, unless it possess such intensity as to produce some effect cognisable by our senses; neither can any intensity be conceived as separated from a quantity of electricity which possesses that intensity. The terms in use are thus very awkward. In ordinary language we should use intense electricity for the one, and leave the other undefined, or only call it abundant electricity. But those questionable terms are now universally employed; and are rendered necessary by the circumstance already adverted to, that we have no artificial method of producing enormous quantities of electricity at a high intensity. As produced by us, therefore, it must always take a character from the preponderance of its intensity, or the preponderance of its quantity. Tension is merely a synonyme for intensity, which originated in the hypothesis of electricity being an elastic fluid, which might be regarded as existing in a

thunder-cloud, or on the conductor of a friction-machine in a state of condensation or compression, like high-pressure steam struggling to escape from a boiler, or air seeking to force its way out of the chamber of an air-gun. The word tension, we believe, has been preferred to intensity, simply on account of its brevity, and its convenience in forming a double noun with electricity. Electricity of intensity then, or tension-electricity, is electricity characterised by the greatness of its intensity—or whose intensity is greater than its quantity. Electricity of quantity on the other hand, has its quantity greater than its intensity. The intensity diminishes as the quantity increases; but the ratio which the one bears to the other, differs through a very wide scale, so that a knowledge of the degree of the one does not often enable us to predicate the amount of the other. Practically, we have no difficulty in reducing both to a minimum, or in exalting the one whilst we reduce the other; but we cannot at once exalt both intensity and quantity. The discovery of a method of effecting this, will make a new era in the science; and admit of the most important applications to the useful arts. Meanwhile we may compare electricity of tension, as we have done already, to high-pressure steam issuing in small jets under great pressure; and electricity of quantity to the thousands of cubic feet of invisible vapour which arise softly every moment from the surface of the sea. Or the former may be likened to a brawling, gushing mountain brook, rushing with great force but little volume of water; and the latter to the slow rolling Amazon or Mississippi, silently moving onwards to the sea. Or the first to a swift, sudden hailstorm or avalanche, and the second to the inexhaustible glacier, constantly melting, but as constantly increasing. Or the one to an instantaneous gust or white squall, passing off in a moment, and the other to the unceasing trade wind, for ever sweeping gently over the bosom of the waters.

It depends upon the purpose to which electricity is to be applied, whether it should be chosen great in quantity, or great in intensity. If the chemist desires to analyse a gaseous mixture by detonation, he will use the friction-machine, to supply a momentary spark of great intensity. But the electroplater, who has constantly to decompose a compound of gold or silver, employs the magneto-electric machine, or a small voltaic battery, — which furnishes great quantities of electricity of considerable intensity. The electric light requires both quantity and intensity to be very great. For the electric clock the intensity may be at a minimum, and the quantity need only be

moderate. The electric telegraph demands great quantity, but the intensity need not be very high.

This much premised, we may now consider its application to the construction of the telegraph. An electric telegraph consists essentially of three things. First, a voltaic battery or other apparatus to evolve, when required, electricity. Secondly, an arrangement of metallic wires or other good conductors, to convey the electricity to the distant places with which telegraphic communication is to be carried on, and to bring it back to the machine from which it set off. Thirdly, the application of the electricity so conveyed, to produce at the distant station some striking phenomenon, which, according to a preconcerted arrangement, shall represent a letter of the alphabet, a numeral, a word, a sentence, a paragraph, or the like. A source or fountain of electricity; conductors to carry it; and a dial plate on which it shall cause an index to exhibit signals, are thus the essential elements of an electric telegraph.

Our present object is to discuss chiefly what is electrical in the telegraph; — without much reference to the mechanical devices or subsidiary arrangements which it involves. Our first concern, then, is with the source of electricity; and, as our space is limited, we shall confine ourselves to the voltaic battery, the apparatus chiefly in use along the telegraph lines. A voltaic battery, in its simplest form, consists of two dissimilar solids, — generally metals, — arranged side by side, without touching each other, in a liquid which dissolves only one of them. One of the solids is almost invariably a plate of zinc, rubbed over with quicksilver, or, as it is called, amalgamated. The other is copper, iron, silver, gold, or platinum; the last being preferred for very powerful batteries, and admitting of being replaced by coke. For telegraph-batteries, amalgamated zinc and copper, or zinc and silver, are generally employed; and the liquid in which they are dipped is diluted sulphuric acid — which dissolves the zinc, but does not affect the copper or silver. Let us suppose copper and zinc to be the metals selected. We have it in our power to take all the copper we propose to employ, in one large sheet, and all the zinc in another; or we may cut down each sheet into many small ones. *The quantity* of electricity evolved by a voltaic battery is chiefly determined by the size of the plates made use of; but if we take a single sheet of zinc, however large, and a single sheet of copper, we find *the intensity* of the electricity they evolve exceedingly feeble. If, on the other hand, we cut down each of the large plates into several smaller ones, and arrange these so that the copper and zinc shall be placed alternately, in a way to be presently described, we find the quantity

of the electricity much diminished, but its intensity greatly increased. Unless the intensity be considerable (although it need not be very great) the electricity cannot force its way along a great length of conductors; and, if its quantity be not great, its effect will be but momentary. Plates, however, a few inches square, supply a sufficiency of electricity for the longest telegraph line; and from twelve to sixty pairs of such plates are as many as are required. The exact number needed will be determined by the distance which the electricity is to travel. By varying the number and size of the plates, as well as the strength of the acid in which they are dipped, the quantity and intensity of the electricity may be modified through very wide limits.

A voltaic battery, strictly speaking, consists of associated pairs of dissimilar solids, such as zinc and copper. A single pair, or *simple* voltaic circle, like a single cannon in an artillery battery, is but an elementary portion of a voltaic *battery*, which is constructed by arranging several pairs together. The simplest voltaic battery, then, will consist of at least two pairs, *i.e.* of four plates, two of zinc and two of copper. In arranging these, two glass beakers or drinking tumblers are taken, and placed side by side, half full of diluted sulphuric acid. A wire is then soldered to one of the zinc plates, and a corresponding wire to one of the copper plates, and one of these plates is placed in each of the tumblers. The second zinc plate is thereafter soldered by one edge to the second copper plate, so as to form one continuous surface of metal. The compound plate thus produced is then bent over, so that the soldered edges form the summit of an arch, which resembles a saddle, with one flap consisting of copper and the other of zinc. This metallic saddle is placed astride of the approximated edges of the tumblers, so that the zinc flap dips into the vessel in which the first copper plate with the wire is immersed, and the copper flap into the tumbler containing the zinc plate with its wire. If we wish to enlarge the battery, we take additional tumblers, and such copper-zinc arches as have been described, connecting the vessels, half filled with dilute acid, by the metallic bridges which dip on either side into the liquid; taking care also that all the zinc semicircles or saddle-flaps shall be turned in one direction, and all the copper ones in the opposite, so that zinc and copper succeed each other alternately, from the first tumbler at one end of the range to the last at the other. In actual practice, porcelain, or wooden, or gutta percha cells, or troughs are generally substituted for glass vessels, and the pieces of zinc and copper are not soldered together, but only connected by moveable wires and binding screws. But these mechanical adjustments are only for greater

economy and convenience; and the battery remains, in principle, identical with the arrangement described.

Such, then, in its most skeleton and simple form, is the apparatus which is to furnish the *primum mobile* of our telegraph. Although each zinc and copper pair contributes to the power of the battery, the whole electricity generated by it manifests itself only at the detached zinc plate at the one end of the battery, and the detached copper plate at the other. A battery thus resembles a compass-needle or bar-magnet, which appears to manifest its inherent magnetism only at its opposite poles; although, in reality, it is magnetic throughout its entire length. In the practical application of such a battery, accordingly, no account is taken of any portion of it but the terminal zinc and copper plates, to each of which a wire is attached. To these plates all the intermediate ones convey the electricity which they respectively set free; so that we may, after all, properly enough conceive the battery as consisting of a single plate of zinc and one of copper. Such an embryo battery—or, rather, voltaic pair—might, indeed, be used for working the telegraph, where the distance was very short; and it is quite within possibility that a single voltaic pair of strongly contrasted solids, immersed in a rapid solvent of one of them, will yet be found sufficient for working the longest existing or conceivable telegraph line. As it is, the intermediate pairs of the voltaic batteries in actual use are introduced only to give the requisite intensity to the electricity generated. They may be ignored in our further discussion; and our telegraph-battery will resolve itself into a piece of copper and a piece of zinc, immersed, without touching each other, in the same vessel of acidulated water.

For the sake of simplicity and clearness in our further description, we shall suppose the battery described, as locally situated in London; and that our object is to send messages to Edinburgh, without communicating with any intermediate place. An iron wire, plated with zinc to keep it from rusting, is connected with the copper plate of the battery, and then stretched all the way from London to Edinburgh, along wooden poles, erected some sixty yards apart. In order that the electricity, which is to travel along this wire, may not go elsewhere than to the northern metropolis, the zinc is *insulated*, i. e. prevented from coming in contact with metallic conductors, moist wood, or other surfaces which would transfer the electricity along the poles to other wires that are generally stretched upon them, or to the earth. The insulation is effected by passing the wire through rings or short tubes of

glazed porcelain, attached to the posts, so that the electricity has no choice but to move along the wire. At Edinburgh the wire is placed in connexion with the signal apparatus, to be afterwards described; and then is brought back to London through separate porcelain tubes along the poles as before, and finally terminates at the detached zinc plate of the battery. In the arrangement described, which is the earliest and most easily understood form of telegraph, it will be observed that the zinc and copper plates of the battery at London, are connected by one unbroken metallic wire, which extends to Edinburgh, bends back there, and returns to London.

The wire, however, does not return to the latter city, in order to provide a channel for messages being sent from Edinburgh to London, as well as from London to Edinburgh. Without this returning double wire (as we shall call it), or an equivalent arrangement of conductors, it is impossible to telegraph from either town to the other, even if it were thought sufficient or desirable to send messages only from one of them. It will appear from this that there must be something peculiar in the way in which electricity travels along the telegraph-wire. We have compared it to the transmission of a fluid; but the wires cannot convey it as pipes do gas or water, otherwise there would be no occasion for the return-wire. A tube extending from London to Edinburgh, and filled with air or water, might be employed to telegraph from the Metropolis to the Northern Capital, as an air-tube is actually employed at the railway tunnels near termini; and but one tube only would be needed, if messages were sent only from London. It is very different with electricity; it must not only travel to Edinburgh, but it must come back to London—otherwise nothing can be recorded at Edinburgh; so that the communication must be as complete between Edinburgh and London, although the latter only is to send messages, as between London and Edinburgh.

The explanation of this peculiarity, if we avoid the niceties of electrical theory, may be said to be found in the fact, that no electricity leaves the battery till its terminal zinc and copper plates are *connected* (after a long *détour*) by a wire or other electrical conductor. It is not as if one wire were sufficient at least to carry the electricity from London to Edinburgh. Our electrical messenger is like a government courier—who does not start till he is satisfied that there are relays of horses to make certain his homeward, as well as his outward journey. If there be not a return-wire, or equivalent arrangement, the electricity never sets off from London! or, rather, there is in truth no electricity to set off in any direction, till the zinc and

copper at that starting place are connected. Till a communication is effected between them, the battery is equivalent only to a loaded gun. The completion of the connexion is like the fall of the trigger which fires the charge. In a moment the battery discharges its electricity, which, with inconceivable rapidity, passes, by the shortest route it can find, from the copper plate at the one end of the battery, to the zinc plate at the other. No shorter route, however, is provided for it than the insulated wires, so that in the case supposed, although the plates to be connected are only a few inches apart, the electricity which leaves one of them must travel from London to Edinburgh and back again before it can arrive at the other! Our newest telegraph in this respect is like Noah's most ancient one. His raven '*went to and fro*,' and his dove '*returned*' to the Ark with the olive-leaf in her mouth.

If we look, however, a little more closely into what happens, we shall find something still more curious than we have yet indicated, in the movements of the electricity produced by the battery. We have hitherto represented matters, as if only one current of electricity swept along the wires; but in reality, if we are to speak of currents at all, we must acknowledge at all times two, moving in opposite directions. Electricity, like magnetism, always displays itself as a two-fold force. A bar-magnet or compass-needle has magnetism at each pole or extremity. The magnetism of its north pole has the same powers and intensity as the magnetism of its south pole, if we test these by their action on a third body, such as a piece of non-magnetic iron. But if we try two bar-magnets against each other, we find that the south pole of the one attracts the north, but repels the south pole of the other, and *vice versâ*; and if a north and south pole be placed together, instead of the magnetism being doubled in intensity, it is reduced to zero — or what we may call the northern magnetism neutralises the southern magnetism, and all indications of free magnetic force cease.

Electricity exhibits exactly similar phenomena. In the very act of becoming free, as when it is evolved from a voltaic battery, it separates into two forces — identical in nature, but opposite in the direction of their manifestation — whose intensities and powers are equal, and which, like the northern and southern magnetisms when they meet, instead of yielding a double electrical force, neutralise and annihilate the powers of each other. To the two electricities the names have been given of *positive* and *negative* respectively, — an unfortunate nomenclature, as it almost unavoidably conveys the impression that the one is more positive or potent than the other; whereas the negative electri-

city has as positive an existence and as substantial powers as the opposite electricity — and neither, in fact, can be produced without the development of the other. The terms in question, like the older ones *vitreous* and *resinous*, are to be regarded, in short, as quite arbitrary, and might be replaced by any other words or signs: — though we leave medical men to explain the account which a wilfully ambiguous critic has given of *their* electrical acquirements: viz. that their knowledge of electricity is chiefly of the negative kind!

The twofold magnetism in a bar-magnet has been likened to a double-headed arrow at rest, pointing in two opposite directions, like a wind-vane. The two-fold electricity liberated from a battery may be likened to a similar double-headed arrow, — not at rest however, but rapidly elongating itself in opposite directions, so as to separate its two heads or points, further and further from one another. The one arrow-head represents positive, the other negative electricity. Though they separate, they are never dis-united. At first they move straight away from each other; but their paths are equivalent to semicircles of the same radius, and are in the same plane, so that they ultimately meet — and in the act of meeting, each arrow-head destroys the other, and a harmless non-electric circle is completed. The Egyptian hieroglyphical serpent, devouring its tail, might be accepted as the symbol of the closed electric circuit.

If we apply what has now been said to the telegraph, the necessity for the two wires will appear in a new light. When the plates of the battery, consisting of amalgamated zinc and copper, are merely placed apart from each other in dilute sulphuric acid, no change of any kind occurs: But if they are connected, as by attaching the zinc to the one end of the double telegraph wire, and the copper to the other end, the zinc immediately begins to dissolve in the acid; and simultaneously with this solution of the metal, and the evolution of hydrogen from the water, electricity in its two-fold form is developed. At the middle point in the liquid between the two immersed plates we may suppose the electricity to come into existence, — likening it as before to a double-headed arrow. Elongating themselves in directly opposite directions through the liquid, the one arrow-head speedily reaches the copper plate on the one side, and the other arrow-head the zinc on the other. The arrow at the copper is positive electricity. If we speak of it as before, we shall say that a current of positive electricity flows from the copper along the telegraph wire to Edinburgh, and then returns to the zinc plate, where it may be regarded as stopping; — at the same time that a current of negative electricity travels from the zinc

plate along the same telegraph wire, in an opposite direction to that taken by the positive current, and may be considered as ending at the copper plate.

According to this view, the narrowest telegraph wire may be compared to a railway with two sets of rails, along which trains (of positive and negative electricity) travel in opposite directions,—in obedience to a statute which requires that there shall always be two opposite trains moving at the same time along the rails. We must further regard the wire, whilst conveying electricity, as traversed, not by solitary engines or a few carriages, but by trains occupying the entire length of the railway,—fresh carriages constantly setting off at the one end, and being detached at the other.

The necessity, however, for the double wire, is best seen when we revert to the notion of electricity travelling like a flying arrow. The route of the arrow is the wire, and the latter must be double, because the arrow itself is not an English cloth-yard shaft, which flies only in one direction; but such a two-forked thunder-bolt as the Greek sculptors placed in the clenched hand of Jupiter Tonans, which shoots east and west or north and south at the same time, and the one bolt of which will not fly in one direction unless the other is equally free to move in the opposite direction.

What evidence, it may here be asked, is there to show that any thing substantial moves along the telegraph-wires? To this, as already implied, there is but one answer. No actual proof can be given of the passage of any thing material. The flowing currents and the flying arrows are both purely imaginary—though the one is an hypothesis, and the other but an illustration. But there is yet another mode of explaining the apparent passage of this invisible agent. It is, to be sure, quite as hypothetical as the other two; but it is, on the whole, more likely to be true, and it is therefore now preferred by most men of science. Our discussion would consequently be incomplete if we did not refer to it.

According to this view, the metallic conductor, such as the telegraph-wire which connects the terminal plates of the voltaic battery, is not a highway along which electricity travels: But the wire exhibits electrical phenomena throughout its entire length, only because its connexion with the zinc and copper wetted by the acid, produces, for the time, a new arrangement of its own particles or molecules, which invests the wire with new properties,—those, namely, which we call electrical. Nor is there any thing extreme or anomalous in this assumption. The whole of physical science bears testimony to the fact that we cannot alter the arrangement of the component parts of a mass, without

inducing a corresponding change in the qualities of the mass those atoms build up. Soot and wood-charcoal, coke and black lead, owe their different properties merely to a different arrangement of identical particles of carbon; and a further modification of these, invests them with the utterly diverse and characteristic attributes of the diamond. But the electrical differences between two wires, one acting as an electrical conductor and the other not, surely are not greater than the optical differences between a lump of coke and a diamond crystal,—or between carbonate of lime, uncrystallised in chalk, and crystallised in pellucid Iceland spar. We can set no limits, indeed, to the extent to which modification of molecular arrangement will affect the properties of a mass.

Nor is it any objection to such a view, that a metallic wire is a rigid solid, the component particles of which are so locked together as not to admit of motion upon each other; or change of relative position. The opinion once entertained that only liquids and gases permit the mobility requisite for alteration in molecular arrangement, is now universally abandoned. And indeed the expansion and contraction of a mass of metal under the influence of heat and cold is a sufficient refutation of it. The Menai tubular iron bridge creeps, like a huge snake, backward and forward several inches during the twenty-four hours of a mid-summer day. The massive glacier changes from an aggregate of minute crystals of packed snow, into a mountain of clear ice. Every school-boy is familiar with the same phenomenon as developed during the formation of a slide on a surface of snow. In copper mines, an iron hammer, dropped into a pool saturated with cupreous salts, is found, after the lapse of years, converted into a hammer of copper:—the whole of the iron has been extracted, and its place supplied, to the very centre, by copper,—without the form or the bulk of the solid having altered during the process of transmutation. During the production of steel from iron, in like manner, the latter is embedded in charcoal powder and the whole made red hot. The charcoal then penetrates into the solid iron, and impregnates its entire mass.

These examples (and many more might be added) apply to alterations in the structure of solid masses, much greater than we need assume to occur in an electrical conductor. So that we need not hesitate to admit as possible, molecular changes of a more simple character. The change that probably happens in the telegraph-wire is believed to resemble what we can pretty confidently affirm to take place in magnetised iron, where the characteristic phenomena are more readily observed, and are more familiar than in the case of electrical conductors. A bar-magnet, or compass-needle, appears at first sight to pos-

sess magnetic powers only at each end, or pole. On closer examination, however, it is found to possess the opposite northern and southern magnetisms, in alternate succession throughout its entire length. We may compare it to one of the lines or stripes of a chess board, or tessellated pavement, made up of *alternate* coloured pieces. The colours, however, must be only two,—for example, blue and yellow; the first square, or tessera, being of the one colour, and the last of the other. A piece of non-magnetic iron becomes temporarily magnetic if brought into the neighbourhood of a permanent magnet, such as a loadstone: And while thus magnetic, the iron exhibits the same alternation of oppositely magnetic particles which the compass-needle does. We may liken non-magnetic iron to an aggregate of compound green particles. It becomes magnetic in consequence of each of these separating into a blue and a yellow particle,—which follow each other alternately in rows. When the iron ceases to be magnetic, in consequence of the withdrawal of the loadstone, the result is as if the blue and yellow particles united again, and the whole became uniformly green. In like manner the wire which connects the zinc and copper of a Voltaic battery is believed, in consequence of its junction with these metals whilst they are affected by the acid, to have induced upon it, throughout its entire length, a succession of alternate electro-positive and electro-negative points, or particles possessed of positive and negative electricity respectively. The arrangement is of exactly the same kind as that of the magnetic bar—only it is an alternation, not of the opposite magnetisms, but of the opposite electricities. They remain separate so long as the constraining force of the battery is exerted upon them; but the instant the wire is disconnected from it, the separate electricities unite, and all electrical phenomena cease. We may liken the telegraph-wire, when disconnected from the battery, to a thread on which purple beads are strung together, as on a necklace. When the wire is connected with the battery, each purple bead separates into a red (positively electric) and blue (negatively electric) one. The red and blue beads now succeed each other alternately along the line; and remain separate, whilst, in the language of another theory, electricity is passing; but they coalesce again into the compound purple spheres, so soon as the connexion with the battery is interrupted.

According to this view, there is no travelling of electricity charged with messages from one station to another. The message telegraphed from London to Edinburgh is not wafted by electricity which speeds from the former, inscribes its hieroglyphics at the latter as it rushes past, and fleets back to London; but the telegraph-wire, with inconceivable rapidity, merely arranges its own constituent particles, from end to end, in alternate

electro-positive and electro-negative molecules; and the index on the Edinburgh dial plate is affected only by the small portion of the wire which surrounds the gnomon. It is as if a row of men were placed side by side from Edinburgh to London, with signal-flags in their hands. The flag shown as a signal at Edinburgh has not been passed along the line. No man has stirred further than to observe the flag shown him by his neighbour on the one side, and to show a corresponding flag to his neighbour on the other. The flag displayed at Edinburgh was there from the first, though unfurled, and remains there concealed, till the next message is telegraphed from man to man.*

* The arrangement described in the text, of alternate oppositely magnetic or oppositely electrical particles, is an example of what is called Polarisation. A compass-needle exhibits magnetic polarity; a voltaic battery or electrical conductor, electric polarity. We have hitherto avoided the word, — because it has proved a stumbling-block rather than a help, in the exposition of the physical sciences, to those who do not make them a special study. A few words, however, in explanation of the ‘idea of polarity’ may be given here. The terms ‘to polarise,’ ‘polarisation,’ and ‘polarity,’ are taken from the compass-needle, the extremities of which pointing, the one to the north pole of the earth, the other to the south pole, have long been distinguished as *the poles* of the compass-needle, or magnet. The largest magnet, moreover, appears to consist of a multitude of smaller magnets, arranged in rows end to end. The magnetic properties of the hugest magnet are thus referred to its consisting throughout its entire mass of particles, each of which if detached would exhibit a north and south pole. If this polar arrangement be destroyed all magnetic phenomena cease. Thus, if a loadstone be approached to a piece of soft iron it polarises it, or induces in it magnetic polarity. In other words, the loadstone develops alternate north and south poles in the iron, and this polarisation of the particles of the metal continues as long as the loadstone is in its neighbourhood.

The idea, suggested by magnetic phenomena, of alternate poles, is transferred to electricity as well as to other forces, — with an important restriction, however, the overlooking of which is the great cause of the unintelligibility to general readers of all references to polarity.

In its extended sense, the term carries with it only the conception of an alternation of particles, or points, (centres of force) possessed of opposite powers, — without including the idea of those particles having a directive tendency in space, so that they take up positions in relation to the poles of the earth. Thus the polarity of *light* is evidenced in one class of phenomena, the polarity of *heat* in another, that of *electricity* in a third, that of *chemical affinity* (which, however, is perhaps identical with electrical polarity) in a fourth, that of *crystalline affinity* in a fifth. But light, (polarised) heat, (polarised)

The reader can select whichever of the explanations now given he prefers, or can devise theories for himself, or dispense with any.

electricity, chemical affinity, and crystalline affinity, all agree with magnetism, in manifesting their powers, *not as single, but as twofold forces*; and are all characterised by the exhibition side by side of two agencies, the same in nature, yet opposite in the mode of their manifestation. Thus positive and negative electricity have each a power of attraction and a power of repulsion, of the same kind, of the same intensity, and regulated by the same laws—except that in the circumstances where the one electricity exhibits attraction, the other exhibits repulsion, and *vice versa*. And, in like manner, a ray of polarised light, or heat, a row of magnetised or electrified molecules, or a row of atoms under the influence of chemical affinity or crystalline agency, agree in the manifestation of a twofold force, exhibiting itself in the alternation of oppositely endowed points or particles.

This common character is now denoted by saying that they all exhibit Polarity; nor have we any other term in our language possessing the same signification. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that its value has been lessened by its vague employment. By many it is used to denote the mere antagonism of two forces. Man, for example, is said to exhibit polarity, because he is possessed of soul and body! And though such language might be consistent in the mouth of a pure idealist or a pure materialist, it is not competent to one who regards mind and matter as essentially distinct. Polarity is not merely the antagonism or dualistic development of two unlike forces. We can keep a mass of iron suspended either by a loadstone, or by a spring, or by the muscular exertion of an animal. And here we have three examples of the antagonistic manifestation of two forces—gravity and magnetism, gravity and elasticity, gravity and vital force. But none of these are exhibitions of polarity. It is the antagonistic or dualistic development of *one* force, as of electricity antagonising electricity, magnetism antagonising magnetism. Polarity, in short, implies unity quite as much as duplicity; and may literally be said to exhibit a force or power ‘divided against itself.’ This division, however, never becomes schism. The one twin is never found detached and alone, but always side by side with the other, and when permitted they combine, neutralise each other—and then polarity ceases. We have likened a body exhibiting polarity to a double-headed arrow, or to Jove’s two-forked thunderbolt. It might also be compared to the conventional zodiacal sign Pisces with its connected fishes, to the heraldic double eagle, to the Siamese Twins, or perhaps best of all, though the comparison is a homely one, to two hunting dogs of the same breed, size, shape, and power, held in couples, and pulling against each other. All those objects agree with each other, and with bodies or forces exhibiting polarity, in being double unities. Similes, however, may be pushed too far. The idea of polarity is best based on the spectacle of the compass-needle—with its opposite powers at its opposite ends, and its *one magnetism* determining the tendencies of both.

But the ultimate and only important *fact* in reference to the telegraph is, that by the marvellously simple device of dissolving a few pieces of metal connected with a long wire, we can developo instantaneously, a thousand miles off, a force which will speak for us, write for us, print for us, and so far as the conveyance of our thoughts is concerned, annihilate space and time. This annihilation is not of course complete, but in reference to practice it may be called so. Shakspeare's Juliet refers to 'the lightning' 'which doth cease to be, ere one can say it lightens.' The exact velocity of electricity along a copper wire is 288,000 miles in a second. It is calculated, accordingly, that we could telegraph to our antipodes in rather less than the five hundredth part of one second of time !

The most impatient of correspondents may be satisfied with this velocity; and we may now inquire in what way electricity is made to produce signals. In discussing this we shall recur to the provisional theory adopted at the outset, that electricity flows in currents; and in conformity with the universal practice of expositors of these phenomena, write as if there were but a single current of positive electricity flowing at once along a telegraph wire. The other and opposite negative cur-

Another misapplication of the term Polarity is to the opposite effects which the same force exhibits when its intensity varies. Thus heat of a certain intensity causes quicksilver to combine chemically with oxygen; and heat of a greater intensity causes the combined oxygen and quicksilver to separate again from each other. A slight mechanical impulse increases cohesion; a more powerful impulse destroys it. But those are not exhibitions of polarity. Heat, for example, either entirely decomposes, or entirely combines; it does not do both at once—as electricity does, when it decomposes (electrolyses) chemical compounds. Variation in intensity, moreover, is not *the cause* of the opposite powers of the poles of a magnet, or a voltaic battery. The northern magnetism, on the contrary, always possesses the same intensity as the southern magnetism,—positive electricity the same intensity as negative electricity. If the word Polarity signified only dualism, it should be struck out of the language; for it is obscure to ordinary readers, and very far-fetched. But if we discard it as implying one kind, and one kind only of dualism, we must introduce some new term to denote the duplex unity, which those who employ it wisely, intend it alone to signify.

Some have inconsiderately sought to render the main truth under notice more distinct, by referring to a body such as a magnet exhibiting polarity, as *bi-polar*. This, however, is a useless and vicious tautology. We might as well speak of a four-sided square or a three-angled triangle. A polar body is by its very definition bi-polar,—just as a square is necessarily four-sided and a triangle three-angled.

rent may conveniently be disregarded, just as in navigation a compass-needle is referred to as if it had but one pole, pointing to the north.

Having secured the means of transmitting at will a current of electricity with great velocity, it remains to determine what phenomenon we shall cause it to produce at the distant station.

The phenomena most easily produced by electricity are *magnetic* ones; and these, accordingly, are now preferred as the sources of signals. The electric telegraph, indeed, remained an unrealised idea in the minds of ingenious men, till the famous Danish philosopher Oersted discovered, that a current of electricity, even though of very small intensity, if passing near a compass-needle poised on a pivot, will cause the needle to change its position, and point in a new direction. Let the telegraph-wire for example, whilst connected with a battery, be placed so that the needle of a mariner's compass shall be directly below or above and parallel to the wire, and the needle, no longer 'true to the pole,' will whirl round and stand east and west, instead of as before north and south. It depends upon the direction in which the current of electricity is sent, which pole of the compass-needle points east or west. Let the telegraph-wire stretching from London to Edinburgh and back again, be considered as consisting of an upper and a lower wire. If the London end of the upper wire be connected with the copper extremity of the battery, whilst the termination of the lower wire is connected with the zinc, the current of positive electricity (the only one of which we now take cognisance) will flow along the upper wire to Edinburgh, and return by the lower one to London. If the upper wire be now attached to the zinc, and the lower to the copper, the current will travel north by the lower wire, and come south by the upper. Now, without entering into details for which we have not room, and which are not essential to the comprehension of the telegraph, it may suffice to say, that the pole of the compass-needle, which points east if the electrical current passing near it be sent in one direction, points west if it be sent in the opposite one: while, if the passage of electricity be discontinued, the needle resumes its original position. We have it thus in our power to cause a compass-needle to move to either side at will; and we can bring it in a moment to rest. All those effects are produced still more strikingly if the wire, instead of being stretched above or below the compass-needle, be coiled many times round the compass-box, or case containing the magnetic needle. The wire, in that case, is covered with thread; which allows its coils to be put close together, without risk of the electricity passing *across* from coil

to coil where they touch, as it would do, if the thread, which is a non-conductor, did not insulate the electricity. It is more convenient that the magnetic needle should originally stand vertically, so as to move from right to left, or *vice versâ* — like the index of a wheel barometer, than that it should revolve in a horizontal plane like the mariner's compass. It is also much more easily moved, if the effect of the earth's magnetism on it be neutralised. This is done by placing *two* magnetic needles on the same axis, with their poles reversed, so that the north pole of the one is opposite the south pole of the other. Such an arrangement, if the needles are of equal power, has no tendency towards one point of the compass more than another; and by making what are to be the lower ends of the needles somewhat heavier than the opposite extremities, the needles, when not under the influence of electric currents, will at once resume their vertical position.

Now, the one needle which is to act as the visible index, appears in front of a dial plate; the other surrounded by the coil of covered wire, which is continuous with one of the telegraph-wires, is placed behind the dial. An arrangement of this kind is provided at Edinburgh, the upper telegraph-wire being drawn out there into a long loop, which consists of soft copper wire covered with thread. This is wound round the concealed magnetic needle, so that a current of electricity moving along the upper wire follows the coiled loop, moves the needles in passing, and returns to London. At London, for a reason to be mentioned immediately, there is a similar loop or coil of covered copper wire surrounding a double magnetic needle, and then rejoining the upper main wire from which it proceeded. From the copper end of the battery, a wire is conducted to one of the strands of this coil, and soldered to it. From the zinc end a wire also is conducted, which is soldered to the lower telegraph-wire. The current setting off from the one end of the London battery, deflects the needles at London and at Edinburgh before it returns to the former. That the needles may be deflected to either side at will, a contrivance is supplied for cutting off and letting on, as well as for reversing the electric current from the battery. It is a little difficult, without a diagram, to explain distinctly this important portion of the telegraph. The following description, however, will perhaps make it sufficiently clear. Let the upper end of the double telegraph wire at London be marked A, and the lower end B. If A be connected to the copper of the battery, and B to its zinc, the current of electricity setting off from A, and returning to B, moves the index-needle to one side, for example to the left. If the arrangement be now reversed, so that A is con-

nected to the zinc, and B to the copper, the current flows from B to A, and moves the needle to the right.

In actual practice, however, the wires are not shifted from the zinc to the copper, but are *cut across* between the battery on the one hand, and the telegraph-wires and coil round the magnetic needles on the other. The gap thus made is left vacant when no message is to be sent. When a signal is to be transmitted, a metallic cylinder is moved by a handle so as to *fill up the gap*, and establish continuity between the wires and the copper and zinc respectively, of the battery. This bridge, however, is so contrived, that when the handle which controls it is moved to the left, it stretches in such a manner as to connect the end A of the telegraph-wire with the copper, and the end B with the zinc, and the needle moves to the left. When the handle is moved to the right, it shifts the cylinder or bridge so as to establish a communication between A and the zinc, and between B and the copper; and the needle moves to the right. When the handle is placed vertically the current is cut off from both wires.

It only remains that an arrangement be made between the parties in Edinburgh and London, as to the *signification* of these deflections of the needle. This having been settled, the message-sender in the Metropolis, seated before his dial, moves the handle which determines the transmission and direction of the electricity along the wires. Every motion of the handle to the right or to the left, causes the index-needles at London and Edinburgh to move simultaneously to the same sides. We may suppose for example, that an answer in the negative is to be telegraphed from London to an interrogation from Edinburgh. It has been pre-arranged that one movement of the needle to the left shall signify N, and one to the right O. The respondent accordingly moves his handle to the left; thereby transmits the current of electricity in such a direction as to move the index-needle at Edinburgh to the left also; and so represents N. He then places the handle vertically so as to cut off the current, and permit the needle to resume its vertical position; and, after a brief pause, carries his handle to the right, which moves the Edinburgh needle also to the right,—which indicates O, and thus completes the answer.

The signal-dial at London is not essential, if London is not to receive messages; but as it must be provided with a view to their reception, it is so arranged that the electricity moves its index-needle before it passes on to Edinburgh. The party transmitting a message, has thus figured before him deflections of the index-needles, identical with those which his correspondent

is watching and deciphering, at the same moment hundreds of miles away.

Only two movements, it will be observed, can really be effected; but it is easy to make them represent the whole alphabet, and to telegraph rapidly, although every word be spelled letter by letter. Man, moreover, is by his natural-history definition one of the bimana. Two dials can therefore be arranged side by side, with coils and index-needles for each, and handles to be managed by either hand. Four movements are thus made possible; and for most purposes these supply an ample abundance of signals. It does not, however, form part of our present purpose to explain these,—as their employment to represent letters, numerals, words, paragraphs, or the like, is quite arbitrary, and involves nothing electrical. We give a specimen, however, of one of the telegraph alphabets:—

A, one movement to the left	N, one right
B, two left	O, two right
C, three left	P, three right
D, four left	Qu, four right
E, one left, one right	R, one right, one left
F, one left, two right	S, two right, one left
G, one left, three right	T, three right, one left
H, two left, one right	U, one right, two left
I, two left, two right	V, two right, two left
J, two left, three right	W, three right, two left
K, three left, one right	X, one right, three left
L, three left, two right	Y, two right, three left
M, four left, one right	Z, one right, four left.

We have provided hitherto only for messages being despatched from London. To secure Edinburgh the same privilege, it is only requisite to deposit a battery there also, and to attach one of the wires from the battery, (controlled by the handle for reversing and arresting the current,) to the coil round the magnetic needle, and the other wire to the telegraph-wire with which the coil is not connected, as more fully described with reference to the London arrangement. If intermediate stations are to receive messages, then one of the telegraph-wires is cut across opposite the station, and an insulator of porcelain inserted between the divided surfaces. A thin wire is then soldered to the main wire on one side of the insulator, led into the station, covered with thread wound round the magnetic index-needle, and led out again and soldered to the main wire on the other side of the insulator. This arrangement is equivalent to a loop on the telegraph-wire; and it must be bent so that the current shall flow in the same direction, round the intermediate station-needles as it does round the terminal ones, otherwise the indices will not be moved to the

same side by the same electrical current. A battery at each station, with wires connected in the way already described, enables it to send messages in its turn.

From what has been said, it will be understood that signals telegraphed from any one station to any one other, will be contemporaneously exhibited at every station. For the whole of the stations are included in one circle of conductors, which carry the electricity round all the indicating apparatus within its circuit; and the current cannot move one index without moving all. It is impossible, therefore, if a common alphabet be used along the line to conceal from the whole of the stations what may be intended only for one. All that can be done, unless a separate series of wires or other conductors were supplied for every station, is to signify what place the message is directed to, so that other stations need not be at the trouble of deciphering the signals.

In addition to the arrangements for producing and interpreting signals, it is plainly necessary that we should also have some contrivance for calling the attention of the parties in attendance to the dials, when a message is about to be sent. For this purpose, warning is given by a bell, which a very ingenious application of electricity is made to ring. Electric currents not only deflect permanent magnets, such as the compass-needle, but confer magnetism upon non-magnetic iron. If a copper wire, therefore, be coiled round a rod of malleable iron, and a current of voltaic electricity be sent along the wire, the rod becomes a magnet so long as the current passes; and loses magnetism when the current ceases. This magnetising power of electricity is turned to account in the telegraph. An ordinary alarm, or the striking machinery of a common clock, wound up so that the hammer would strike and ring the bell if one of its wheels were not locked, is placed at every station. But this wheel is only locked by an iron rod which is balanced on a centre, and so arranged that one end falls into one of the notches between the teeth on the circumference of the wheel. The other extremity of the rod is placed opposite, and close to the ends of a horse-shoe of malleable iron, which is surrounded by a coil of covered copper wire closely twisted round it, and connected by its ends with one of the telegraph-wires. And now, if a current of electricity be sent along the telegraph-wire, it circulates round the horse-shoe, and converts it, for the time, into a powerful magnet; which accordingly pulls towards it the free extremity of the iron rod, and thereby shifts the other end out of the notch in the toothed wheel. The bell immediately begins to ring, as the unlocked wheels revolve by the action of a spring or a weight; but as soon as the current is stopped, the horse-shoe ceases to be a magnet; the rod is

no longer attracted, but falls back into the notch and stops the bell. Under this arrangement, the bells at every station would ring simultaneously, although only one was intended to be warned; and the current that rings the bells would also move the index-needles, though only for a moment. On most telegraph-lines, however, a separate set of wires is now provided for the bells, so that they are rung without affecting the needles. A separate wire, also, is sometimes furnished for every station, so that each bell can be rung independently of the others; but such arrangements necessarily add much to the cost of the entire telegraph.

The magnetising power of electricity is also applied to produce visible as well as audible signals. The following is one of many such arrangements. A horse-shoe which becomes alternately magnetic and non-magnetic, as an electrical current does, or does not circulate round a copper-wire coiled about it, alternately lifts and lets fall an iron lever, which, like the beam or piston of a steam-engine, gives a rotatory motion to a wheel. This wheel carries an index which travels over a dial, round which the letters of the alphabet are engraved. The current must be alternately interrupted and continued to keep the wheel revolving. When the current passes along the wire, the index moves from the letter at which it is pointing, to the next. The current is then cut off; and, when it is restored, the index moves on to the succeeding letter. A key, like those of the organ or piano,—alternately depressed and allowed to ascend,—furnishes the means of interrupting and renewing the current. This arrangement has been called the step by step telegraph; as for each touch of the key the index makes only one step; namely, from the letter it is at, to the next. It has the convenience, too, of using the old familiar alphabet, instead of arbitrary deflections of needles, and is alleged to possess other advantages, which will presently be referred to.

A third method of electric signalling, which promises well, but has not as yet been fully tried, is to effect chemical decompositions by the current. One such electro-chemical process is the following. A ribbon of paper, soaked in an acid solution of the yellow prussiate of potash, and pressed upon by two metallic springs placed side by side,—which are in connexion with the telegraph-wires,—is wound off a roller by a piece of clockwork. When the current circulates, it passes, according to the direction in which it is sent, by the one spring or the other, across the wet ribbon, and decomposes the salt with which it is impregnated, producing blue marks at either of the points where the spring touches the paper. The blue spots or lines thus produced are longer or shorter in proportion to the period during

which the current flows, and at the one side or the other of the ribbon, according to the spring by which the electricity passes: and these blue marks or lines may be made to represent letters, according to their length and position on the paper. Their variations in both respects are determined either by the movements of a handle at the station sending messages, by means of which the current from a battery is interrupted, renewed, or reversed at pleasure; or by a mechanical arrangement of great ingenuity which we have not left ourselves room to describe.

Lastly, it may be mentioned, on this topic, that, from the first, much attention has been directed to the arrangement of an apparatus which should print as well as signal its messages. Many beautiful contrivances for this purpose have been devised and tried—and in no long time we may expect to see some of them in use. Descriptions of them, however, would scarcely be intelligible without drawings; and their consideration may be deferred till their adoption is ratified by public approval. The question, What is the best method of applying electricity to produce signals? is at present undergoing the keenest discussion; nor will it be speedily settled. The telegraph has not been long enough in use to enable us to decide what arrangement is best; but all competent parties are satisfied that, wonderful as its achievements are, they will yet be greatly exceeded. Our immediate object, however, is to record its present condition, not to speculate on its future improvements.

In the preceding description we have purposely referred to the simplest and most easily understood form of electric telegraph, where there is a wire reaching from the terminus at the one end of the telegraph-line, to the terminus at the other, and *back again*. In actual practice, however, one half of the wire is now commonly dispensed with, and its place supplied—by the earth! A century has elapsed since the very curious discovery was made, that the electricity of a charged Leyden jar or battery will pass instantaneously through a great length of moist earth. Voltaic electricity has more recently been discovered to possess the same power; and advantage has been taken of it in the following way. A wire is led from the last copper plate of a battery placed, let us suppose at London, along the telegraph posts in the way already described, to Edinburgh, and is there bent backwards towards London. Instead, however, of being carried along the posts a second time, the wire is now cut short and soldered to a large plate of metal, which is buried in the ground at some little depth. A comparatively short wire is also attached to the last zinc of the London battery, and soldered to a metallic plate which is likewise buried in the ground. The arrangement

is equivalent to a great gap or breach several hundred miles long in the double wire, filled up by moist earth. When the battery is in action, the electricity (positive) flows from the copper along the wire to Edinburgh, descends there to the one earth-plate (as it has been called), passes from it through the earth to the similar plate near the London station, and from it reaches the zinc of the London battery. The circulation of the electricity in this way, is found to be even more rapid than when the double wire is furnished for its passage.

Good people have perplexed themselves with speculations as to why the electricity never wanders, misses its road, or fails to find its way back. But, as has been implied already, in the case of the double wire, electricity, like a prudent general, always takes care that a retreat be provided for, before it begins its march. Till an unbroken circuit of conductors connect the terminal plates of the battery, no electricity can be set free. It is not essential, however, that those conductors should be metallic; a column or stratum of moist earth, we have seen, will do quite as well as an iron or zinc wire. One half in length of the connecting conductors must however be insulated; so that the electricity may be compelled to travel to the farthest point to which messages are to be telegraphed. But the other half of the conductors need not be insulated, and cannot be too large. The quicker the current can pass the better; and it will pass most quickly when conveyed by one or other of the two great electrical conductors which man has at his disposal—the solid mass of the globe, and the ocean with its tributary waters.

The last allusion leads us directly to the Marine Telegraph. It requires, however, no detailed description—as it differs from the Land Telegraph only in having the space between the buried plates occupied by water instead of by earth. Broad estuaries or channels do not permit the insulated wire to be carried across by bridges. The wire therefore proceeding from the copper end of the battery is embedded in gutta percha, or any other water-proof insulator, and sunk in the waters to a depth sufficient to secure it against fishing-nets, ships, anchors, or large sea animals.

In this way it is conveyed from one shore to the other, and bending backwards after being connected with the index needles, terminates in a broad plate of metal sunk in the waves, close to the further shore. A second uninsulated wire proceeds from the zinc end of the battery to a metal plate sunk below low-water mark, at the side from which the insulated wire set off. Between the immersed plates on the opposite shores, the mass of water, though ever changing, acts in relation to electricity as if it were an undisturbed gigantic metallic wire. Theoretically,

there is no limit to the ocean spaces which electricity may traverse in this way. Already, accordingly, schemes for telegraphing across the Atlantic and the Pacific have been triumphantly expounded to the wonder-loving public.

One of these, whether hopeless or not for immense distances, is so very ingenious, and so likely to succeed across limited spaces, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. It dispenses, except to a very trifling extent, with wires, and carries the current *both ways* through moist earth and water. It is desirable, for example, to telegraph from the right to the left bank of a broad river. From the copper end of a battery on the right bank, a wire is carried to the shore (on the same side) and soldered to a plate buried in the river below water mark. A wire is also led from the zinc end to a long coil of wire which ends in a metallic plate. This likewise is buried in the river below water mark on the same right bank — but at a distance from the battery *considerably greater* than the breadth of the river across which signals are to be sent. On the left bank two plates are immersed opposite those on the right bank, and connected by a wire. The electricity on leaving the battery has therefore the choice of two paths. It may either keep entirely on the right bank, passing from the one buried plate on that side to the other, and so back to the battery by the long coiled wire. Or it may cross to the left bank through the water, traverse the wire on that side, return across the water to the right bank, and regain the battery by the shorter coiled wire. The Thames, as we learn, has been actually crossed by electric currents in this way: the resistance to their passage by the water between the banks being less than that between the ends of the wires on the right and left bank respectively. A wire stretched from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, would indeed measure but a small portion of the breadth of the Atlantic, — but by twisting the wire into coils, we might include in a short space an enormous length.

It remains to consider some of the imperfections which attend the electric telegraph, and considerably limit its useful applications. When it was first suggested as a substitute for the optical telegraph, which was useless in dark nights and in fogs or snow-storms, it was confidently anticipated that the system of electric signals would be available in all states of the weather. But this expectation has proved fallacious. For hours together the telegraph will not work. This failure is sometimes owing to the insulation of the wires along the poles having for the time been destroyed by moisture. The porcelain insulating tubes, however, are now made of such a shape, and so well protected from rain by sloping covers, that non-insulation from moisture occurs much

more rarely than might be expected. There are certain damp fogs, however, or mists, which penetrate every where; and so thoroughly wet the porcelain tubes, that they become conductors of electricity. In those circumstances it travels from the battery no further than the first wet post, down which it passes to the earth, and returns, *re infecta*, to the battery.

But a much more troublesome cause of inaction, or of irregular action in telegraphs, is the influence of atmospheric electricity upon them. The door left open that the friend may enter, stands open also for the foe. The insulated wires stretched along the telegraph-posts for hundreds of miles, in order that a special current of electricity evolved by a battery shall travel only in one direction, cannot, like a private road, be barred against electricity evolved from other sources. Nor is this all. When the electrician wishes to collect atmospheric electricity, he insulates a metallic wire, and suspends it in the air. In other words, he acts exactly, as the constructor of the telegraph does, though with a very different object in view. The latter, much against his will, finds that his wires not only permit, but invite atmospheric electricity to employ them as a highway. They act, in short, as lightning-conductors; and lead the formidable meteor into every station, where it deranges or destroys the coils and magnets, and occasionally menaces buildings, and even life, with destruction.

To guard against these serious evils, lightning-rods, descending to the ground, are fixed at intervals to the telegraph-posts, and at the station-houses. The sharp spikes in which these rods terminate above, being elevated considerably beyond the telegraph-wires, present points of attraction to the electricity of the clouds, so that it is determined to them rather than to the less exalted and unprojecting wires. It is thus transferred from the atmosphere to the earth without affecting the telegraph. The rods in question, however, only protect the wires in their immediate neighbourhood, and that ineffectually.

An additional and more effectual mode of protection is to place a knob of metal on each wire where it crosses the posts. A second and lower knob is then placed close to the first, but without touching it, and connected with a wire led down the post to the ground. If the lightning discharge ran along the wire, it would be cut off at the first knob it reached on the line, on reaching which it would leap across to the lower knob, and descended to the ground—while the current from the battery is found not to have sufficient intensity to overleap the space between the knobs, and hence does not descend the wire—as it would do if the knobs touched.

An additional and very ingenious device against lightning-shocks injuring the station-houses, consists in making one part of the wire which is led off to them from the main line very thin. If a powerful electrical discharge reach this, it melts it; so that the lightning, like an enemy too hasty in pursuit, burns the only bridge by which it could cross to make an attack, and remains on the safe side,—out-generalled by itself.

By one or other, or all of the methods described, sufficient protection can, on the whole, be secured, against the more familiar and more perilous effects of atmospheric electricity. Electrical disturbances, however, of a kind which do not manifest themselves in discharges of lightning, or involve life or ordinary property in danger, are quite sufficient to derange the operations of the telegraph. During snow and hail-storms, whilst dry fogs are prevailing, when the aurora borealis appears, and in truth during most meteorological changes, much electricity is developed in the atmosphere. It is sometimes directly transferred to the telegraph-wires, but as frequently its action is only indirect. A body in which free electricity is in any way developed determines a similar electrical condition in an insulated mass of metal near it, exactly as a magnet induces magnetism in pieces of iron placed in its neighbourhood. Thus an electrical cloud floating along above the extended wires generates a current of electricity in them; or, to speak more strictly, causes the electricity naturally present in a latent state in the wire, to become free and move along the metal. The currents which thus travel, as well as those which are directly transferred from the atmosphere, have the same effects on the index-needles and signal bells, as the electricity purposely sent along the wires from the battery. The needles are swung unceasingly to and fro, or remain for hours deflected to one side. The bells ring violently at irregular intervals, or stop only when their weights are run down. Signals cannot be transmitted at all when atmospheric electricity is thus largely developed; and they become more or less confused whenever it is sufficiently powerful to affect the index-needles.

Apart altogether from its practical importance, there is something exciting in the contemplation of these strange atmospheric influences. It must be not a little startling to the drowsy occupant of some solitary telegraph station, to be roused from his midnight slumber by the spectral clanging of his signal bell, bidding him quail at the wild quiverings of the magnets, now swayed plainly by no mortal hands. An imaginative man might then well recall the legends which tell of disembodied souls sent back to this earth, to divulge some great secret

of the world of spirits, and seeking in vain for means of utterance, which shall be intelligible to those in the body. A philosopher, too, might accept and interpret the legend. For it is sober truth, that the apparently aimless and meaningless movements of the magnetic-needles when vibrating at such times, are, after all, the expressive finger-signs of a dumb alphabet, in which nature is explaining to us certain of her mysteries; and already too, we are learning something of their significance.

Peculiar difficulties have attended the transmission of electric signals through some of the railway tunnels. Those have been traced in some cases to the effect of the moisture trickling down the walls in destroying insulation; and the wires have in consequence been coated, like those of the marine telegraph, with gutta percha. In other cases the index-needles at the stations nearest the tunnels have remained set to one side for considerable periods. This has been referred to the influence on the tunnel wires of electrical or magnetic disturbances in the strata in the neighbourhood of the tunnel. If this view be well founded, it would be wise to make the telegraph-wires, where they pass through the tunnels, of copper, and not of iron, — as the non-magnetic character of the former metal makes it less susceptible of electrical excitement. A wire cannot be magnetic and electrical in the same direction at the same time. If a telegraph-wire become magnetic in the direction of its length, like a long compass-needle, it will resist the passage of comparatively feeble electric currents, which would have traversed it had it been non-magnetic. This fact, perhaps, has not been sufficiently considered in the explanations which have been given of the derangements of the telegraph. Iron becomes so readily magnetic that the telegraph-wires, when made as they now are of that metal, cannot in certain circumstances escape being magnetised by the earth. Now that railways are projected in India, it may not be amiss also to notice that near the Equator iron rods or wires lying north and south after a time become magnetic. And wherever, in other regions, the wires are extended in the direction of the magnetic dip, the same effect will occur. The cheapness, elasticity, and strength of iron, however, more than counterbalance the inconveniences referred to.

The defects referred to in the electric telegraph we have been considering, we may soon expect to see lessened, since so many accomplished men are strenuously seeking to remedy them. The step-by-step, the electro-chemical, and the printing telegraphs are less liable to disorder by atmospheric influences than the magnetic-needle arrangement, which is chiefly in use at present. Their merits, however, have been but lately brought

before the public ; nor have they been tested for any long period on the large scale. It will be enough, therefore, if we cordially wish them success.

Meanwhile, if our electric telegraph is not perfect, as no tool of man's is, it assuredly is a most wonderful instrument : And it has been brought from small beginnings to its present completeness in a singularly short period of time. To unscientific observers, indeed, the rapidity of its development cannot, we think, but seem miraculous. Like some swift growing tropical plant, it has spread in a few months its far stretching iron tendrils throughout the length and breadth of the land. It would have done so, however, twenty years ago, had the mechanical conditions for its extension existed : — and we must thank the railroads for its early maturity. Till they provided a secure pathway for its progress it could only exist in embryo. It now fringes every railway with its harp-like wires, — apparently as inseparable and as natural an appendage, as the graceful parasitical orchideæ which spread along the branches of the South American forest trees.

Nursling, however, as the electric telegraph is of this century, almost of this decade, an ingenious pupil of Niebuhr might find in an ancient tradition its birth foretold centuries ago. In the year 1517, as the historians of the Reformation tell us, the Elector Frederick of Saxony had a strange dream. The monk Luther appeared to him, writing upon the door of the palace-chapel at Witteberg in his dominions. But the pen which Luther handled was so long that its feather-end reached to Rome, and shook the Pope's triple crown on his head. The cardinals and princes of the empire ran up hastily to support the tiara, and one after another tried in vain to break the pen. It crackled, however, as if it had been made of iron, and would not break ; and whilst they were wondering at its strength, a loud cry arose, 'and from the monk's long pen issued a host of other pens.'

The Elector's dream, has been fulfilled in our own day. The long pen of iron sprouting forth hosts of pens is in our hands ; and every day grows longer. It has reached to Rome, and much further ; and shaken popes and kings, and emperors' crowns ; and foretold, like the pen which Belshazzar saw, the fall of thrones and the ruin of dynasties. It has written much of wars and revolutions, and garments rolled in blood ; and must write much more. But it is the emblem and minister of peace — and the Long Pen shall yet vanquish the Long Sword.

ART. V. — *Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the Constitution and Management of the School of Design.* 1849.

THOUGH it is not very usual for the English to acknowledge their inferiority to other nations, it cannot be denied that some time ago they seemed disposed to yield the palm of taste and skill in the Fine Arts, with scarcely a struggle, to their continental neighbours. Perhaps it was from bashfulness, perhaps from pride, perhaps—and this we think the most probable—from ignorance: But to whatever cause we are to assign it, there is little doubt of the fact, that not very long ago most of us were ready to run down our own national taste, and to regard as hopeless any attempt to raise or purify it. The efforts of our painters and sculptors had not, indeed, been universally unsuccessful; and we had for some time been forced, in spite of ourselves, to acknowledge that individual genius was not extinct among us. But, while we recognised the merits of Reynolds, of Gainsborough, or of Chantrey, we were slow to believe that the mass of their countrymen could, by possibility have among them any kindred feelings, or latent sympathies for the powers which such men as we have named possessed in so eminent a degree. ‘Do you think, Mr. Haydon,’ said a late prime minister, ‘that the people will ever have any taste?’ The answer was, ‘How should they, if no means are taken to educate them?’

We are happy to say, that of late some most praiseworthy endeavours have been made to supply this defect in our national character; and, so far as we have the means of judging, they have been made with the happiest effects. The great increase in the number and character of our Exhibitions, and in the facilities afforded for visiting our most valuable Collections, has been attended by a fully proportionate increase in the number of the visitors, and by a very perceptible improvement in their behaviour and intelligent observation; and this improvement has been most marked, where it is most gratifying, in the lowest class—among the mechanics and artisans.

For another important step in the same direction, the establishment of schools of design, the public are much indebted to the zeal of Mr. Ewart, who about fourteen years ago drew the attention of the House of Commons to the subject, and obtained the appointment of a committee ‘to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts, and of the principles of design, among the people (especially the manufacturing popula-

‘tion) of the country.’ From the report of this committee, which carried on its inquiry for two sessions, the following points appear to have been established:—That from the highest branches of poetical design, down to the lowest connexion between design and manufactures, the arts had hitherto received little encouragement in this country; that a lamentable ignorance of art was manifest among our workmen, especially among those engaged in what are called fancy trades,—the silk trade, the ribbon trade, the china trade, and others—although an earnest desire for instruction appeared to prevail among them; that in this respect the workmen of France, and of other parts of the Continent, enjoyed a very great advantage over our own; one of the results of which was, that French manufactures were in many cases preferred to British, solely on account of the superiority of their patterns; and, lastly, that this superiority on the part of the French workmen appeared to be in a great measure attributable to the Schools of Design diffused through that country.*

This report was presented in 1836. In the following year the Government School of Design was opened at Somerset House; and the establishment of this central institution has been followed at intervals by the opening of branches at Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, the Potteries, Leeds, York, Norwich, Newcastle, Nottingham, Coventry, Spitalfields, Paisley, Dublin, Belfast, and Cork. The earliest of these provincial schools, however, was only established in 1840; while some have only commenced operations within the last few months. Indeed, the schools at Cork and Belfast are not yet open for the reception of students. The system is therefore as yet quite in its infancy; and cannot be supposed to have borne fruit enough to enable us to pronounce any definitive sentence upon it. Time enough had, however, elapsed, and sufficient experience had been collected, before the beginning of last session, to make it both reasonable and desirable for Parliament again to take up the question; and to inquire how far the exertions that had been made promised to be successful, how far what we have done justifies us in continuing the experiment, and

* Some confusion has arisen from the translation of the French ‘Ecole de Dessin,’ or drawing school, into the English ‘School of Design.’ Few, if any, of the French schools are what is properly meant by Schools of Design; and their influence upon French manufactures has resulted from the effect they have had on the general taste of the country, rather than from any direct inculcation of the principles of ornamental design. Drawing enters into the ordinary instruction of the elementary schools of Holland and the Low Countries.

whether the experience of the first few years of its working points to the necessity of any change in the mode of proceeding, or of any fresh steps being taken towards a further development. This task was accordingly undertaken by the Parliamentary Committee over which Mr. Milner Gibson presided last session, and of which the report is now lying before us.

We look upon the result as highly satisfactory. A good deal of the evidence relates to questions relating to the management, which, though doubtless interesting to the parties concerned, are not likely to be particularly so to the public; and which we shall therefore take the liberty of passing over without further notice. But, on those parts which bear upon the success of the schools, and upon the wants which they have brought to light, we now purpose to say a word or two.

Before inquiring what the schools have done, we ought first to ask what they have had to do, and what have been the means placed at their disposal for doing it? We shall then be in a position to see how far it was reasonable to expect that they would succeed, and to measure their actual results by a fair standard.

The object of the schools, generally speaking, was the improvement of decorative art: and it is important to remark at the outset that, at the time they were founded, very few people in the country knew what decorative art was, and still fewer had any definite idea of the way in which to set about improving it. Even now, after a great deal of attention has been given to the subject, we find Mr. Herbert, one of the head masters of the London School, and a man in every way qualified to form a correct judgment on the point, declaring (Ev. 1779.) that he does not believe there are five men in the country equal to teach ornamental art. Indeed, it must be obvious to all who will take the trouble to consider of the matter, that the study is one of no small extent and difficulty. The case is neatly enough stated in the following judicious observations:—‘Decorative art,’ says the writer, ‘like architecture, has a double end to answer: it has to serve some purpose of man’s physical life, and, at the same time, to convey an impression of Beauty. It may be assumed that, unless it does the former, it cannot do the latter permanently. The consciousness of the unfitness of an object for its purpose soon vitiates the pleasure derived from its beauty. In having this double object, decorative art resembles Nature, who seems, as far as we understand her, always to provide for the existence and comfort of her creatures by means which are, in themselves, exquisitely beautiful; and seldom lavishes upon us effects of beauty which do not also answer some other end.

‘It would thus occupy a very high place as compared with other art, were it not for the infinite inferiority of the human artist, whose limited means frequently compel him to purchase utility by the sacrifice of beauty; and who is obliged, when he wishes to attain the latter in purity, to pursue it alone. Nature, however, does not do so; and the decorative artist, if he would succeed at all, must watch and diligently learn the means which she uses to produce this double effect.’ Or, as the point is put by another, the distinction between the artist in the Fine Arts and the merely ornamental artist is, that ‘the one has for his drift the representation of beauty as it appears in its natural subjects; the other, the application of beauty to a new subject.’ These remarks are in themselves sufficient to show what a great amount of labour the education of an ornamental artist involves; and if to the necessity of giving him the power, first, of correctly imitating what he sees, then of discerning beauty in the works of nature, then of analysing the causes of that beauty, and then of applying the principles on which nature works to the materials he is called upon to decorate, we add the necessity which also exists of instructing him in the capabilities of those materials, and, again, of making him acquainted with the history of decorative art from the earliest times, and with the conventionalities adopted at different periods, the magnitude of the task is such as might well alarm us.

But the difficulties which surrounded those to whom this task was assigned must also be taken into the account. In the first place, they had to encounter an array of false notions on the part of the public. It was thought that what they had to do was very simple, and very easy; and might be accomplished in a short time. A sudden development was looked for, and there was an impatience for immediate fruits. The public did not see the necessity for so much elementary instruction being given to students who were, after all, to be engaged in so easy a branch of art,—if art it were to be called at all. Why teach a pattern drawer, it was said, as if you were going to make him an academician? The students themselves were perplexed; they came to the school to learn designing for calicoes, and they were set to draw the human figure. They could not see the use of this instruction; and they often left the school, dissatisfied with what they had done there, and unconscious of the benefit, such as it was, that they had received. But, if the students were dissatisfied, the manufacturers were yet more so. The student, if he remained long enough in the school, could not but be sensible that he had acquired greater power of hand, more correct notions of the beauty of forms and the harmony of colours, and a higher and

purser taste. But the manufacturer, uneducated himself, saw nothing of this, and could not appreciate it. He even despised it when he found that, after all, the student was not so well able to make a design that would work and sell, as his own practised designer—who had learned all he knew in the manufactory, and had never been to school in his life. He would admit, perhaps, that the lad's design looked very well upon paper; but then it would not print, or it would cost twice as much as it ought; in short, it would not do. At the best, therefore, the lad would be taken into the manufactory with some grudging; and put under the old designer. But even if, after a little experience, he should overcome these objections, and learn to compose patterns at once beautiful and workable—should rise, in short, to be a better designer than those who had gone before him—yet the school would not get the credit of his skill. The manufacturer would say, 'Look here; this young man learnt nothing in the school: when he came out of it he blundered over the simplest patterns; now to be sure he is worth something; but all that he has learned has been in my manufactory, not in the school.' The manufacturer, in short, has, in most cases, to go to school himself, before he can learn to appreciate the effect of a sound artistic education.

But we must go a step further, and inquire by what it is that the manufacturer himself is influenced. He is in general no judge of beauty; but he learns the taste of his customers, and he strives to produce what will please them, or, in other words, what will sell. The ultimate control is, therefore, with the public; and here we come to our chief difficulty; for the public itself stands in need of the schoolmaster, as much as either the manufacturer or the designer. We began our experiments,—and this should never be forgotten,—with the taste of the public at a very low ebb. We proposed to raise their taste by a display of good designs—and no doubt this is a most effectual mode of operation. But then occurred the difficulty, that, supposing good designs had been as easy as, in fact, they were hard to obtain, it required a demand on the part of the public to bring them under its notice; and this demand, by the hypothesis, did not and could not exist. The first thing to be done was, therefore, to educate the audience. The most cursory glance at the history of the arts will show that the periods when the greatest works have been produced have been those at which the audience was most capable of appreciating them. It was when a market-woman at Athens could detect a foreigner by the over purity of his Attic dialect, that Grecian eloquence and Grecian poetry reached their highest excellence. It was when the crowd at Florence could with

difficulty be restrained from breaking in to see a newly-finished statue at the Grand Duke's palace, that Cellini, and Rafaele, and Michael Angelo wrought for immortality. So, too, with us, in our degree. It was not enough to educate artists to produce, we had also to educate the public to demand, the beautiful. But this is not the work of a day, nor, perhaps, of a generation; and nothing could be more unreasonable than to expect that great effects were at once to be produced in a field so new as that of ornamental art, by the first operations of a few half-developed schools. The work could only go on by action and reaction. The demand for the schools indicated a pretty general consciousness that they were wanting—which in itself was very encouraging. That demand has been supplied; and the supply has, if we mistake not, very greatly stimulated the demand. Much, no doubt, remains to be done; but the greatest difficulty was overcome when the first step had been taken; and we may now confidently hope that nothing is wanting to ensure our ultimate success but time and patience.

A few illustrations of the difficulties we have been speaking of may here be given. We take them generally from the evidence given before the committee, and first, from the evidence of Mr. Wakefield, a mousselin-de-laine and cotton printer:—

‘Is this a French pattern?—Yes.

‘Is this a pattern which you pronounce to be in good taste?—Yes.

‘Is it likely to attract the public?—Yes; we think of cutting that.

‘*Why* is this in good taste? It is not classical; it does not represent animal life or vegetable life; it is a combination entirely capricious and arbitrary. On what principle then is it that you decide this to be in good taste?—*It is in good taste for sale.* If you come to the true character of the design, I may be wrong in saying that it is in good taste; but we go by the general effect of the pattern; we do not study any particular order, because we frequently mix the styles; that, is in cashmere and flowers. A man who has perfect taste might pronounce that to be in bad taste; but still, *for sale*, it does better than being all of one particular class. (Ev. 1061—4.)

The pattern, to which Mr. Wakefield here refers, appears, from subsequent answers, to have been a shawl pattern, and probably exhibited a variety of the Indian pine—which seems to have acquired a patent right to appear, under some disguise or other, upon all shawls, past, present, and to come. Another witness, Mr. Northcote, throws some further light upon this point. He is one of the inspectors of the provincial schools, and appears to have been struck, on visiting Paisley, by the perpetual recurrence of this pine pattern. On asking the reason, he is told that the genuine Indian shawls always have the pine, and that there-

fore the pine is all the fashion; and that the manufacturers would not think of sending out shawls without it, because they would inevitably be rejected. (Ev. p. 112.) Something of the same kind occurs in *papier maché* goods. In these the peacock is supreme; because the peacock, as Mr. Hope informs us, is the distinguishing mark of native Japan ware. Mr. Northcote observed, in a *papier maché* manufactory at Birmingham, that designs, in other respects graceful and well executed, were spoiled by the introduction of the eternal peacock — often on a scale so disproportionate to the rest of the design as to be ludicrous. The manufacturer's answer was, that Japan ware would not sell unless it had the peacock! We shall have to make some remarks presently upon these caprices of fashion; but first let us call attention to one more extract from the evidence. Mr. James Harvey, a practical designer, and a student in the school, is asked, —

‘If you found a manufacturer interfering with your design, you would be disinclined to furnish him with any other? You would feel that your own credit as a designer was at stake, if any manufacturer required you to alter your design in such a manner as, in your conception, would spoil its effect? — I have not a sufficient command of business to do that; I am obliged to sacrifice my own feeling in order to suit their taste.

‘If the manufacturer considered that the pattern would become more popular, you would feel yourself compelled to alter it according to his suggestion? — Yes.

‘Do you find that that occurs frequently? — Yes, in very many instances it does; within the last twelve months I have had several instances.

‘He considering it more adapted to the public taste? — Yes; and he does it to get a novelty.

‘And you would consider it at the same time an anomaly? — I should call it a bastard.’ (Ev. 3664—9.)

These extracts give, we think, a pretty fair epitome of the case. The designer is in the hands of the manufacturer; the manufacturer looks only to sale, and to the fluctuations of fashion as bearing upon the chances of sale; and fashion leads to all manner of anomalies. All this affords subject for reflection. But perhaps we may be allowed, in the first place, to say a few words in defence of this ‘deformed thief, fashion,’ who appears from the above summary to be the main culprit in the matter. However absurd a fashion may seem at first sight, there is generally a reason for it, which is worth inquiring after. We remember a case in which a manufacturer was detected in the act of printing large quantities of blue cloth with a set of staring Harlequins, Columbines, and other genii of the magic lantern. He was called to account for this by his visitor; and had, as might

be supposed, nothing to say in defence of the taste displayed in the productions; but he pleaded, in mitigation, that the goods were intended for the West Indian market, 'where,' said he, 'they are greedily bought up by the blacks, to whose taste they are peculiarly suited.' His friend was, for the moment, silenced; and went away persuaded that the fault was in the audience, and incurable. Some time afterwards he mentioned the matter to another person, who had paid attention to the subject, and who gave this solution:—the goods in question are in demand among the blacks, *not* because of the monstrous patterns which disfigure them, but because the colour of the ground on which those patterns are printed is peculiarly grateful to the eye in hot climates. More seemly patterns on the same ground would be just as acceptable; and might, no doubt, be substituted gradually for those of which you complain, if the manufacturer would but make the experiment. Now we cannot help thinking that our own countrymen may perhaps have been as much maligned in this respect as the poor blacks. And, in fact, we have no doubt that they have become attached to the French, the Japanese, and the Indian patterns, from which it seems so difficult to wean them, on grounds not altogether contemptible. Usually they have taken them up because, with all their faults, they were the best, or perhaps the only good patterns presented to them at the time. And then our designers and manufacturers, mistaking the reason, and not being able to distinguish, have rung the changes upon pines and peacocks, and mixed them up with the most unsuitable ornaments—instead of taking the hint only from what was really good in the design, and producing something beautiful of their own. Thus they have allowed a fashion to grow into a habit, than which nothing can be more injurious to the cause of good taste: for, while the fashion, which bears testimony to some principle, is capable of being turned to good account, the habit, which is the result of pure accident, takes root among us, and becomes the antagonist of all improvement. It is abundantly plain that it is impossible of a sudden to change the fashion of a people; and it is equally plain that it is most unsafe to follow its caprices: but we think it clear to demonstration that manufacturers and designers have it in their power gradually to influence, to lead, and, ultimately, to revolutionise it. The progress of dress is a case in point, with which every one is familiar. In the course of every ten or twenty years we are *gradually* brought to fashions which, were they suddenly presented to us, would be thought intolerable. What, for instance, would our grand mothers, whose waists appear to have commenced at a point corresponding to the top button of a gen-

tleman's waistcoat, have said to a modern gown, with 'a point'? Yet to this we have come by degrees. Violent changes are out of the question; but great changes may be made by those who will take the pains to watch and direct the current of public taste. Upon this subject there are some interesting remarks in the report of Mr. Dyce to the Board of Trade on the Foreign Schools of Design, presented to Parliament in 1840. He says: —

'Design for industry is not an abstract thing; it is not the business of the designer to produce good patterns for every possible condition of manufacture, but, taking it as he finds it, to bring his cultivated taste to bear on its improvement. It is the fashion of each succeeding season that he has to deal with. The practice of the French manufacturers in this respect seems to me worthy of being noticed. It is, I believe, considered by them that fashion is something more than the mere caprice of the moment; and though individuals of rank or of celebrity of some kind may, for a time, give a particular bias to the *mode*, yet that the current of taste in the ordinary matters of life has its origin, and takes its direction, from the general character and habits of society. Hence, they say, if we refer to the history of any past age, we shall find the records of its literature and its art, and the remains of its every-day appliances of life, all partaking of some common character or sentiment. Acting on this notion, the manufacturers of France make it their business to discern accurately the characteristics of the under-current of feeling to which fashion and its changes are supposed to be due; and, by this means, to keep pace with people's inclinations, and even to anticipate them. "We know," said one of the Lyonnese manufacturers to me, "that when the fashion of this year shall have run its course, every one will have a longing for something new; *yet not absolutely new, but something to which the present mode naturally tends.* That something, which, in the world of fashion, is only an indefinite sentiment, — in fact, a mere predisposition, — we endeavour to render palpable, to give it a strongly pronounced character, and assign it a name. Therefore it is that with us fashion is so paramount; the objects of industry presented at the commencement of a season exactly chime in with, and anticipate the predispositions of society."

In spite of something truly French in this Lyonnese gentleman's view, there is great good sense in it. We must not sit down and abuse the fashion; we must try to turn it to account; we cannot controul it, but we may direct it; and if we do so skillfully, we may bring out great results. But we fear the

evidence we possess shows that at present our manufacturers and designers are altogether unqualified for this task. In the Report from which we have quoted, Mr. Dyce points out the great difference in the position which the pattern designer holds in England and in France. The French designer, he tells us, 'is looked upon, in his sphere, precisely in the same light as a professor of fine art. You may employ him or not, as you think fit; but having given a commission, it is he, not you, who is responsible for the merits of the performance.' In England, as we have seen, no such confidence is yet shown. Mr. Harvey is obliged to sacrifice his own feeling to the wishes of the manufacturer, and so to produce designs which he 'would call bastards.' Mr. Wakefield, by his own account, appears to dictate to his designers. 'If I see a design which I consider good, I say to a designer, "Combine this with that, and send it to the works for them to draw half a dozen drawings of it."' (Ev. 1015.) Mr. Burchett, one of the masters in the school at Somerset House, looks upon this dictation of manufacturers as 'a source of very great evil.' He also quotes a statement made to him by a practical designer in the school, — that 'in the silk trade, the manufacturer is the judge and *arbiter elegantie*, and mangles, at his will, the conceptions of the designer, erasing or adding according to his caprice, and altering both form, colour, and arrangement, according to his own fancy.' (Ev. 3462.)

Were it necessary, we might multiply quotations to the same effect. Enough has, however, been said to show with what difficulties the subject is beset: and we would rather now turn to the consideration of what the schools which have been founded have as yet effected, and what they appear capable of effecting. 'From a general review of the evidence,' the Select Committee conclude that 'the schools, though far from having attained the degree of perfection of which they appear capable, are producing beneficial effects, and may, in due time, be expected, with energetic support, and under judicious management, to realise the anticipations with which they have been founded. . . . Large as the field of usefulness appeared when these schools were established, it has been found by experience to be very much larger than was at first anticipated. As the managers of the schools have proceeded, they have found their work grow under their hands. For the teaching of ornamental art necessarily presupposed the students having attained to a certain proficiency in elementary studies, — and this proficiency few, if any, were found to have acquired; so that it has been necessary to impart it at the beginning of each man's educa-

'tion. The demand for such teaching has been so great in proportion to the means which the schools possess of supplying it, that they have of necessity assumed more of the character of elementary institutions than was originally expected. The importance of this sound elementary grounding has not always been comprehended, and too great anxiety has been shown in some cases to reap premature fruits from the schools; but your Committee believe that what has been done in this direction has been of very great importance; and that, under all the circumstances of the case, the managers have been right in endeavouring to raise the taste of the great mass of artisans, rather than by special efforts to force on a few eminent designers.' (Rep. p. 4.)

These views are fully borne out by the evidence. It appears that since the establishment of the schools between 15,000 and 16,000 students have passed through them; and have carried the skill and knowledge there acquired into the manufactories of the country. How far these students have directly influenced pattern-designing seems to be matter of controversy; but there is an unanimous expression of opinion that they have materially improved the execution of designs, and that they have consequently produced a very marked effect upon the taste of the country. Mr. Dyce, a very high authority on such matters, gives it as his opinion, that 'the schools have raised the character of the taste of the country, and have produced a positive result that may be traced by anybody who understands the history of taste.' (Ev. p. 915.) Mr. Poynter, one of the Government inspectors, is rather more specific. He says, 'Artisans have now an opportunity of learning to draw, which they never had before. . . . A very large majority of your pupils will never become designers, and they never intend to become designers; but the best design possible will be ruined if it is put into the hands of a man who has no feeling for it, and no ability to execute it. I have seen many instances of that. . . . With regard to the Birmingham manufactures, I can see a very great change since the school was established. I see a great improvement in the drawing of foliage, and other things which enter into the execution of designs. To say nothing of the composition of the designs, I can see that they are executed by a more intelligent class of people; they bear that impress on them; and at Nottingham, again, that is particularly the case.' (Ev. p. 528.) Mr. Hammersley, the master of the Nottingham school, makes the following remark:—'No longer than five years ago anybody in London would have treated with contempt any suggestion for getting good lace from Nottingham;

‘but now lace equal to French lace is exported, and actually sold in London as French lace; and that has been designed by the students of the School of Design.’ (Ev. 2515.) Mr. Wakefield, to whose evidence we have more than once referred, states that we are very much improving in point of taste, and that we are decidedly gaining upon the French in continental markets; a result which he attributes partly to the schools of design. This gentleman remarks that the effects produced upon the patterns are small, but that he finds a great improvement in the under-drawers and fillers-up. (Ev. 1011. 1051.) Mr. Solly, an ironmaster at Sheffield, and chairman of the school there, speaks of it as eminently successful, and highly popular among all classes. On being asked to name any principal houses which have benefited by the school, he says, ‘I believe, in order to do that, I ought to take a directory and *name them all*: for I believe there is not one firm that has not had an apprentice, or young man, or workmen in our school.’ (Ev. 1197.) Mr. Minton, the eminent porcelain manufacturer, considers that a very great improvement in design has taken place in the pottery wares; and has not the least doubt that taste has improved through the introduction of Schools of Design,—from which he thinks a decided benefit has resulted; ‘very decided, considering the time that they have been in existence—only two years.’ (Ev. 2276.) We find also some interesting returns of the number of firms employing art workmen who are availing themselves of the schools. Of forty-one firms which have returned answers to a circular addressed to them by Mr. Milner Gibson, thirty-one are from places where there are, and ten from places where there are not, Schools of Design. Of the whole number, twenty-six are employing students from the Government, — twelve appear not to do so, — and three make returns in a form which does not supply precise information on the subject. (Rep. p. 3.) Several of the firms, however, which do not employ students appear to have in their employ persons who have been educated in France, or at private schools in this country. Others intimate that they are prevented by distance or other causes from availing themselves of the schools as they would wish. ‘We now give a preference to scholars from the School of Design in selecting apprentice drawers. We would insist on our putters-on also attending the School of Design, if within reach’ (Dalglish & Co. Glasgow.) ‘All our people were taught previous to the establishment of the school in this city. We consider the School of Design very beneficial; and should we require a designer or drawer of patterns, intend to avail ourselves of the advantages this school offers.’ (Clabburn &

‘Co. Norwich.) I have one hundred men and upwards, whose avocations require artistic ability; but their habits are formed, and no chance of their availing themselves of the advantages of the Schools of Design. . . . I look to youth, rather than to persons of mature years, for the benefits of these schools.’ (Mr. Ridgway. Potteries.)

We think these extracts are sufficient to show that the schools have taken root in a most satisfactory manner, and that there is every reason to hope that they will be eminently successful. Nothing can well be more important than that in which they are universally admitted to have succeeded,—the improvement among the under-drawers and fillers-up. It is to their superiority in execution, rather than to their taste in design, which is often execrable, that the French owe their advantage over us. We have been favoured with a sight of a very interesting report made by one of the masters of the School of Design on some of the manufactories of Paris. Speaking of the celebrated establishment of the *Gobelins*, he remarks: ‘The artistic powers of the actual workmen are evidenced by the fact, that, except for beginners, *rule-paper is not used*. The design of the artist, most frequently painted in oil, is punctured with small holes an inch apart; corresponding with these holes white threads are vertically arranged on the loom at similar distances; and *this is all the mechanical guidance the weaver has*;—the design itself being placed immediately over his head, about two feet above him. Thus guided, he re-produces the forms and colours of the design in all their infinite variety—matching himself, the spools of worsted with the original design, and blending and strengthening his tints with artistic knowledge and skill.’ These are workmen worth having; their education is not a matter of secondary importance; and if our schools have done any thing towards the elevation of our own artisans into such workmen—capable of appreciating and therefore of giving effect to a good design, this alone is sufficient to entitle them to our hearty support, even if it could be shown that they have done nothing important as yet in the improvement of the designs themselves.

We must not, however, omit to notice, that some of the witnesses express themselves dissatisfied with the schools; and that a good deal of evidence has been given to the effect that they are not ‘practical.’ This seems a little puzzling at first, particularly since all the witnesses who make the complaint admit, on cross-examination, that they are themselves deriving great practical benefit from them in various ways. The charge, however, on being sifted, generally resolves itself into this,—that

the students are not taught to make *saleable* designs. Or sometimes it is fashioned into a complaint, that the education which is given is of a kind to make artists, but not designers. These are two distinct allegations, each of which deserves a few minutes' attention. With regard to the first, we must say, that it seems to us to show considerable misconception as to the nature and purposes of the schools. They are, as the Committee properly remark, 'educational institutions,' and their object is, not to produce designs for sale, but only to educate designers. A doctrine appears to have been broached by one of the students of the school, which has formed the text, we believe, of some lucubrations in a periodical called the '*Journal of Design*,' that the school ought to be '*the best market* for the manufacturer in 'want of designs;' and a plan for giving it such a character, by calling upon the students to furnish designs for all the furniture of the Government Offices and Royal Palaces, and setting them up for sale to manufacturers, appears, from some documents printed in the Appendix to the Report, to have been some time ago submitted to the Board of Trade by Mr. Henry Cole, better known, perhaps, to some of our readers under his assumed name of Felix Summerly. But though Mr. Cole was examined at some length before the Committee, we do not find that he then gave any explanation of his plan—of which he has probably, on further consideration, seen the inexpediency. We cannot but think, indeed, that an attempt of this sort would have a tendency at once to lower the character, and to destroy the utility of the school. Supposing it were possible, which it is not, to give the students such instruction as would enable them to compete with the experienced designer of the manufactory in the production of patterns for sale, it would be most injurious to attempt to do so. At present the students are taught to pursue the beautiful; but under such a system they would pursue only the saleable: And the successful student would, of course, be the one whose design fetched the highest price, and had the greatest run. The connoisseurs and teachers might abuse it as they pleased; they might show that 'it was not classical, nor a 'representation of animal life or vegetable life;' the student would answer with Mr. Wakefield, 'It is in good taste *for sale*;' and we are afraid the answer would be conclusive with the majority. Nay, we cannot undertake to say that the teachers themselves would escape the infection; we do not mean that they would lose their own perception of the beautiful, but that they would grow more and more anxious to produce what should be popular, and would thus, insensibly perhaps, fall into the snare of '*working down* to the taste of the manufacturer.' But we shall be told, This is what your student, educate him how

you will, must come to at last; he may come out of the school with the purest notions you please. but they will soon be soiled when he comes in contact with the manufacturer; and it will be said, not without a good deal of truth, that the manufacturer will be much more likely to bow to the corporate authority of the school in matters of taste, than to that of an individual student. There is some truth, no doubt, in this: but there is an important distinction to be noticed. If James Harvey comes out of the school with cultivated taste, and is compelled in his own despite to alter and mangle his designs to please the manufacturer, the works he will produce may or may not be such as to immortalise him among ornamental artists; but, mangled as they are, no doubt they will be better than they would have been without his schooling, and will do some good in their generation. Next year another designer will follow him, and probably go farther—and then another and another,—all, it may be, destined to encounter mortifications of the same sort, but all likely to do their part in gradually raising the standard of public taste. And all this while, remember, the Fountain head from which they flow is kept pure; and will continue to supply unadulterated waters till the land is cleansed. But once pollute the fountain, and what remains for us? If our light be darkness, how great is that darkness! This appears to us to be an all-sufficient reason for preserving the educational character of the school, and not suffering it to degenerate into ‘a market for designs.’

There are other and weighty reasons too. The student could hardly hope to rival the experienced practical designer, in a contest where superiority of taste would form but one element, and that not the most important, of success. A trick of arrangement, an almost imperceptible diversity, might suffice to give a very inferior design such a superiority in point of cheapness or convenience, as would defeat the student, and, what is worse, might ruin the credit of the school. For were *the School* to undertake such a contest, there would of course be jealous eyes upon it. Every failure would be magnified; and as nothing is so easy as to find fault, it would run great risk of discomfiture, and the discomfiture of the school would be the discomfiture of the cause of Taste. Besides, it strikes us that private designers might fairly complain if Government were to apply the public funds to the establishment of a mere mart for designs. It would be said, Why not do the same by all other professions? Why not have a government college for architects, to which recourse might be had by all persons desiring to build? or for engineers, where the best plans for railways or bridges should be obtained? The comparison, we think, would be perfectly fair; and we believe that in design, as

in other matters, the principles of Free-trade are the principles of common sense; and that the golden rule is this,—Educate as highly as you can; but leave the rest to competition.

We pass by, then, the complaint that the schools are not practical because they do not furnish the manufacturer with a *market* for designs. The next complaint is a more serious one; namely, that the schools do not give a practical education; and do not supply the student with the particular kind of instruction that he seeks. If this be true, it is, no doubt, a great fault; for it must never be forgotten that these schools were founded and are supported by Parliament, for the particular purpose of educating men to become designers and art-workmen; and that if they neglect this object, and apply themselves to giving only general artistic instruction, they disappoint the intentions of Parliament, however valuable they may be in other respects. We cannot, however, find any proof that they are justly liable to this imputation. That the schools, in their present undeveloped state, are doing all that might be done in the way of education, practical or otherwise, is not pretended by any body; nor do we think it likely that they will do so until Parliament shall open its purse-strings much wider, and raise its present meagre grant to three or four times its amount. But there is ample evidence to show that the education which is now being given is in the right direction, and is, so far as it goes, *eminently practical* and successful. We observe that those who are disposed to find fault say, they cannot discover that, in any of the manufactures of the country, there is one design which can fairly be attributed to the *unaided* work of the students in the School of Design (Ev. 1934.),—a remark about as sensible, if we are to understand it in the only sense in which it is true, as if one should say that he could not find a single treatise on philosophy, or a single edition of a classic author, that could fairly be attributed to the *unaided* work of an Eton boy or of an undergraduate at Oxford! or a single fine historical painting executed by an actual student in the Royal Academy. But what are we to infer from that? Assuredly not, that the students are not being educated to produce such designs in good time; for we have direct evidence to prove that they are. In the first place, there is the evidence of Mr. Nickisson, who is studying in the London School with a view to acquiring ‘so much artistic knowledge as to enable him to lead a number of designers;’ and who tells us that he hopes the knowledge he is acquiring will be ‘very useful to him indeed’ in this respect, and that ‘for four or five years to come he should wish to pursue the same course of study.’ (Ev. 1139, 1166–8.) Then we have Mr. James Harvey, a *practical designer* for several sorts of woven

and printed fabrics, who has been studying at Somerset House for four or five years; he ‘attributes to it his main artistic ‘knowledge,’ and finds it of ‘considerable service to him in his ‘profession.’ (Ev. 3650, 3655.) Then, again, there is Mr. Apsley Pellatt, the eminent glass manufacturer, who employs as his principal, or indeed his sole designer, a young man selected from the same school. (Ev. 3415–16.) Then, passing over the valuable evidence of Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Burchett as to the extent to which design is taught in the same school, we have Mr. Mitchell of Sheffield, and Mr. Hammersley of Nottingham, bringing forward abundant proof that, in those schools at least, the students are so educated as actually to produce designs very far superior to any that had been in use in their respective neighbourhoods before. And there are some eighteen or nineteen cases mentioned by Mr. Burchett (3481, 3482.) of students who have within his own knowledge obtained good employment as designers, after leaving the school. Indeed, considering how short a time most of the schools have been founded, how much there has been to do, how inadequately they have been supplied with the means of doing it, how much work has often been thrown upon a single master, where there ought to have been two or three,—and lastly, what inducements there have been for the students to leave the schools as soon as ever they have acquired so much knowledge as to enable them to command ready employment at increased wages, we cannot hesitate to draw the conclusion that the success of these institutions has been very remarkable indeed.

There are some, however, who believe that still greater progress might have been made under a different system; and who think the time of the students is needlessly taken up with instruction of a kind more suited to promote the fine arts than the study of ornament. We hope we shall not be thought very impertinent if we ‘disable the judgment’ of some who are most forward with criticisms of this sort; for many of them are really incompetent to form an opinion upon the matter at all. There are very few persons who are aware what amount, or even what kind, of instruction is required in order to make an ornamental artist; and it must be obvious that, when we begin to educate, we necessarily have to impart an amount of instruction of which the uneducated do not at once perceive the bearing. There would be no great virtue in education if it were not so. Those who know nothing of astronomy are, doubtless, surprised to find the students of that science beginning with the rudiments of mathematics,—and probably think that a quicker and more practical course of instruction might easily be devised; nay, it is not improbable that they could establish something like a

proof of the soundness of their views, by bringing forward pupils of their own, who, without knowing a square from a circle, would be able to point out the principal constellations better than this or that learned mathematician. Perhaps this sort of feeling is natural also among manufacturers, and some of the more ignorant of those whom they call designers,—persons who, having never had a theoretic education themselves, and having got on somehow or other without it, are apt to undervalue its importance. But it was precisely for the purpose of taking us out of the hands of this class that the schools were founded; and if they had done nothing but establish the necessity of some theoretic teaching, we should say they had done good service. To produce great results in any branch of art, it is necessary to elevate the tone of those engaged in it; and to give them a feeling for its scientific or ideal perfection, before they are called upon to practise it for money. But this can never be accomplished but by a scientific education preceding a practical one; and though some ‘practical men,’ as they delight to call themselves, affect to sneer at the doctrine, we believe it would be found that those who have attained to any real eminence as mere practical men, have always lamented the want of a scientific education for themselves, and have been forward in recommending it to others. ‘We attach little weight, therefore, to the complaints of those who are disappointed at the slowness of the process of forming ornamentists, and who would prefer a superficial to a thorough course of training.

But there is another class of objectors who must be treated with greater deference. It appears that a controversy exists as to the order in which the instructions should be given, the place which the teaching of figure drawing should occupy, and the extent to which it should be carried. It is held, we believe, by some, that to teach the drawing of the human figure is altogether unnecessary; others think that it may be necessary to some classes of students but not to all; others, again, regard it as universally indispensable. There are also some who hold that the figure-drawing should come first, and the special instruction in ornament follow it; others who think that the student should begin with ornament and end with the figure; and others who think that both should be taught together. Upon so debateable a question we, as laymen, enter with much timidity; and, in what we are about to say, we desire to be understood as throwing out suggestions for the consideration of others, rather than as announcing any confident or dogmatic views of our own.

In the first, place, then, let us consider for what purposes the ornamentist should study the human figure. It is not merely in order that he may be able to introduce it into decoration; since,

if this were the case, there would be large classes of designers who would clearly have no need of it at all. Yet it forms an important part in the education of every ornamental artist. His first object is, of course, to acquire freedom of hand and the power of imitating what is set before him. This, it is said by some, is acquired by practice in figure-drawing, far better than in any other manner; and therefore they argue that we ought to place figure-drawing in the first rank, and assign to it the first importance in the education of the designer. The assertion is, however, challenged by other authorities; who deny that greater power is communicated by drawing the figure than by any other kind of drawing. This is purely an artist's question, and to artists we must leave the solution,—merely remarking that the study of the figure appears to be of a severer character than the study of other forms—and to be, on that account, well adapted to produce a careful and simple style.

But those who advocate this its 'grammatical use,'—as it is well styled by Mr. Redgrave—are met with an objection that the time spent in this part of the teaching would be turned to better account, if devoted to studies in which the pupil, while obtaining as good, or nearly as good, an education for his hand and eye, would be at the same time acquiring specific knowledge of a kind that would be directly and immediately useful to him,—or, in other words, to the study of conventional ornament. Now we do not at all under-rate the importance of giving instruction in conventional ornament. It is, of course, a main part of the business of the school; but we must protest against the notion that the study of conventional ornament can ever be sufficient for a designer in any branch of manufactures whatever. If we are ever to attain originality of invention—if we are ever to have a school of our own—we must draw our inspiration, not from the productions of other schools, but from nature. The ornamentist, as we saw in the beginning, applies the principles of beauty which he discovers in Nature to a new subject; but how is he to do this if he do not take Nature for his guide? What sort of a landscape would a painter produce, if he studied only Claude and Ruysdael, instead of going to the rocks, trees, and streams themselves, from which Claude and Ruysdael drew? If an attempt to imitate the works of Nature at second-hand is always insipid, how vain must be the attempt to apply to a new subject the principles on which she produces those works, without first taking the pains to acquire them from herself! Conventional ornament is an adaptation of natural beauty to the productions of human industry. Undoubtedly it is most important to the student to

know how the Greeks or Italians contrived to turn natural forms to account for this purpose: but first let us take care to familiarise him with the natural forms themselves; so that, when he is at work for himself, he may compose his variations upon the true type, and not upon the conventional rendering of it. The herald who drew his ideas of the king of beasts from the Royal Arms of England, pronounced the lions in the Tower to be not the least like real lions! The mistake was not of much consequence in the particular instance referred to; but we should hardly feel satisfied with a designer who could only arrange the lily or the rose upon classical principles, — without having himself an acquaintance with the natural peculiarities and varieties of the flower. A close study of natural forms is therefore indispensable to the designer—and should form part of his education at an early period. Indeed, in the formation of a great ornamentist, we should be inclined to put off the study of conventional ornament as long as possible; and, to borrow a metaphor from a kindred art, we would have him learn his grammar thoroughly, before he begins to think of style.

We are aware that this theory cannot always be acted upon. Perhaps it is at present inapplicable to the majority of cases. Students, who come for a few months' special instruction to assist them in their daily avocations, cannot be set down to the rudiments; but must be assisted in their own way, — or they will leave the school. We cannot help suspecting, indeed, that there has been rather too much prudery in this respect at Somerset House. Mr. Richardson, one of the masters, mentions a case where a student—an ironmonger by trade—asked him to assist him in making a design for a stove; he set him to work accordingly; but Mr. Wilson—then the director of the school—coming by, took the student away, and set him to work upon an elevation of the temple of Theseus, desiring him to copy it by a scale of modules and minutes: in a few days the young man left the school! * We dare say the director was quite right in thinking the young man wanted more elementary instruction; and that it would have been a good thing for him to have gone through a thorough course of it: but the young man was not willing to drudge—and so he was not benefited at all. Even the committee of management, which was substituted for the director on the abolition of that office, appear to have run some risk of splitting on the same rock; and, in their zeal for sound teaching, to have somewhat overlooked the peculiarities of the class for which

* Mr. Richardson's letter; see Report of Special Committee of Council of School of Design, 1847.

they had to prescribe the course of education. It seems to us that nothing can be sounder than their general scheme of instruction for all such pupils as desire really to become—what the schools were at first intended to produce—superior designers. But they should remember that superior designers take long in educating; that the public are impatient for fruits; and that there are multitudes of young men in the country who, without desiring a thorough training, are eager to avail themselves of the advantages of the school for special purposes of their own,—men, in short, who want assistance rather than education. For such as these a great deal of latitude must be allowed. When a friend of ours obtained his commission in a county regiment, he went to a master of arms, to learn the sword exercise—and naturally asked how long it would take him to acquire it. ‘Why, sir,’ was the reply, ‘if you only want to learn the sword exercise well enough to pass in the yeomanry, I can show you that in two lessons; but if you want to become a master of your weapon, we must begin at the beginning, and have twelve lessons at least.’ That is just the case with the students in the Schools of Design. Nine tenths of them cannot afford to go through the twelve lessons; but they want the two, just to enable them to pass in the manufactory. Superior designers, to be sure, cannot be formed in this way; yet a great improvement may be effected in the class which so materially influences designing,—the under-drawers, the fillers-up, and the putters-on—who have hitherto rather impeded than assisted the designer, owing to their inability to execute his conceptions with any thing like taste or fidelity. We think it abundantly clear that the Schools of Design have already done a great deal in this direction; and we hope that neither the public nor the committee will underrate its importance.

Reverting to the question of the figure-drawing, we cannot help expressing our doubts whether another important reason for enforcing it has not been overlooked. We need offer no apology for extracting the following remarks of a writer whom we have already quoted. He says: ‘Almost all subjects of decorative art are intended to serve some purpose more or less intimately connected with the human person; and, in order to adapt them to it, a knowledge of the figure is indispensable. Even in architectural decorations those ornaments and colours ought to be chosen which are best adapted to the sizes and complexions of the men and women who are to use the building; but, in respect of the smaller things,—such as dress and furniture, which come in immediate contact with the person,—too much care cannot be taken to make them suit it. A

‘ chair, for instance, ought to be comfortable, and it ought also to be elegant in form; and this elegance should not only be seen when it is untenanted; but it ought to throw its occupier into a graceful attitude, and look well with him in it. But a cabinet-maker will hardly succeed in this, unless he knows enough of the human figure to understand what a graceful attitude is, and how to produce it. The example is a little homely, and perhaps has a smack of too much luxury; but the principle is one which may be extended to all our furniture,—to carriages and their fittings,—to the colour and patterns of papers, of carpets, of curtains, of furniture-covers,—and, more especially, to all things made for the purposes of dress.’ ‘ It is much to be wished,’ he continues, ‘ that tailors and milliners could be made to admit this, and to submit to a little instruction in a School of Design; but I fear they are too powerful, and their customers too submissive subjects, to allow us to hope for any thing of the kind. But the makers of the materials are in a better position; and ought to learn to produce stuffs suited for all varieties of size and complexion, and for different lights, but always to produce something adapted to some human figure, and not the hideous spots and railroad stripes which now frequently cut up and disguise their wearers.’

But we turn gladly from the regions of controversy to ground on which all agree. Whatever may be thought of this or that particular system of instruction, there can be but one opinion as to the beneficial effects which must necessarily result from the opening of schools of art in all quarters of the country. It is but little to say that a young man is better employed in copying the most inapposite Pompeian decorations than in tipping at the public house; nor are we disposed to make too much even of the gratifying account which Mr. Minton gives (Ev. 2648.) of the sinecure which ‘ the stipendiary magistrate who sits five days a week’ at the Potteries, has enjoyed since the opening of the schools at Stoke and Hanley*; but the bearing of these schools upon the education of the country strikes us as exceedingly important. Standing aloof, as they do, from everything like sectarian controversy on religious questions, and offering attractions for a class which is least commonly to be found in our national and other schools, they are of great service as outposts of education, in an interesting, but rather inaccessible country. To each is attached a collection of valuable specimens and works of art, and a lending library for the use of the students. These are thus brought

* There are mines, too, we rejoice to say, in which the introduction of *Music* has been equally beneficial.

within reach of a class comprising many who would think lightly of book learning for its own sake, and, many who are unable to get any book learning even if they desired it. A great amount of instruction is thus indirectly communicated to them. They are found eagerly to avail themselves of the library; and the examination of the various models and examples awakens in them a spirit of inquiry into their origin and meaning, which must continually be leading them on to more and more knowledge.

Nor is this all: incalculable good may often be effected by familiarising them with forms and principles of beauty, which must often prove to be vehicles of moral as well as of intellectual improvement. In this luxurious and self-indulgent age such effects are of the highest value. Splendour and ostentation are now carried very far with us; but good taste and refinement are much neglected. The consequence is that our pleasures and desires partake too much of the sensual, and tend rather to the degradation than to the exaltation of our nature. Finery is too generally preferred to elegant simplicity; dress, and furniture, and all the other appliances of civilised life, are esteemed according as they minister to the display of wealth, rather than according to their real beauty. Thus the rich are made arrogant, and the poor discontented: And the evil feeds itself. The love of beauty, which was given us to act as a counterpoise to our love of ease and riches, is so far perverted, as to act as a stimulus instead of a check; and what should have been for our health is turned into an occasion of falling. What then is the appropriate remedy? Clearly it is to place before all a different standard of enjoyment,—a standard which the poorest may perceive to be within his reach, and which the richest will fail of attaining without the cultivation of some of the higher qualities of his nature. We hear much of the effect which the natural character and scenery of a country has upon the natural character of its inhabitants—how their tastes and habits are formed upon it. Does it never occur to us, while we meditate on these things, that we live in the midst of an artificial world, and of scenery which is principally of our own creation, and is therefore under our own command—and which yet exercise upon us effects in some degree similar to those which we attribute to the world of nature. Creatures of habit, we learn to like that which we live with; we become as it were acclimated to certain modes of life, and even forms of ornament,—and love them from association. We should augur well of a country where high art and decorative art appealed to the same parts of our nature, and acknowledged principles in common; where public taste had been so far advanced as to prefer skilful work-

manship to costly materials, and an elegant wooden platter to the most sumptuous gold or silver plate, less beautifully wrought.

Notwithstanding our ostentatious habits, no one will deny that of late years a step has been taken in this direction. The attention of the public has been aroused; and we have become conscious of our short-comings. In these matters the desire of improvement is half the battle. Crude theories in art, incorrect practices, and bad examples cannot be suppressed by act of parliament. But the taste of a people may gradually be raised, by taking every opportunity of making it familiar with the best possible models of every description. And, to whatever extent Schools of Design may contribute to this enviable consummation, they will in the same degree secure every immediate and minor object, in this their more complete success. At a late meeting of the School of Design established in the Potteries,—Mr. Labouchere in the chair,—the President of the Board of Trade was requested to assure his colleagues, ‘that no branch of manufacture more urgently required the advantage of Schools of Design than that of china and earthenware; that no district has the prospect of being more extensively benefited by their operation than the Staffordshire Potteries; and that they trust no population will be found more grateful for their establishment.’ Mr. Labouchere truly observed, in reply, that, after all which Government might do, the real success and permanent interests of such institutions must mainly depend on the support given them by the communities in which they exist; and we agree with the *Athenaeum* in rejoicing that in one instance, at least, this element of final prosperity seems likely to be supplied.

ART. VI. — 1. *Political and Social Economy, its practical Applications.* (From ‘Chambers’s Instructive and Entertaining Library.’) By JOHN HILL BURTON. Edinburgh: 1849.

2. *Evils of England, Social and Economical.* By A LONDON PHYSICIAN. London: 1849.

3. *Tactics for the Times.* By J. C. SYMONS. London: 1849.

PERHAPS the two features which have most distinguished the public mind of Britain during the last few years are, a quick perception and conscientious sense of our social evils,—and an entire want of system and philosophy in our mode of treating and regarding them. Till the continental convulsions of the last twelvemonths threw for the time all other matters

into the shade, the public attention seemed to be fixing itself upon the miseries and maladies of our population with an almost morbid intensity; and with an impatience of endurance, and a craving for action, as alarming to the philosopher as it was encouraging and consolatory to the mere philanthropist. Most of the topics which had formerly absorbed the interest of the nation were settled and forgotten. The agitating questions of foreign policy, parliamentary reform, and religious toleration, were well nigh disposed of; and the vast field of colonial policy, which for some years to come will probably occupy the front rank in popular and parliamentary interest, had as yet scarcely been opened. No wonder, therefore, that the regular campaigns of party warfare, from the absence of those great subjects which had divested them of their littleness, were beginning to be trite and wearisome. In the pause from conflicts, both internal and external, which ensued, people had leisure to look at home, and to inquire into their domestic position. And what they saw might well stagger and appal them. Meanwhile, benevolent individuals had long been busy in examining and exposing those particular grievances or sufferings which had severally attracted their imagination or their pity. Each philanthropist had his pet evil. Some mused and discoursed on that congeries of undigested symptoms which they termed 'The Condition-of-England Question.' Others, less comprehensive in their sympathy, or less ambitious in their zeal, were content to divide the labours of social reformation. One man considered the factory population as his peculiar charge. Another took coal mines under his especial protection. A third organised a crusade against drunkenness; a fourth occupied himself with the statistics of education; a fifth affected juvenile criminals; a sixth paupers; a seventh looked after slaves; an eighth threw his ægis over the natives in remote colonies;—till the unfortunate agricultural peasants were the only portion of our population that seemed neglected and forgotten. No 'Protector of the Aborigines' sprung up for them: For those on whom this office should naturally have devolved, were busy in other fields.

Two great benefits have resulted from this widespread and irregular activity. In the first place, we have collected an invaluable mass of information on the condition, moral and physical, of nearly every branch of the poorer classes, to guide us in our efforts for their amelioration; and, secondly, we have at last penetrated the public mind with the sincere conviction that these matters possess for us a personal, paramount, and urgent interest, with which no question of foreign policy or party struggle can for a moment vie. The task of restoring health and sound-

ness to a society so fearfully diseased as ours unquestionably is, is on all hands acknowledged to be at once the noblest, and the most imperative, to which citizens or statesmen can now direct their energies.

But the mass of dismal and disheartening facts which these investigations have brought to light, has a strong tendency to disseminate an impression at once mischievous and untrue. We hear it frequently assumed, that these evils are novel and increasing; that our social condition is fast degenerating; that we are nationally on the brink of a precipice, from which time is scarcely left us to draw back. Now, that this impression is not only untrue, but the very reverse of truth, is unquestionable, to all who have either read history in detail or who have been long actively engaged in the labours of philanthropy—to all, in fact, but those whose attention to these subjects has been of recent date, and whose knowledge of the evil has therefore burst upon them suddenly. Those who have been longest, most profoundly and practically conversant with ‘the wounds and bruises and ‘putrifying sores’ of the body politic—who have been well aware that, ‘from the sole of the foot even to the head there is ‘no soundness therein’—are the last to be dissatisfied with our progress hitherto, or to despair of our progress in future. It is not Arkwright or the elder Peel who would quarrel with the present discipline and ventilation of our factories. It is not Howard or Mrs. Fry who would now be horror-struck at the condition of our prisons; nor Romilly or Mackintosh who would complain of the atrocities and enormities of our actual criminal jurisprudence. Mr. Macaulay’s admirable remarks, in the third chapter of his History, on comparisons of this kind so often loosely made to our disadvantage, deserve the deep consideration of those who have been startled either into terror or despondency by the pictures of vice and wretchedness which recent inquiries have laid bare.

‘The more carefully (says he) we examine the history of the ‘past, the more reason we shall find to dissent from those who ‘imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. ‘The truth is, that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, ‘old. That which is new, is the intelligence which discerns ‘and the humanity which remedies them. The more we study ‘the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live ‘in a merciful age,—in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, ‘and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly, ‘and from a sense of duty. Every class doubtless has gained ‘greatly by this great moral change: but the class which has

‘gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

‘The general effect of the evidence seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking back with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement, precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to labour, to contrive, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favourable estimate of the past.

‘In truth we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward, and find nothing but sand, where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilisation. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes in our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We, too, shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive

‘ten shillings a day; that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many; and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich.’ (Vol. i. p. 426.)

But the impression of which we speak is not only incorrect; it is noxious, as all incorrect conceptions are. It was a profound remark of Augustus Schlegel’s,—‘The illusion of a past golden age is one of the greatest hinderances to the approach of the golden age that should come. *If the golden age is past, it was not genuine.*’ The idea that we are degenerating—that our national evils and our social maladies are increasing upon us—can scarcely fail to have a paralysing influence upon our energies. If the exertions of the last generation—which, though often misdirected, were sincere, indefatigable, and sometimes almost gigantic—failed to mitigate the intensity or arrest the progress of these ills, there is reason enough to drive the boldest among us to despair. What are we, that we should hope to succeed where predecessors, at least as able, as strenuous, as benevolent as ourselves, have utterly and signally failed! But the truth is, that the efforts of these our predecessors were crowned with an appropriate measure of success. So have been our own. And it is only by cherishing this faith, that we can effectually nerve ourselves for the further toils and struggles of our continued war with evil.

But this incorrect impression as to the remoter past is injurious in another way. It misdirects our efforts. It disposes us to *try back*. If our ancestors were really happier, wiser, more successful than we,—if the condition of the people were really more satisfactory in those days than in these,—there would be a powerful argument for attempting to retrace our steps, and striving to replace society in the position it occupied in generations past. A double blunder, this: for not only would the operation prove an impossible one—but, if achieved, would be only an aggravation of our difficulties. As long as these ideas are confined to secluded and speculative thinkers, they produce

merely feeble poetry and faulty philosophy. When, however, as in our days, they penetrate the arena of actual statesmanship, and endeavour to force their way into life and action, they not only divert attention from a sounder channel, but lead to practical mistakes of the worst kind. The crude and boyish theories, the vague and declamatory language, of the Young England section of our legislators, have given us the measure at once of the wild impracticability and unsoundness of their views, and of the mischievous confusion which might be anticipated if they were to take strong hold of the national mind. The error of these men is, that they carry the conceptions of poetry into the unsuitable atmosphere of public life. Policy, with them, is not a matter of science, but of taste; and their opinions are selected according as they harmonise with fancy, not as they square with fact. They dream of a beautiful past which had no existence — and would compel the actual present into conformity with that unreal and shadowy vision.

Moreover, this erroneous notion of our deterioration has a further mischievous operation, — it puts us in a hurry. It generates the impression that there is no time to be lost; that evils are increasing upon us with such frightful rapidity that, if we do not act at once, action will come too late; that there is no space nor leisure for deliberation, for experiment, for caution. To speak colloquially, the public gets into a fuss. We act hastily, and therefore we act wrong.* In statesmanship, more than in any other branch of practical science, is the most patient and profound deliberation needed; for in none is a false step so difficult to be retraced; in none are its consequences so ramified, so far reaching, and so irreparable.

It is, therefore, our firm belief that our present, with all its gloomy shadows and its difficult enigmas, is yet a marked improvement on the past; and that one of the surest signs and proofs of this, is our sensitiveness to, and our impatience under, those disorders and distresses which our ancestors either did not observe, or acquiesced in as normal, unavoidable, or unimportant. And it is with a profound conviction that our progress hitherto has been, on the whole, satisfactory, and that it depends only on ourselves to make our future advance far more rapid, steady, and illimitable, that we venture to point out a few of the mistakes which have rendered many of our efforts less fruitful of good than they might appear to have deserved. Zealous, energetic, indefatigable benevolence is extant in overflowing abun-

* Lord Melbourne used to say that the only thing that thoroughly alarmed him was, to hear people say, '*Something must be done.*'

dance. It needs only the guidance of sound principle to produce effects of which statesmen and philanthropists scarcely yet dare to dream.

The great difficulty is happily got over already. Our attention is fully awakened on the subject; our sympathies are almost nervously alive; our ears are eagerly open to any suggestions even from the most incapable and inexperienced; for both our fears and our humanity are effectually alarmed.

But, unfortunately, though an eminently humane, we are not in general a philosophic, nor a systematic people. In this respect we and our neighbours the French are at the opposite poles of the intellectual world. Their minds are scientific and mathematical to a fault; ours are practical and empiric to a fault. They are for ever recurring to first principles on the most trivial occasions; we eschew all reference to such, even in the most momentous matters, with a shrinking instinct which partakes of conscious incapacity. In the common arrangements of their household or their family,—in the conduct of the most paltry cases in their courts of law,—in the formation or amendment of their constitutions,—the French proceed by line and square, to a degree which appears to an Englishman to savour both of the pedant and the schoolboy. They love to have every thing *in seipso totus, teres, atque rotundus*. In all discussions upon social questions the Frenchman starts from the ‘laws of nature’ and the ‘rights of man.’ The Englishman seldom goes further back than the precedents which his own history can furnish him. He is afraid to adopt the most valuable and incontestable improvement unless he can find some warrant for it in the past; and the surest way of inducing him to go forward, is to persuade him that he is going backward. The French commence their national ameliorations *ab initio*, and upon principle; we attack our social maladies zealously indeed, but singly and empirically, not scientifically. We dread all systematic steps; we mistrust every thing that proceeds upon, or seems to confirm, a theory. We are not only satisfied with, but actually partial to, patchwork; and are for ever putting a new piece into an old garment. Of two extremes this is unquestionably the safest and the best: but still it is an extreme, and therefore an error. We attack each evil as it arises or rather, as it first strikes our view, as if it stood single and isolated, without reference either to its causes or its context. We seldom dream of tracing back, as we easily might do, a host of social mischiefs to one common source or seed, and then, by removing that, leave the manifold consequences to die out for want of nourishment. The plan we adopt is the idle, shallow, and wasteful proceeding of cutting off

each head of the ever-growing hydra as it appears. Hence the voluminous, confused, and contradictory character of much of our remedial legislation. We have ten edicts where one would have sufficed; we have many that are inconsistent with each other, and many that aggravate the virulence, while they suppress or vary the symptoms, of the disease.

The particular tendency to error apparent in the prevalent social philosophy of the day, to which we wish to direct special attention, lies in the unsound, exaggerated, and somewhat maudlin tenderness with which it is now the fashion to regard the criminal and the pauper. This feeling is in itself so amiable, so Christian (on a superficial glance at least), and has so much of justice and rectitude for its foundation, that not only has it a natural aptitude to degenerate into excess, but we are disposed to regard the excess itself as a virtue, and are therefore little likely to guard against it. Selfishness is so instinctively felt to be the besetting sin,—‘the epidemic malady of human nature’—that it is peculiarly difficult to persuade ourselves that we can ever be acting wrong when we know that we are acting unselfishly. And gentleness to the errors, and compassion towards the sufferings of others, are such adorning excellencies in the individual, and in domestic life, that we listen with impatience and mistrust to the moralist who would teach us that these sentiments, when carried into public affairs and systematised in legislation, may often become eminently mischievous, and therefore highly culpable. Yet it is unquestionable that, though individuals may allow charity and compassion to guide them without going very far astray, yet the State, if it wishes to maintain a straight and safe career, must act upon principles as stern, as steady, and as comprehensive as those of Nature herself. And while, with pardonable pride and self-gratulation, we contrast the prying and impatient humanity of the present day with the hard and brutal indifference which characterised a former age, we are prone to forget or to ignore how much of selfish tenderness to our own feelings may lurk in this morbid and pampered sensitiveness to the inevitable or the medicinal wretchedness of those around us.

‘It is pleasing to reflect’ (says Mr. Macaulay, i. 424.) ‘that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened; and that we have, in the course of ages, become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than

‘at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put in the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving stones. If he was tied to the cart’s tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on Court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse, or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favourite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime, and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that restless and sensitive compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindloo widow, to the negro slave—which pries into the stores and water casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects.’

This sensitive aversion to the infliction or the sight of pain is, in truth, the characteristic, and the especial peril, of the practical social philosophy of the day. There is a general

disposition to regard all the wretched as simply *unfortunate*; to shrink at once from *the infliction* of the punishment which the law assigns to crime, and from *the spectacle* of the punishment which nature has allotted to idleness, imprudence, and excess. This is an amiable extreme, undoubtedly, but still an extreme to be avoided; and not the less dangerous for the gentle aspect it puts on. Let us set aside for the present our treatment of criminals, and devote a few pages to the consideration of the errors in our view of pauperism.

The original idea of a Poor-law was, an arrangement to compel idlers and vagrants to work: the modern form which the conception has assumed, is a machine to support them out of the earnings of those who do work. The three wants of man—the only wants of his which strictly deserve the name of necessities—the only wants indispensable enough to a tolerable existence, to scourge the indolent from sloth, to rouse the stupid to vivacious toil, or to stimulate the savage to those exertions which gradually lead him on to civilisation,—are food, shelter, and clothing. The Poor-law, according to the popular view of it, is an arrangement, for supplying these gratis, to all whom want of will, want of capacity, or want of forethought has left destitute of them. It is a contrivance for relieving every one, as soon as his privations reach the point of actual want of any of those requirements, want of which is the original stimulus to all exertion. It assumes, as its axiomatic foundation, that the idle *have a right* to share the earnings of the industrious, *provided only that their idleness shall have brought them to destitution*. It lays down a principle which, logically reasoned out, is Socialism; and which, legitimately and consistently followed out in practice, would speedily work its own cure, by the manifestation of its intolerable and fatal consequences. In *England* we are slow to perceive the error of our theoretic views—because national good sense, and national good feeling, generally interpose to prevent them from being carried out to those extremes of practice which would demonstrate their unsoundness. But in *Ireland* there is no such corrective, and no such screen; a legislative blunder, once launched, is there allowed to sail on unchecked, till landed in its inevitable absurdity; and in the operation of the law in that unhappy country, we may read, ere it be yet too late, a warning for our own.

We say that the principle of our Poor-law sanctions the appropriation of the earnings of the industrious to the maintenance of the idle. For we must never lose sight of the momentous truth—which, in fact, lies at the foundation of the sacredness with which property is regarded both by the common law

and the common feeling of mankind, — *that all property is*, in some form or other, actually or virtually, in the immediate or in the remote past, *the result of industry and saving*. It is, in short, the produce of two great social virtues: the virtue of exertion in the first instance, and the virtue of self-denial in the second. Take away those cases — infinitely rare, in this country, at least, — in which property has been either seized by the strong arm of power or appropriated by fraud, and transmitted to the lineal descendants of the original despoilers, and the assertion admits of no dispute, and no exception. The present possessors may, in many cases, be drones; but they have inherited from the bees. The actual owner of a vast estate may be a dissolute and worthless spendthrift, and may squander his existence and his property at Paris or Vienna; but he inherited from an ancestor who earned it in the service of the Commonwealth, in the army, or at the bar. The princely estates of the present Lord Eldon, the present Duke of Marlborough, or the future Duke of Wellington, are, surely, as truly the produce of honourable industry and worthy services, as the accumulations of the merchant, or the hoardings of the peasant. And the wealth of the great manufacturer, the successful lawyer, or the ennobled banker, is the meed, either in the existing or the bequeathing generation, of toils and sacrifices which the husbandman or the handicraftsman would admit to constitute a valid title.

But, in truth, it is not only those massive properties that we assume the right of mulcting for the support of the pauper. The smallest *realised* savings of the energetic and frugal artisan are tithed by the overseer, for the maintenance of the destitute, the indolent, and the drunken. Let us look at a few cases, not only of real but of daily occurrence. A knife-grinder, at Sheffield, with better education, better feeling, or better sense than his fellows, resolves that he will employ the high wages which his trade affords him, to raise himself in the social scale. He works steadily six days in the week, denies himself all the luxuries and wasteful recreations in which most of his brother-workmen indulge, and, at the end of a few years, is able, by unremitting diligence and unflinching self-denial, to purchase the cottage that he lived in, and to add to it a couple of acres of land. The overseer immediately claims from him three shillings in the pound — for the support of a man who worked in the same shop with himself, who earned a guinea a day, but who was always drunk four days in the week, and who is, of course, now on the parish! The cotton-spinner, or warehouseman, of Bolton or Manchester, who earns much, spends little, and abstains from marrying till he has invested a sufficiency in some fixed security, is re-

warded for years of frugality and toil, by having to pay towards the support of the wife and children of the weaver who married at twenty, and deserted his family at thirty. It is folly to suppose that he does not feel bitterly the injustice of such a claim. The mechanic, who, in good times, laid by a fund to maintain him when work should be scarce and wages low, and denied himself many comforts in order to do so, finds his fellow-mechanic, who exercised no such prudence, and refused himself no indulgence, supported by parochial aid; and he feels what a sad and mocking comment this is upon the exhortations to economy and forethought he so often hears. Two men, both able artisans, start with the same advantages, in the same trade—each earning thirty shillings a-week. The one is steady, industrious, and frugal, lives long single, improves his mind, lays by two-thirds of what he earns, and accumulates property rapidly. The other marries at twenty, spends all his income, drinks occasionally, is disabled by sickness, or loses his place by imprudence and irregularity. At thirty-five years of age, *the one is paying parochial rates—the other is receiving parochial aid.* These contrasts are very frequent; the result of them is very demoralising; and the principle which upholds them clearly indefensible.

The Poor-law, as at present constituted, has a noxious operation of another sort. It has an irresistible tendency to vitiate the very essence and beauty of that Christian humanity whose functions it usurps, by degrading charity from a voluntary gift to a legal obligation. Charity is no longer a willing contribution from the affluent and able to the wants of the needy and infirm: it is a socialistic mulcting of the rich or independent, for the benefit of the poor,—a communistic decimation of the savings of the industrious for the maintenance of the idle. The Poor-law asserts, in its nakedest and broadest form, the doctrine of Proudhon and Louis Blanc,—that want is, *in itself*, a claim,—that those who have nothing, possess, *in virtue of that very destitution*, a full title to the property of others. It poisons the very fountain of Christian charity, by making it an infeasible *right* on the one side, and an inescapable tax on the other. The man who knows that the law enables him to demand a portion of the income of his more fortunate or more industrious fellow-citizen, is not likely to be shy in asking, or grateful in receiving, the niggard and reluctant boon. And the man who has a tenth of his income forcibly taken from him, to relieve a poverty which, from the mode of its bestowal, it helps to foster and create, will generally be both unable and unwilling to bestow another tenth in assisting those cases which deserve, and would otherwise have excited, his ready and active sympathy.

The Poor-law, according to the modern theory of it, is, in principle, a virtual abrogation of natural laws. It interposes between the cause and its consequence. The laws of Nature—which are the ordinances of Providence, and therefore the embodiment of unerring wisdom,—have decreed that idleness and improvidence shall incur destitution: we assume to ourselves a dispensing power, and pronounce that they shall *not* incur destitution!

But, it will be answered, and with great truth, idleness is not the only cause of destitution: many are destitute who are willing and anxious to work. Under all circumstances, casualties will often superinduce destitution. Men in the prime of life are stricken with sudden incapacity; the premature death of an industrious and thriving workman will often leave his family with no provision against want; fluctuations in fashion, changes in the channels of trade, which no prudence could have foreseen, will often reduce hundreds to poverty. More especially is this the case under our complicated system of society, teeming as it is with anomalies and difficulties which have descended to us from our forefathers, entailed upon us, by their errors, and aggravated by our own clumsy or selfish legislation. Many of the burdens under which the labourer sinks,—many of the impediments to the success of the industrious—many of the checks which make it difficult for the artisan to find employment,—are of our own or our ancestors' creation. Destitution is not always avoidable, even by the energetic and the well-conducted. Society, therefore, which may have caused the mischief, must not call upon the individual sufferer to bear its unmitigated pressure.

We admit the plea; and we admit it the more readily because it leads us straight to the heart and marrow of the question. For, while admitting the propriety of a provision for the destitute in some form or other, under actual, existing circumstances, we deny *in toto* the abstract right of the poor to assistance from the funds of others, *as a claim*. A provision for the destitute, on our view of the matter, is not a duty which, as a general proposition, society owes to its poorer members, but a debt that a *society which has wronged its poorer members*, owes them as compensation and amends.

We cannot conceive on what other rational basis the poor can have a *claim* upon the possessions of the rich, or the idle on the earnings of the industrious. The poor man, like the rich man, has a right to the produce of his industry, and to his realised property, (which is the produce of *his* industry, or of the industry of some one who has bestowed it upon him);—he has a right, like every

other member of society, to what he *possesses*, and to what he *earns*, — but to nothing more. The naked demand of the poor to share the wealth of the rich is, as we have said before, simple, undisguised Communism. The demand of the labourer for employment, — his notion that he has a *right to have work found for him*, and that, if he is willing to work, he is entitled to be fed, — is, when submitted to the test of reason, a clear absurdity. If the Devonshire ploughman has a right to a customer for his ploughing, or the Sheffield mechanic for his scissors, the manufacturer must have an equal right to a customer for his cloth, and the poet for his verses; the farmer to a remunerating purchaser for his corn, the lawyer to his brief, and the clergyman to his cure. How many diligent and hungry barristers are at least as anxious after employment as the peasant or the artisan? But do they ever commit the folly of demanding it as a right? — of insisting that a client shall go to law in order that they may gain a living by conducting his case? — or even of requiring their overworked brethren to give them a portion of their labour and their fees? How many hundreds of Manchester cotton-spinners, or Leeds clothiers have their warehouses crammed with goods, which they desire only to sell at the most paltry profit, or often even at prime cost? But do they ever stultify themselves by requiring the state to compel unwilling customers to purchase from them articles which they do not want? And is the day-labourer at all more rational in demanding work from a farmer who does not need his services, and has already as many hands as he can profitably employ? To compel the employer to use and pay for labour *which he does not want*, — i. e. to give wages against his will, — is, obviously the same injustice, and the same oppression, as to compel the labourer to sell his labour against his will, — to work for an employer when he would prefer to be idle, or thinks he can dispose of his exertions to greater advantage elsewhere. In the one case you forcibly seize upon a man's money, in the other case upon his toil; in both cases you are guilty of the robbery of obliging a man to part with his property against his will, and without an adequate equivalent.

Let us look this matter, then, honestly and boldly in the face; and no longer allow ourselves to be deluded by words which have no corresponding ideas attached to them. Labour, like corn, calico, or broadcloth, is a *commodity*, which, like any other commodity, will follow the usual laws of supply and demand — will find purchasers when it is wanted, and in the quantity in which it is wanted: and to compel people to purchase it who do not want it, is as patent a tyranny, and to ask

for this compulsion is as blind a selfishness, in the case of this commodity as in the case of any other. The only circumstance which can complicate the question,—the only circumstance which can cloud the crystal clearness, or invalidate the irrefragable soundness of the conclusion,—occurs when *either the supply of labour has been artificially increased, or the demand for it artificially diminished*. Such artificial interference the interferers may be justly called upon to compensate, to counteract, or to undo. In this nutshell, to our apprehension, lies the whole question of a Poor-law.

We shall be much aided in arriving at a clear view of the merits of the case by a very simple subdivision;—like what is attempted in cases of bankruptcy and insolvency. There are *three classes* of destitute (*i. e.* of those poor who need aid in order to enable them to live);—1st, those whom society has made destitute by selfish or injudicious legislation, by sins of commission or neglect;—2nd, those who have become destitute through their own fault, or that of their parents;—and, 3rd, those who have become destitute through unavoidable casualty, through calamities which could not reasonably have been anticipated—by the visitation of God, as we may say. Each of these classes requires a special and appropriate treatment; whereas both public law and public feeling at present lump them together, and deal with them as a homogeneous mass.

I. And, first, as to those of whose destitution society must bear the blame. Towards these unhappy individuals the duty of society is clear. It must redeem the past neglect, correct the past mistakes, unmake, in short, or efface the class, as speedily as possible, and assist to support it till effaced.

There are three ways in which society may promote and create destitution;—by absorbing in taxation an undue proportion of the produce of industry,—by undue encouragement to population, thereby augmenting the supply of labour,—and by improper restrictions on trade and industry, thereby diminishing the demand for labour. It is impossible to deny that in England we have been guilty of all these injustices. But it is equally certain that we have retraced our steps, and that we now offend in these ways no longer. In the first of these errors the poor were necessarily passive, and therefore innocent; in the two others they must share with the state the blame and the penalty; since, however injudicious or restrictive be the policy of the government, it is always in the power of the people themselves to insure a due remuneration for their labour, by restricting the supply to the demand,—by refusing, in spite of encouragement, to increase the population beyond those num-

bers whom industry and enterprise can employ at remunerative wages.

This amount of good sense and self-denial, however, we have perhaps scarcely a right at present to require from them, when we remember how deplorably the spread of sound Education among them has been retarded by our miserable sectarian animosities,—how little has been done to teach them those elementary economic laws, on the sedulous observance of which their worldly welfare depends,—how much is still done in an opposite direction in many parishes, by farmers and poor-law guardians to favour the married at the expense of the single,—how many of our provincial clergy and philanthropists, and how preponderating a proportion of the periodical press, are occupied, even at this day, in preaching up slavish dependence upon charity, and in crying down the virtues of providence and self-reliance, with a mingled recklessness and fanaticism which deserves the strongest reprobation. This, however, must be left to the natural correctives of time and circumstance. Now that the state has unfettered industry, and removed all unfair and oppressive taxation from the poor, all that justice can further claim from it is, that it shall, in the most judicious way that can be suggested, maintain those who really can find no employment, till, in the progress of prosperity, a period arrives (which, to judge by the rapidity with which our national resources are developed, cannot be far distant) when the demand for labour shall have overtaken the supply; and then to announce that for the future the fate of all must depend on their own foresight, and their own exertions.

II. The second class is by far the most numerous; and it is in dealing with this class that the radical error of our social philosophy is most apparent and most injurious. The idle, the dissolute, the dawdling;—the Irish peasant, who will beg for a penny rather than work for a shilling;—the Irish fisherman, who burns his boats for firewood, and pawns his nets, instead of using them to fish with;—the agricultural labourer, who waits listlessly in his hovel till work finds him out, instead of diligently setting out to seek it, in every direction, for himself, and who remains a burden on his parish, when manufacturing enterprise in the next town is hampered and delayed for want of hands;—the Sheffield grinder, who, being able to earn a guinea a day, will only work two days in the week, and drinks the other five;—the spinners and weavers in manufacturing towns, who waste hundreds of thousands of pounds in strikes for higher wages, which always end in the impoverishment of both themselves and their employers, and in leaving numbers of them permanently unprovided;—the unionists, who, like the weavers of Norwich,

the shipbuilders and sawyers of Dublin, and the lace-makers of Nottingham, have, by violence and unreasonableness, driven away trade from their respective localities;—and, finally, the thousands who, in spite of exhortation, in spite of the bitter warnings of experience, persist in spending every week the last farthing of their earnings, as if prosperity, and youth, and health could always last:—all these are the laborious architects of their own ill-fortune,—all these are destitute by their own act, their own folly, their own guilt. Those parents, again, who marry with no means of bringing up a family, with no provision for the future, no sure and ample support even for the present;—those who (like a hand-loom weaver whom we knew) bring up eleven children to an overstocked and expiring trade, which, even to themselves, affords only insufficient earnings and unsteady employment;—and those who spend in wastefulness and drinking wages which, carefully husbanded, might secure a future maintenance for their offspring;—these all bring into the world paupers, who are destitute by their parents' culpability,—and the sins of the father are visited upon the children.

Now, with regard to these classes, whatever aid the sentiments of Christian charity may prompt us, as individuals, and in each individual case, to administer, or however it may be occasionally necessary for the state to interpose for the actual salvation of *life*, it is important to pronounce distinctly that, on no principle of social right or justice, have they any claim to share the earnings or the savings of their more prudent, more energetic, more self-denying fellow-citizens. They have made for themselves the hard bed they lie on. They have sinned against the plainest laws of nature, and must be left to the corrective which nature has 'in that case made and provided;'—a corrective which is certain to operate in the end, if only we do not step in to counteract it by regulations dictated by plausible and pardonable, but shallow and short-sighted, humanity. But let us not lose sight of the indubitable truth, that *if we stand between the error and its consequence, we stand between the evil and its cure*,—if we intercept the penalty (where it does not amount to positive death) we perpetuate the sin.

Nor can it be said that, in contending that improvidence, idleness, dissipation, and early marriages should be allowed to encounter their natural fruit and salutary punishment among the poor, we are guilty of any partiality or special harshness. We demand no more from them than from all other classes. Privation and wretchedness are the allotted consequences and correctives of these vices in all other ranks,—why should the

lowest be exempted from the common law? * Why should we enact that the poor alone should be idle and imprudent, yet

* We do not forget, however, and wish by no means to dissemble, that the penalty for the improvidence and wasteful indulgences of the labouring classes is often so extreme as to necessitate a mitigation in their case, for which there is no call as concerns those in superior stations, who may suffer from the consequence of similar offences. In *their* case the penalty seldom goes beyond the privation of luxuries and comforts, and an uneasy dependance on more prosperous friends and relations. In that of the poor—but for the interference of strangers—it would often amount to the infliction of a *most painful Death!*

When the spendthrift Gentleman, or the improvident Lawyer or Merchant, falls into hopeless poverty, and is correctly enough said to be ruined, he scarcely ever actually comes on the parish, or is even reduced to support himself by manual labour. He is forced, indeed, to give up his house and dismiss his servants; his boys must be taken from school and college and apprenticed to humble trades or foisted into paltry clerkships; and his girls must try to go out as governesses, or set up as dress-makers, while he himself shrinks with his wife into shabby lodgings, and lives there in worn-out garments and on scanty aliments,—dunned most probably for his weekly rent and his baker's bills, and dunning, in his turn, the wealthy relatives who grudgingly contribute for his support. — A melancholy enough lot no doubt — and no light punishment for offences which we are but too apt to consider as venial: But never supposed to give any claim to relief from the Public—or even from the most compassionate of those who are eye-witnesses of the fall and degradation. Such mere reverses of fortune, on the contrary, we firmly believe, are most generally regarded by the lookers-on, not only with indifference, but with a certain degree of complacency,—and considered—and it must be owned not altogether unjustly—as no more than a fitting retribution for the faults and follies of the sufferers, and a wholesome warning to others to avoid such faults and follies.

But the case is felt to be widely different when a blight comes upon the potato in Ireland, or there is a general closing of the mills in Lancashire and Yorkshire; and when hundreds of thousands of the working classes are consequently thrown at once out of employment and reduced to utter beggary and destitution! Not that there may not be something of a merited retribution in this case also: Since a large proportion of the sufferers, if they had only saved in the days of prosperity, and abstained from having wives and children till they had taken some security for their future maintenance—might have escaped much of the misery to which they are now subjected. But no one, we suppose, will say, or think, that their actual improvidence, or foolish, or even vicious self-indulgences, should actually be dealt with as *Capital Crimes*—or can justify the infliction of the most painful form of death to which our nature is liable: And yet,

never come to want?—should be reckless and wasteful, and yet be fed at the cost of the sober and the frugal?—why should

but for extraneous aid, it is certain that hundreds of thousands would die and rot every year, in the streets of our great towns and the wayside ditches of our rural parishes.

It is this *terrible* specialty which originally drove us on a Poor-law; and which, we fear, will long operate as a practical impediment to the complete working out of those great and irrefragable principles which we have sought to enforce in the text. Improvident workmen obviously do not deserve the fate of murderers and felons; and no Christian, or even moderately civilised, community can possibly allow them actually to perish by famine, under the eyes of a people still in the possession of many comforts and superfluities. All mere *suffering* brought on by the fault of the sufferer, will probably be best left to impress its stern but most needful lesson both on the patient and the spectators; but he must, at all events, be enabled to *survive*, that he may profit by that lesson; and society must come to the rescue of all lives palpably about to be extinguished—except those that have been clearly forfeited by atrocious and enormous crimes.

In a country like this, however, including both England and Ireland, with its precarious harvests, its fluctuating demand for manufacturing labour, and, above all, with a population which has been allowed, or rather encouraged, to multiply without forethought or restraint, and to grow up without any education that could enable it to see either the perils by which it is surrounded, or the means of escaping them,—it is absolutely certain that, but for extraneous relief, thousands upon thousands must annually die miserably, under the very eyes of the legislature, and of the wealthy individuals by whose want of judgment, neglect, or instrumentality, much of that destitution and helplessness have been created. While this continues to be the condition of society, we think it plainly impossible that the necessary amount of relief can ever be derived from the voluntary and unaided charity of the benevolent individuals who may happen to be witnesses of the suffering; and if it were possible, it would be manifestly unjust and inexpedient to leave so grievous a burden exclusively on such persons. The mere *magnitude* of the evil, in all urgent and important cases, makes such a resource palpably inadequate; and, at all events, what could be more unjust than to load the tender-hearted and humane, who have had no share in producing the misery, with so oppressive a burden, in order to exempt from contribution their selfish and hardhearted neighbours—who, taken all together, are far better able to bear it, and probably include among them those who have been mainly instrumental in bringing this spectacle of sorrow and desolation into their common vicinity. A compulsory assessment is therefore, in such circumstances, and as things now stand, the only effectual or equitable remedy; and though there may be, and undoubtedly are, great difficulties, both in fixing the extent of the area over which it should be levied, and in guarding against abuses in the distribution of the relief so obtained, yet, until great, and, we fear, necessarily *slow*, changes in

they alone be allowed to marry without the smallest actual or prospective provision for a family, yet be guaranteed that their children shall never sink into lower poverty than themselves?

the condition of society are effected, it will be vain to expect that it should be wholly dispensed with.

Such changes, however, we are glad to think are not only in prospect, but are actually begun. By the abolition of the Corn-laws we have already taken security against the horrors of famine, except in some rare and very peculiar cases; and public attention seems at last so effectually directed to the necessity of a sound Education for all classes of the community, that we cannot allow ourselves to doubt that some of the intelligent schemes which have been devised for this purpose will be speedily realised. In the mean time we may mitigate the evils which we cannot yet remove; and the chief things to be attended to while what we fondly hope may prove but a period of transition still endures, seem to be these:—first, to make a more effectual and searching discrimination between those whose destitution may be fairly traced to their own vicious habits or flagrant improvidence, and those on whom it has fallen as a fatal or providential infliction; secondly, to give as little out-door relief as possible to any able-bodied paupers, and especially to those of the former description; thirdly, to make residence in the workhouse, particularly to the class last mentioned, as little agreeable and comfortable as may be consistent with the safety of life and preservation of reasonable health; and fourth, for this purpose to devise and enforce, both in and out of the house, far more rigorously than has ever been done since the days of Elizabeth, the performance of onerous and efficient work, so contrived and adjusted (which we believe to be quite practicable) as for the most part to defray the whole expenses of the labourer.

We will add, that an especial duty lies on landlords, large tenant-farmers, and, above all, on master-manufacturers, both to exert themselves for the efficient education of the working classes, and to administer, by private charity, to their relief in times of destitution. *They* are the immediate employers of the labourers; and thus contract relations, and, we must think, obligations also, in regard to them, which do not exist in any thing like the same force as to the other members of the community. *They* alone, too, know them individually; and *they* alone directly profit and are often disproportionately enriched by their labour. *They* should feel, therefore, that they often owe them a remuneration beyond the amount of their stipulated wages; or, at least, that they ought not to allow the artificers of their opulence to perish miserably in their sight—or even to be placed in degrading situations from which it is in their power to rescue them. We are glad to think that the majority of the employers, at least in this island, are alive to these considerations, and act in conformity to them. But neither the feeling nor the practice, we fear, is by any means universal; and no opportunity should be lost for recommending and enforcing its diffusion.

Let us not be misrepresented. We are not contending that the poor should not marry, because they are already too numerous for the labour market to draft off. We contend only that the poor, like nearly all the middle classes — like the majority even of the higher classes — should not marry — have no right to marry — till they have made some provision for the maintenance of the expected family. Marriage is an enjoyment, the claim * to possess which must, in every rank, be purchased by previous industry, economy, and prudence. No respectable shop-keeper, no merchant's son, no educated lawyer, no younger branch of an aristocratic family, thinks of marrying till he can support a wife in decency and comfort. If he does, his whole life is probably one long penalty — one drear repentance. Thousands accordingly remain unmarried through life, from inability to procure the means which alone would make marriage justifiable. Is it right to call upon such to support those who have spurned at all similar feelings of justice and self-restraint? Can any reason be assigned for making a distinction between the classes — for imposing this restraint upon the rich, and exonerating the poor? 'Every one has a right to live.' 'We will suppose this granted' (says Mr. Mill, *Pol. Econ.* i. 428). 'But no one has a right to bring creatures into life to be supported by other people. Whoever means to stand upon the first of these rights must renounce all pretensions to the last. If a man cannot support even himself unless others help him, those others are entitled to say that they do not also undertake the support of all the offspring which it is physically possible for him to summon into the world. Yet there are abundance of writers and public speakers, including many of most ostentatious pretensions to high feelings, whose views of life are so truly brutish, that they see hardship in preventing paupers from breeding hereditary paupers in the very workhouse itself! Posterity will one day ask, with astonishment, what sort of people it could be among whom such preachers could find proselytes.

'It is conceivable that the State might guarantee employment

* This was the ground always taken by Mr. Malthus. Again and again have we heard him maintain in conversation that he himself was the truest friend to marriage; since he represented it as the privilege and reward of character and conduct. Certainly no doctrine to the contrary will be found in his published writings. But there is surely neither character nor conduct in marrying without having probable means of supporting a wife and children. And no man, who is to support himself and family by labour, can have any such probable means, unless there is a probability of his labour being in demand.

‘at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound, in self-protection, and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent. If the ordinary and natural motives to self-restraint are removed, others must be substituted. Restrictions on marriage, at least equivalent to those existing in some of the German states, or severe penalties on those who have children when unable to support them, would then be indispensable. Society may feed the necessitous, if it takes their multiplication under its control; or it may leave the last to their discretion, if it abandons the first to their own care. But it cannot take half of the one course and half of the other. Let it choose that which circumstances or the public sentiment render most expedient. But it cannot with impunity take the feeding on itself, and leave the multiplying free.’

III. If the two first classes of destitute persons were dealt with on sound principles, — the first by removing the causes which have induced, or which excuse their destitution, and assisting them till time shall have effaced them, or till national prosperity shall have absorbed them; — the second, by allowing the natural consequences of their folly to arouse them to prudence and exertion, aided only by such *uncertain*, yet liberal succour, as private benevolence will always be ready to afford to the struggling and the sober, — the third class, the destitute by casualty, will be found reduced to a very narrow and manageable compass. Such destitution from accident or unavoidable misfortune is not unfrequent in any class. But it falls, of course, most extensively on the lowest, as by far the most numerous: and, in their case, where the visitation at any time extends to great numbers, it may often require to be relieved by a compulsory assessment. But even in the middle ranks, in proportion to their numbers, such afflictions are probably as frequent as in the lowest. Those whom Mr. Wakefield ingeniously designates as ‘the uneasy classes,’ contribute largely to it. The skilled artisan, in receipt of high wages, in constant employment, possessed of moderate savings, whose circumstances and prospects might have seemed to justify him in marrying, but who is cut off in the prime of life by inevitable accident, or disabled by uninduced disease, leaves his wife and family among the destitute by casualty. The naval or military man, debarred by illness from all chance of advancing in his profession, or whose prospects are ruined by the death of an influential relative, may be classed under the same category. The merchant, who has been reduced from affluence by the roguery or the bankruptcy of

others; the single ladies, whose income has been secured on turnpike trusts or West India estates; the clergyman, whose professional career has, from any unforeseen occurrence, been suddenly closed—may all be considered to belong to the same classification. This class—the destitute who have fallen from a higher fortune, not by their own fault, but by the visitation of God—would be, at no time, the proper occupants of a Work-house; and call on the part of the humane, for more delicate, and often more ample assistance than can ever be ministered by the overseers, ratepayers, or Justices of the parish. They furnish accordingly the highest and the best field for the exercise of Christian charity—for the display of that active, restless, indefatigable, benevolence, which is the proud characteristic of our age and country; and which (were all less valid and legitimate claims upon it negatived and put aside by the operation of the principles we have advocated) would not only amply suffice to meet all such demands, but would, by being confined within its proper channel, and directed to its fit recipients, rapidly recover all its readiness, all its beauty, all its reflex action on the donor. Where every ninth individual is a pauper, every eight persons have the maintenance of another person charged upon them. Whence, necessarily, the man who is compelled to contribute a large portion of his income to the support and encouragement of idleness and self-indulgence, is both less able and less willing to relieve more deserving cases of distress, and becomes more surly and suspicious with regard to all such cases. The application of sound and unwavering principles to the two first classes would ensure the more complete and effective relief of the third. The destitution of the former would soon be effaced by the natural operation of unchecked economic laws;—while the destitution of the latter would be relieved as rapidly as it appeared, by that individual kindness which nature and Christianity have alike allotted as its cure.

Our philosophy will by many be termed stern and harsh; but if it be sound, there can be no question that it is the truest and the tenderest mercy. That physician shows the most genuine sympathy with the patient who resolutely adopts the treatment which will soonest and most effectually eradicate his malady: and that assuredly is the truest philanthropy which exerts itself, not to relieve suffering, but to prevent it;—that the truest and most high-minded charity which labours assiduously to render its recipients independent of itself. It is not only a false philosophy, but a spurious benevolence, which would blink the difficulties of our social problems—which would slur them

over rather than solve them—which would seek for peace in fallacies and compromises whence peace can never spring—which would shrink from the truth because the truth seems to be severe—which would tacitly persuade the poor that they may with impunity violate natural and economic laws, and that they can sow the seeds of improvidence, indolence, and waste, without reaping the appointed harvest of squalid wretchedness and moral degradation—which encourages them to marry without means, because it seems harsh to prohibit or postpone the great solace of life to those who have so few others,—as if (says Mr. Mill) it were not a thousand times more hard-hearted to tell human beings that they may, than that they may not, call into existence swarms of other creatures, who are sure to be miserable, and most likely to be depraved.' We had proof enough under the Old Poor-law of the immense aggravation of pauperism and degradation caused by our morbid softness and our false philosophy. We have had proof enough since, in Ireland as well as here, that we cannot operate *ab extra*;—we cannot raise the mass out of their misery—they must raise themselves. State interference is omnipotent for evil—very impotent for good; powerful to make and multiply paupers—very powerless to relieve them. Our duty consists in encouraging the exertions of the people, in removing every obstacle, and affording every facility,—especially, the means of education. More than this, in reality, *we cannot do*: And if they are once convinced that this is our doctrine, and that it will be unswervingly applied;—that, while no grievance and no impediment shall remain which legislation can remove, yet that the state will no longer, in their behalf, stand between the cause and its consequence—will no longer exonerate the poor from the burden of those virtues by which alone in all other classes comfort and respectability can be purchased—we may hope soon to see a mighty change, in a society otherwise so vigorous as ours,—a change, the nature and extent of which will amaze those who, from having always let down their net at the wrong side of the boat, have toiled through the night of years, and yet taken nothing.

In dealing with these matters, however, we must again most distinctly and anxiously announce, that we do not urge—we deprecate—any barbarous or indecent haste. All that we are now anxious for is, to superinduce a healthier tone of public feeling on the subject than at present prevails. Let us once arrive at a sound view of things; and, even if we put this view in practice timidly, languidly, tardily, and partially, the 'war with evil' is

already half accomplished. Let us set and keep our face in the right direction, and the slowness of our progress need then be a matter of comparatively slight regret. We have hitherto erred in our view and our treatment of social maladies, from neglecting to study Nature (by which we mean always the Author of Nature) in her mode of dealing with them. We have been habitually too tender and too hasty. We have wanted nerve, and we have wanted patience. We have forgotten to observe that Nature cures the sins and follies of man by means of the penalties which she attaches to them, as at once their consequence and their corrective. Our tenderness has shrunk from the permission of the penalty—and we have wondered that the cure has not been wrought! Evils, such as those inveterate and deeply-rooted ones that now pervade our social system, cannot be removed without long time and much suffering;—it is, therefore, no argument against a plan of cure that it works slowly, and works ‘through much tribulation.’ Awakened reflection will show that Nature, in working *her* cures, is impatient of no needful slowness, and appalled at no needful suffering: And we must learn our course by watching hers. We must first satisfy ourselves that we are *on the right tack*; and then urge on the process with unshaken nerves, and await the final result with untiring patience and unfaltering trust. “

We have left ourselves little space for examining the merits of the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. But Mr. Burton’s book deserves more attention and a closer analysis than we can now give it. It is addressed chiefly to the operative classes; and, judging from the channel through which it is given to the public, we trust it is likely to reach them. While every page breathes the warmest sympathy with their feelings, and the truest wish to improve their condition, its tone and spirit are uniformly healthy, manly, and encouraging. There is no unworthy tenderness shown to their indolence, their selfishness, or their prejudices. He resolutely teaches them that they must do their own work, and shows them, at the same time, how they *can* do it; and few right-minded working men will rise from the careful perusal of the book without the resolution that they *will*, and the conviction that they *may*, raise themselves to a really comfortable and enviable condition in the social scale. We recommend attention especially to Mr. Burton’s clear and manly exposition of the cause of the distress of the hand-loom weavers, and of other corresponding classes:—

‘We shall always find that certain classes, more or less numerous

according to the state of society we are examining, are engaged in some kind of occupation that, however much time it may consume, makes a near approach to idleness. . . . The hand-loom weaver does not *labour*, according to the sense in which the term is employed by a people advanced like our own in productive enterprise. He works with no more energy than the Hindoo, and yet expects a common share of the produce of the most energetic and productive nation of the world. He does not fulfil the condition necessary to the holding a place in the industrial society to which he professes to belong. While he believes that he is doomed to labour more than other men, and to obtain less, the real calamity of his lot is, that he has never known what true labour is: For if we really and seriously compare it with the other efforts of the human beings around us, it is an abuse of words to call the jerking of a stick from side to side, with a few other uniform motions, by the name of labour. A machine does it, and a machine ought to do it; *men* were made for higher, more intricate, more daring tasks. And yet it is the most abject slavery. The man who works hard has his hours of relaxation; he who never knew what hard work is, has none. He has chosen, or, to speak more charitably, his misfortunes have thrown him into, the position of being physically a machine, and, like a machine, he must be ever present at his post, and unvaryingly uniform in his motion; morally he is a slave, but not a workman. . . . It might naturally have been expected, that a shrewd and energetic people would have soon abandoned the idea of being able to obtain the reward of skill, without imparting it; that the enterprising spirits among the weavers must have early seen the evil days in store for those who allowed themselves to lapse into the indolence of mere routine occupations, and they would at least have warned their children against the dangers of indolence. . . . But far from drawing the proper wisdom of experience from their own calamities, the parents taught their descendants to follow their trade, only to partake of their misery. Heartbroken, and objectless in their squalid poverty, they stuck to their falling trade with a sort of obstinate fatalism. They had, at the same time, temptations all too strong to initiate their children into the easy mysteries of the craft; for the very circumstance that attenuated the parents' wages, enabled the child to add its earnings to the family income; and so the young generation *slipped*, as it were, into the loom — and, by the fatal vice of yielding to the temptations of indolence, enslaved themselves for life. Such are the secrets of the 800,000 hand-loom weavers of the present day; with fair remunerating work for probably no more than a third of their number. — (Chaps. i. and ii.)

Mr. Burton has some valuable pages to show how nearly all, if not quite all, those elements of happiness which *really* constitute the enjoyments of the rich, are within the reach of the industrious and provident poor. His chapters on Capital fully confirm a statement which we made in a recent Number, as to the very

moderate profits at present realised by *capital*, when fairly distinguished from labour, invention, and risk; and his observations on the duties of employers to the working classes, and of the working classes to themselves, are among the soundest and boldest we have anywhere met with. In his chapter on Population we suspect that it fares with him as with most of Mr. Malthus's critics, and that he more nearly agrees with the real doctrine of that great philosopher than he seems to be quite aware of. His last chapter on Pauperism and Poor-laws brings him directly to the subject to which we have addressed ourselves in the present article. The point of view from which he principally regards compulsory relief, is in opposition to mendicancy: And his observations on the defects of the old system, in the three kingdoms, show the vast inherent difficulties of the attempt to mitigate destitution, without doing greater mischief even to humanity, by injuring industry and forethought.

'When the systems in the three countries were lately the subject of investigation and amendment, there was in Ireland no legal provision for the poor; there was in Scotland a provision little better than none; and there was in England a profuse demoralising system — which many people conceived to be worse than none. The abuses, indeed, of the English poor-law prompted many people to hold that there should be no legal provision for the poor; and to maintain that the salvation of Scotland consisted in keeping down the fund of pauper relief to its almost nominal level. Still if there was much mendicancy under the profuse distribution of England, there was still more in Ireland and Scotland; and it began to be perceived in the latter country, that whatever may be the effect of profusion, a system which does not profess to support the destitute, but only to give them occasional and trifling aids, was not beneficial; as it allowed a large class of the population to lapse into the careless degraded habits of those who have nothing to lose. It was seen at the same time that the system, in its professed thrift, afforded no means of disciplining the persons among whom the paltry sums collected were dispersed, in the manner in which all recipients of pauper relief ought to be disciplined, in order that it may be seen that the fund distributed goes to reduce, and not to foster, pauperism. . . .

'In all arrangements for taking charge of the damaged portion of society, the expense of the machinery is a trifle, in comparison with that which its imperfections may occasion; and hence the effectiveness of the arrangements is of infinitely greater importance than their cost.'

We have suggested no machinery for the applications of the principles on which our three great divisions are drawn. It would appear from the general tone of Mr. Burton's strictures, that he thinks there may be found, in the *Labour test*, such as it was in England in the time of Elizabeth, and such as it has

been restored in our own days, the machinery that he requires: And he adopts, apparently with approbation, Mr. Mill's summing up of the working of the present English Poor-law. Under its provisos, he says,

'It may be regarded as irrevocably established, that the fate of no member of the community need be abandoned to chance; that society can, and therefore ought, to insure every individual belonging to it against *the extreme of want*; that the condition even of those on the lowest step of the social ladder needs not be one of physical suffering or the dread of it, but only of restricted indulgence and forced rigidity of discipline.'

At the same time, he is sensible that the practical adjustment of so difficult a social operation as the administration of relief, is not yet solved by the discovery of a sound principle: —

'Notwithstanding the great practical utility of this principle, as it has been developed in England, it stands forth at this moment as a warning to all legislators, to watch the practical bearing of every principle, and to be ready to abandon any theory that proves insufficient for its purpose. The labour test has, to some extent, suited England; but it does not follow that, in the same form, at least it will suit England's neighbours. In the year 1846, the Government of this country encountered one of the most lively alarms that a government has ever experienced, by finding that hundreds of thousands of workmen in Ireland preferred the labour test to the necessary culture of the fields. The calamitous consequences which this phenomenon seemed to point to, were only averted by remarkable firmness and sagacity; but it left statesmen impressed with a lesson of caution, which would teach them to hesitate before they adapted, unaltered, to the other island of the United Kingdom, the system they had found so efficacious at home. In fact, the drama of the national workshops bade fair to have exhibited its first performance in this empire. The *English* workman cursed the restraints, the sordidness, the degradation of parish work and pay, and left it when he could — with those feelings of scorn and hatred which it was the legislature's policy to cultivate towards it. But the Irish Celt indolently adopted the public works as a provision for life; which, though poor, exempted him from the vicissitudes of voluntary labour, and promised to be uniform and secure. It is remarkable that the Highland Relief Board, having in their hands a large surplus fund to be applied to public purposes at the conclusion of the last famine, felt the same difficulty. They adopted the labour test; but labour offered by a charitable relief board, instead of being unpopular, was coveted; the workmen appearing to consider that it invested them with some of the pomp and circumstance of public officers.'

On the other hand, Mr. Symons, whose work is full of striking facts and valuable suggestions, complains that the Poor-law

Amendment Act is failing to keep down pauperism. The so-called labour test, as it has hitherto been applied, has been characterised more by the irksomeness and repulsiveness of the relief, than the industrial nature of employment. 'In 1835, the great æra of the Poor-law Reform Act, the rates reached 7,373,807*l.*; and in 1848, after thirteen years' operation of the Amendment, we find the rates are 7,817,429*l.*; and that every ninth person in our population is a pauper;' and that in their joint increase during the last two years, that of the paupers has been double that of the criminals. 'The reformatory character of the discipline essential to the object in view has been almost wholly omitted: and we find the system so essentially faulty, that we are fast relapsing into a state of pauperism as bad as it was before.' After stating, and showing from good authorities, that in Prussia, Belgium, Saxony, Bavaria, Denmark, Sweden, the Hanse Towns, Mecklenberg, and in most parts of the United States, employment is found for the poor, of a kind which almost always repays the full expenses of their maintenance, and often yields a surplus for their outfit and education, he emphatically concludes, 'Nearly all Europe and America thus afford us an example of what a Poor-law must be, if it aim at the reduction of pauperism. But I have no hesitation in avowing my belief, founded on many years' observation and experience of the Poor-law practised in England, that we are adopting the surest means of augmenting the burden we seek to lessen.' The training of pauper children in workhouse schools, although the duty of industrial training is now recognised by law, has hitherto failed, from mismanagement, equally with the workhouse itself; and he agrees with the Poor-law Commissioners in their last Report, that we must look to the establishment of District Schools if we mean to prevent the workhouse schools from degenerating into mere seminaries of future paupers.

ART. VII. — *Statistics of Coal. The Geographical and Geological Distribution of Fossil Fuel, or Mineral Combustibles employed in Arts and Manufactures, &c.; with coloured Maps and Diagrams, derived from official Reports and accredited Authorities.* By RICHARD COWLING TAYLOR, F.G.S., &c. &c. 8vo. London, Chapman: Philadelphia, T. W. Moore. Pp. 754.

THE author of this volume has been fortunate in the publication of his work at a time when the supply of fuel in the remotest quarters of the globe has become a new and most important question. The Indian Seas are already traversed by steam vessels, from Suez by Aden, Bombay, and Ceylon, to Singapore; and whilst we write a public meeting has been held for the purpose of completing the line to Sydney, the capital of Australia.* The American ‘movers’ too, have before this time shot out by railway to the far West; and having once reached the shore of the Pacific, the steamers of the United States will soon stretch over to the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, China, and the Indian Islands, from the East; and thus complete the circuit of the globe by steam. It is not, therefore, at all extravagant to suppose that a steam voyage round the world will in a few years be so practicable, that the merchant and tourist may make the circuit within a year, and yet have time enough to see and learn much at many of the principal ‘stations’ on his way. And it is very satisfactory to know that, in addition to the ancient and well-known supplies of coal from the mines of Europe, a production amply sufficient for all the markets and all the possible uses of the world, may now be expected from America; and that in every quarter mineral fuel of some sort exists, and may be made available for steam navigation.

Mr. Taylor, who is resident as an engineer in America, and is already known as the author of several publications of great

* All that is now wanting to extend the voyage from Singapore to Sydney is a coal dépôt in one of the islands east of Java. Thence, passing by Timor, the vessels will avoid the dangers of Torres’ Straits (now well ascertained), by anchoring at night; and, taking in coal again at Port Albany, a newly-discovered harbour close to Cape York, the passage, within the barrier-reef, to Sydney, is practicable with ease and safety;—the whole voyage from England to that place, which now requires four months, and is often prolonged to five, being thus easily accomplished within seventy days.

merit in geology, informs us, that wishing to compare the details of the coal trade of the United States and of some other countries, he found that the information required was not accessible in any single work, or even in a number of works—and in many cases was nowhere to be found on record. He began, therefore, to collect from original sources, till his materials expanded into a large volume: And there is no quarter of the world from which he has not obtained information of great interest and value.

The nature of the information which the reader may expect to find in this work may be estimated from a prefixed list of its contents, which is prefaced by an introduction of one hundred and fifty pages—in itself a valuable treatise:—on the general structure of coal deposits, an account of the supposed origin of coal, of the vegetable remains which have been found in it, the system of coal-mining, and of ventilating and draining mines; and a statement of the accidents and diseases to which the workmen in such mines are exposed, and of methods for obviating or lightening those evils.

The proper business of the volume occupies, with an excellent index, about seven hundred pages. It is illustrated by several coloured maps and woodcuts. The general plan under which the author arranges his information—beginning with the United States, and ending with New Zealand, the most remote of British colonies—is, to give the population of each country and of its local divisions,—an account of the weights and measures, with a reduction of them in every case to the English standard,—the exchanges, and the tariff of duties paid on coal and other fuel,—the quantity (reduced to English tons,) produced, exported, and consumed at home in every state,—the average prices and amount of sales; with general observations on the coal trade, the local modes of working, and the economy of the mines,—the extent, features, and peculiarities of the coal tracts,—the qualities and analyses of the different varieties of fuel in each district,—exact references to authorities and published documents being given throughout. From this ample enumeration, our readers will be enabled to judge of the vast amount of the statistical details condensed into the volume; and will perceive also, that it is impossible within our limits to give more than a very general view of its multifarious contents,—the greater part, indeed, not admitting of abridgement.

The inquiries of the author have been extended, with marvellous industry and perseverance, to every part of the globe; but, as might be expected of an engineer residing in America, the coal tracts of that vast country naturally occupy a large portion of the work. As these are probably less known to most of our

readers than the coal-producing states of Europe, while they are beyond all comparison the greatest depositories of coal in the world, — affording to that fortunate region the prospect of almost unbounded wealth, — we shall confine our attention chiefly to this part of the work: — But our readers may be assured that the author's account of other countries gives equal proofs of his diligence in collecting information.

Under the term FUEL Mr. Taylor comprehends not only what is commonly called *Coal*, — that term including the bituminous varieties of England, *Anthracite*, like that of Wales and of Kilkenny in Ireland, and the *brown coal* of mineralogists, — but also bituminous wood and peat. The whole forming, in fact, a series of gradations, from anthracite (mineral carbon), to recent wood — the differences arising chiefly from the addition to this carbon, of oxygen, hydrogen, and saline and earthy matter in various proportions. The adaptation of these varieties of fuel to the purposes of manufacture and commerce, can be determined only by experiment; and has recently been the subject of elaborate research in America and Belgium, as well as in this country. Our present business is chiefly with *coal*, in its application to the purposes of life and commerce; rather than the mineralogical or chemical qualities of the substances themselves. But, even in this view, lignite and peat are important subjects of inquiry; since there are purposes to which they are especially adapted under proper management; and as cases must arise, in the progress of navigation by steam, when it may be necessary to have recourse even to the inferior kinds of fuel, the places affording them ought to be indicated.

Until after the middle of the eighteenth century, nearly the whole of the great basin of the Mississippi, the valley of the Ohio, and the western slope of the Alleghany Mountains, or Appalachian Range, constituting the great central coal-field of America, were partially occupied by Indian tribes; and for many years afterwards, this vast region was held to be of so little value, that the acquisition of the coal-fields did not in any respect influence the arrangements between the parties, made at sundry times by William Penn and his family, and subsequently by the proprietaries. By the treaty of 1768, the latter became possessed of nearly the whole area of the bituminous coal-land of Pennsylvania, 'for the sum of 10,000 dollars!'; and about that time the presence of coal in certain places seems to have first become known. But it was not till 1828 that the first cargoes from the Alleghany coal-fields reached Philadelphia and Baltimore.

'In the year 1753,' says Mr. Taylor, 'there were probably no white men living within the present limits of the city of Pitts-

'burg; where, even in 1775, only a few cabins were standing: but, in our day, three fourths of a million of tons of coals are annually received there; and the iron manufacture is so great as to confer upon the place the title of "the Birmingham of America." Yet, vast as the produce is already in some places, it can scarcely be said to have begun; and it is impossible,' says the author, in concluding his general sketch of what he calls the great *Alleghany* coal-field, (preferring that term to *Appalachian*,) 'to contemplate its gigantic proportions, and its enormous yet almost untouched resources, without being struck with the magnificent field it presents for future enterprise.'

The coal regions of America may be divided generally into three principal masses: the great central tract, extending from Tuscaloosa in the state of Alabama to the west of Pennsylvania, — and being apparently resumed in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; — the second, also a vast region, strikes north-westward from Kentucky, crosses the Ohio, and stretches out through Illinois to the Mississippi; — a third region, smaller than the others, but still of great importance, lies between the three great lakes, Erie, Huron, and Michigan.

'A comparison of the coal strata of contiguous basins,' Mr. H. D. Rogers states, 'has convinced me that these are all no more than detached parts of a once continuous deposit; and the physical structure of the whole region most satisfactorily confirms this idea, by showing that they all repose conformably on the same rocks.' The extent of 'this enormous coal-field' — considering the outlying portions as intimately connected with it — is, in length, from N. E. to S. W., rather more than 720 miles, and in greatest breadth about 180 miles; — upon a moderate calculation, its area amounts to *sixty-three thousand square miles!* But there are, besides, several smaller basins, including the detached troughs of anthracite in Eastern Pennsylvania, — which of themselves alone form one of the most remarkable coal tracts anywhere existing. These may be stated, approximately, at about 200 square miles, presenting unequivocal evidence that all were once united. — And thus we shall have 'a coal formation, which, before its original limits were reduced, measured, at a reasonable calculation, 900 miles in length, and in some places more than 200 miles in breadth. The strata which constitute this vast deposit, comprehending coal in nearly all its known varieties, from the driest and most compact anthracites, to the most fusible and bituminous common coal.'

The development of the structure of this great region, a capital step in the geology of America, was accomplished by the brothers Professors Rogers, after several years of elaborate investigation.

An excellent epitome of their results will be found in the first volume of Mr. (now Sir Charles) Lyell's 'Travels in North America;' where, as well as in his 'Second Visit to the United States,' most instructive views are given, with admirable distinctness, of American geology in comparison with that of Europe. At present we must content ourselves with referring to these publications, and to the masterly original memoirs of the Messrs. Rogers, in the reports of the Associated American Geologists and Naturalists, published in 1843.*

One of the prominent facts connected with the coal seams of this remarkable country, is the prodigious extent, throughout which some of them have been ascertained to be continuous. Thus the great bed of Pittsburg stretches nearly through the whole length of the Monongahela river, having been traced throughout a great elliptic area of nearly 225 miles in its longest diameter, and of maximum breadth about 100 miles, — the superficial extent of this seam being thus about *fourteen thousand square miles*: and Mr. Rogers considers these vast dimensions as bearing actually but a small proportion to the ancient limits of the stratum, which he supposes to have been 'at least 34,000 square miles;' a surface greater than that of Scotland or Iceland: the thickness of the bed diminishing gradually from twelve or fourteen feet, to two feet.

It is, however, to the comparatively small Anthracitic region of Pennsylvania, that the greatest interest seems to be attached by the author of this volume; and it will, perhaps, surprise some of our readers, accustomed to the firesides of England and the cheerful blazing of our bituminous coal, to know that, in America, Anthracite, or stone coal, — which does not flame, but has the great advantage of not producing smoke, — is held in much higher estimation.

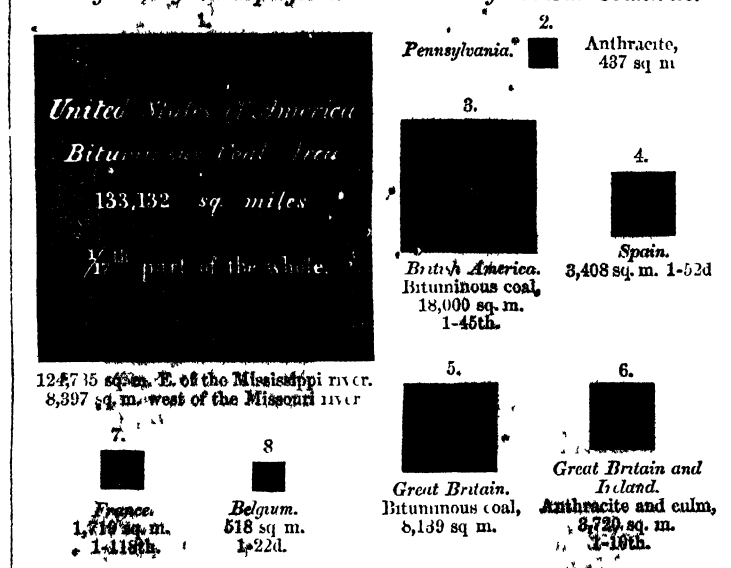
'We now pass,' says the author, 'to the *great deposit of anthracite in Pennsylvania*, the only one, in fact, of material value on this continent. Here we have the most interesting assemblage of isolated coal basins that the world has yet produced, or the geologist investigated. The physical features of this anthracite country are wild, its aspect forbidding, its surface broken, sterile, and apparently irreclaimable. A century ago a large portion of this wilderness had received, upon the maps, the not unapt title of the "*wilderness of St. Antony*." Three-fourths of a century after, when a great part of this area was still in stony solitude, a few tons of an unknown

* 'An Inquiry into the Origin of the Appalachian Coal Strata, &c.,' by Henry D. Rogers, pp. 433—474.; and 'On the Physical Structure of the Appalachian Chain, &c.,' by W. B. Rogers, and H. D. Rogers, &c., 1841 and 1842, pp. 474—531.

combustible were brought from it to Philadelphia, where its qualities were to be tested, and its value ascertained. But the miner has now entered into this wilderness of St. Antony, and canals have penetrated it, and railroads have traversed it. Basin after basin of this combustible have been discovered in it, tract after tract have supplied productive collieries in it, until, in a single year (1847), it had furnished the surprising amount of 3,000,000 of tons (an aggregate of near 19,000,000 of tons of anthracite within the last quarter of a century); and 11,439 vessels cleared from the single port of Philadelphia in that season, loaded with a million and a quarter of tons for the service of the neighbouring states. Such then is the anthracite region, and such its rapid progress in production. To Pennsylvania, in relation to the future, its value, in connection with the corresponding advance of her manufacturing industry, surpasses the power of computation.' (Pp. 19, 20.)

The proportions of the superficial coal areas in the principal coal producing countries of Europe and America, are illustrated by diagrams, which the author considers as more impressive than the dry statement of numbers.

Diagrams of the superficial Coal Areas of various Countries.



On comparing these figures with those which follow,—expressing the relative production, or amount actually worked out, in the different states,—it appears that Great Britain, with a coal area of less than 9,000 square miles, (that of the United States being 133,132 square miles) produced 31,500,000 tons of

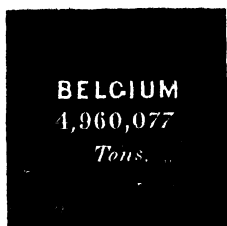
coal in 1845; the whole produce of the United States during the same period being only 4,400,000, or somewhat less than one-seventh of the British produce.

Diagrams of the relative Amounts of Production of Mineral Combustibles in the Six principal Coal-producing Countries of the World, in the year 1845.

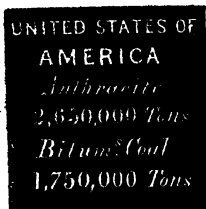
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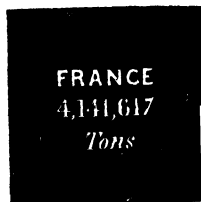
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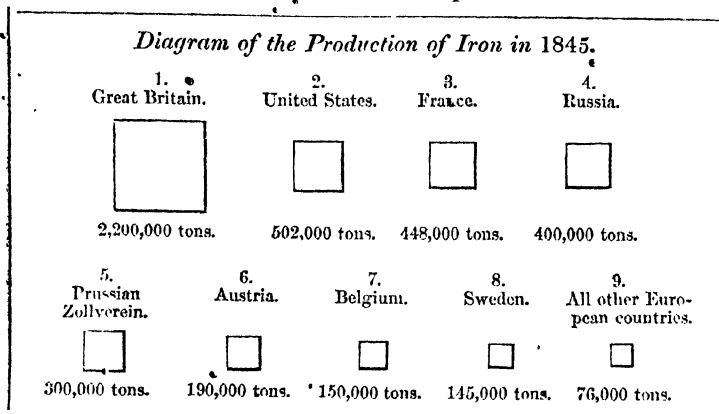
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6.



It may be satisfactory to our readers to have before them the relative production of *Iron* at the same period.



An investigation, conducted by Professor R. Johnstone at Washington, U. S.*, respecting the comparative *qualities* of coal for the use of steamers in the United States, has been published in America, and the results are quoted by the author. At the suggestion of Mr. Joseph Hume a similar inquiry has since been adopted in this country, and entrusted to Sir H. De la Beche and Dr. Lyon Playfair, by whom two elaborate reports have been recently presented,—the first containing a statement of the methods and apparatus employed in the investigation, the second giving the result of the experiments on various coals from different collieries. As the operations are not yet finished, we shall not anticipate their probable results; but the promptitude of the authorities in adopting the suggested inquiry, and giving it effect, has been very creditable and satisfactory. When the report has been printed, a comparison of the methods used by our reporters with those employed in America, as well as by some other experimenters in this country and in Scotland, and of their results, will form an interesting subject for practical chemists—as well as for the owners and consumers of coal.

Before we quit the subject of American coal, it is but justice to the public spirit and foresight of the statesmen by whom the geological and natural-history surveys of the United States were organised, to point out the benefit conferred on their country in thus obtaining for mining operations, and measures of local im-

* 'Report to the Navy Department of the United States on 'American Coals,' by W. R. Johnstone, 1844.

improvement; the guidance of Scientific knowledge. A government which is influenced by such views well deserves to have at its disposal such a powerful instrument of good as the United States derive from their vast coal districts. And in carrying through the surveys of several of the principal States, they have formed and brought into action a corps of practical geologists, who may compete with those of any of the older European countries.*

Coal Districts of Nova Scotia.—We have seen in the *Diagram* at p. 530. *fig. 3.* the very large space occupied by coal in *British North America*. Mr. Taylor states, that an association, generally known under the name of the ‘Cape Breton and Nova Scotia Mining Company,’ as tenants of the Crown and of his late royal highness the Duke of York, are lessees ‘of all the mines and minerals in the province of Nova Scotia Proper and the island and county of Cape Breton.’ The lease is for sixty years from 1827, at a fixed rent of 3,000*l.* per annum, with the condition that a maximum quantity (since increased to 6,500 tons) shall be raised annually, and a royalty of 2*s.* per chaldron be paid for all beyond that quantity. The company, which also possesses 14,000 acres of land, had in 1845 only four collieries open and at work—two in Nova Scotia and as many in Cape Breton. The author thus observes upon this arrangement:— ‘In reciting these details we, as well as our readers, cannot omit to remark the injurious magnitude of such gigantic monopolies as the one before us. In this case it covers an extent of more than 12,000,000 of acres, or three times the size of Wales. It is scarcely necessary to say, that its tendency is to impoverish the people, and to destroy all energy in cultivating the abundant natural resources of a fine country. On the continuance of such a deplorable system, the rival coal proprietors of the United States may well found their calculations of a remunerative internal trade in coal, with even greater certainty than, on the influence of tariffs and the restrictions of international regulations.’ (P. 189.)

A singular statement of fact is connected with this subject, — that the steamboats which run into Chignecto Bay are impelled by coals imported from *Great Britain*, — actually passing over the coal strata, which the inhabitants of Nova Scotia are not permitted to open! and up to the present hour they are compelled

* A chronological list of writers on American geology, given by the author, comprehends nearly a hundred names of men, of whom several have by their works already acquired high reputation in Europe.

to pay the price fixed by a single company for all the coals they consume! (P. 196.)

GREAT BRITAIN.—A general view of the relations of the British coal trade to that of our neighbours is thus given by the author:—

‘It is due to the unrivalled accessibility by sea to the best coal basins of England, Scotland, and Wales—where coals of many varieties and admirable qualities can be shipped at the very sites where they are mined—that Great Britain has hitherto been able to furnish such enormous and cheap supplies, not only to the home consumers, but nearly to every maritime country in Europe. In this respect she is far more favourably circumstanced than her rival continental producers, France, Belgium, Prussia, and Austria, whose coal-fields lie remote from the sea shore.

‘From Dunkirk to Bayonne, an extent of 300 leagues of coast, there are but two coal-fields; and those are at some distance from the sea. In regard also to the quality of the coal, France is less fortunate than England; for, with the exception of the basins of Anzin, St. Etienne, and a few others, the collieries of the interior yield but an inferior species of fuel. Both these circumstances combine to render France, to a certain extent, dependent upon Great Britain for the better sorts of coal; and hence the French government annually make large and increasing contracts for the delivery of English coal at their *depôts*, for the use of their steam marine on service. The incapability of *Belgium*—with her increasing domestic consumption, and in view of her diminished powers of production, and the remoteness of her coal-fields from the sea-ports—to supply the steam navy of France with any material portion of its regular fuel, is perfectly well understood. The diminished supply from Belgium in 1846 and 1847, and the corresponding increase from Great Britain, will be seen from our statistical tables. As to *Spain*, until the immense newly-opened coal-field of the Asturias, adjacent to the Bay of Biscay, shall be adequately developed, and its qualities more fully ascertained, it cannot be known how far *she* can, in addition to her own increasing demands, meet the growing wants of France and of Southern Europe.

‘The manner in which the coal tracts of Great Britain are distributed is fortunately such that every coal-field in England and Scotland can meet the next adjoining coal-field nearly on a radius of thirty miles; thus forming such a range of deposits, from Scotland to South Wales and Somersetshire, that the whole interior of the country can be supplied with coals, through the railroad system, from several central points. The east and west coasts do not any where exceed fifty miles from the nearest coal district. Even the most distant places in England, Scotland, and Ireland, do not exceed respectively, 150 miles from the nearest supply of coal; whence it is inferred, that railroad carriage for home consumption may ultimately supersede the shipments of coal by sea, except upon the immediate coasts.’ (P. 275.)

Notwithstanding the multitude of our publications, the estimates of the actual quantity and value of the produce of English coal must be at all times imperfect, from the nature of the trade; But the author supposes that the production of 1845 may be fairly stated as follows:—

	Tons.
Shipped coastwise, as per official returns	- 8,723,468
Shipped to the colonies and foreign countries	- 2,251,289
Interior consumption, of which 12,000,000 tons were estimated to be consumed in the <i>Iron Works</i>	- 23,500,000
	34,754,750*

In 1844 it was ascertained (how we are not informed) that the numbers of persons employed in mining coal and iron ore in the countries mentioned below were thus:—

	Prussia.	Pennsylvania.	Gt. Britain.	France.	Belgium.
In Coal Mines	-	-	110,233	29,320	38,400
In Iron Mines	25,000	15,000	10,949	1,963	2,808
	-	-	121,182	31,283	41,208

We add, from Mr. Taylor of Earsdon, supplied to Sir H. De la Beche—(Reports, 1847, p. 42.)—the following local or partial list:—

‘Workmen employed Feb. 1844, according to Returns collected by the Coal Trade Office.’

Districts.	Under ground.			Above ground.				Total.
	Hewers.	Boys under Twenty.	Overmen, Deputies, &c.	Bankmen, Brakesmen, Engine-men.	Carpenters, Smiths, Masons.	Boys under Twenty.	Employed in shipping Coals.	
Tyne	5,883	4,737	1,680	1,869	915	856	667	16,607
Wear	5,100	3,135	1,548	1,507	670	764	448	13,172
Tees	1,851	1,136	313	441	199	216	55	4,211
	12,834	9,008	3,541	3,817	1,784	1,836	1,170	33,990
	25,383			7,437			1,170	33,990

Profits from Coal mining.—Under this head we are told, on the best authority, that the profit is much less, on the whole, than might have been supposed. So great, indeed, is the hazard attending this kind of property, that it has never been possible to obtain an insurance against fire, water, or any other accident.

* It will be observed that this number exceeds that given in the diagram of production at page 531., *fig. 1.*, by no less than 3,254,750 tons.

Mr. Buddle, a person of great experience, stated* that, although large fortunes have been made in a few fortunate cases, 10 per cent. has not been realised on the average, at simple interest, without allowing any extra interest for the redemption of capital; and the author of this volume thinks that the experience on the American side of the Atlantic during the last five and six years coincides with this view. Mr. Clayton also stated (in 1800) that, in his opinion, the average profits of coal mines were inadequate to the employment of so much capital as they required, and to the risk.

South Wales.—The South Wales Coal Basin is justly called magnificent by the author of this volume: and perhaps no coal district in the world has been more effectively illustrated than this district now is, in the admirable maps and sections of the ‘Geological Survey of England.’ One of the chief points of interest connected with it is the great diversity of the coal produced within the basin;—from pure anthracite to bituminous varieties;—a striking analogy existing, in this respect, between this region and the great American coal tract; and the phenomena of the two districts concurring to illustrate the causes and characters of this change and gradation.

Mr. Taylor’s residence in America gives weight to his opinion as to the qualities of *Anthracite*,—which to English readers will probably appear strange,—‘that it is the best coal for domestic uses’ that exists among the known mineral combustibles of the earth.’ He has given well-arranged and extensive tables of analyses of different varieties of coal, including those of the late Mr. Mushett; and had himself, in 1839, produced a paper on the workable seams of coal and iron ore in the eastern part of South Wales. We have also a statement of the local distribution of the South Welsh coal, of which it is remarkable that a very small quantity makes its way to London; nor is it highly esteemed in France. Towards the close of 1840 an association was formed in London for the encouragement and protection of the Welsh coal trade, but without much success; the sale of the coal being so small that, in 1842, out of 2,273,200 tons imported into London, only 1280 were from Wales, in the shape of ‘*culm*,’ (the name given to the small of the Welsh anthracite). ‘Yet,’ says the author, ‘if we mistake not greatly, the day will arrive when this great metropolis will seek from the mountains of Wales her chief supply of mineral fuel,—far preferable to that which, from custom, she now considers so valuable.’ On this subject he also cites a passage from a book on ‘Fossil Fuel,’ which mentions ‘the striking

*. First Report to the House of Lords, p. 56.

‘contrast between the murky exterior of some of the large towns in England, and the appearance of the city of Philadelphia; over which, notwithstanding its thousands of coal fires, there is no smoke:’ but the author of that work, proceeding to state objections to the employment of anthracite, and to account for the non-use of it in Great Britain, is answered with some warmth:—

‘And what habitable place is there among communities of men, not even, we believe, excepting an Esquimaux Indian’s, in which smoke is not considered an intolerable nuisance,—an atmosphere unfitted for living and breathing in? Let the author and his readers take the word of one who, like most Europeans, from early custom, long preferred the brightly blazing, yet sulphurous and smoke producing bituminous coal, to the non-blazing, yet cleanly and economical, anthracite,—let him and them be assured, that, with the familiar modes, the ready appliances, and the improved methods now in universal use in the Atlantic towns of America, *there cannot be a reasonable apology for hesitating as to the two combustibles, for domestic use.*’ The difficulty suggested about ignition, even were it found so in practice, is deprived of all weight from the consideration that, with ordinary attention, a fire when once kindled in the fall of the year may be kept up till the return of summer, if needed. The supposed tendency of anthracite to emit a greater amount of noxious vapours during combustion than bituminous coal, is contradicted by the daily experience of those who employ the former in their apartments; and it is much less objectionable on that head than bituminous coal.’ (P. 92.)

The sub-bituminous Welsh coal possesses qualities which fit it remarkably for steam navigation. It is not apt to take fire spontaneously at sea; its density and compactness are great advantages in point of stowage on shipboard; and, for the purposes of war-steamers, it has the great superiority over the bituminous coals, of sending out little or no smoke:—the author stating, upon this point, ‘that, from the ascent of the columns of smoke above the horizon, the motions of the steamers in Calais Harbour are at all times observable at Ramsgate, from the first lighting of the fires to the putting out to sea; and that, in America, the steamers burning the fat bituminous coals can be tracked, at sea, at least seventy miles, before the hulls become visible, by the dense columns of black smoke pouring out of their chimneys, and trailing along the horizon.’ (P. 364.)

Mr. Taylor evidently was not acquainted with the progress recently made in the publication of the ‘Geological Survey of England,’ which now includes the whole of the South Wales Coal district: nearly thirty of the coloured maps, including the

greater portion of Wales and the West of England, having appeared, with the illustrative sections, horizontal and vertical, connected with each of them. The Maps are on a scale of one inch to a mile, and form a portion of the recent 'Surveys by the Ordnance Department,'*—maps of great excellence alone admitting of the introduction of such exact geological details. The principal coal strata are traced nearly throughout the complex involutions of the surface with surprising accuracy and effect; and even the '*Faults*' are laid down with distinctness,—ranging with an approach to parallelism, from about S. E. to N. W., but in some places singularly complicated; and their connexion with the features of the surface is clearly shown. The horizontal sections, with the vertical, leave nothing to be desired, and the whole work forms a subject of most instructive study to geologists.

The Vertical Sections are arranged in the form of columns drawn to a scale of forty feet to an inch, and illustrate several points of importance which could not be expressed on the horizontal sections: And, in the coal tracts, the thickness of each coal bed, of the iron-stone bands, and other strata, are given in great detail.

The surveyors have hitherto, fortunately, been employed upon some of the most difficult portions of this country, as to variety of surface and complexity of structure, and most important also in connexion with the mineral wealth and commerce of England. Their powers, therefore, of survey, and of expressing its results, have been brought to the severest test, and are now fairly submitted to public examination and judgment. For ourselves, we shall merely say, that we not only believe these geological maps to be the best that have ever been produced, as indeed they ought to be,—this work being the most recent, and the parties to whom it was entrusted having had at their command all the resources which England at the present day could supply; but that its excellence shows the officers employed upon it to have been eminently deserving of the support which their Survey has received from Parliament. It must, we think, in particular be a source of great gratification to Sir Henry de la Beche, the distinguished geologist who has had the direction

* The old Ordnance Maps of the south-eastern counties in England, (of date about 1810, &c.), are of very inferior accuracy; and could not admit of such a work being ingrafted on them as that of the geological survey. We trust that a really new survey, embracing the recent changes of the roads, &c., and adopting the new methods of expressing heights and variations of the surface, will soon be in progress.

of this noble undertaking, that his name will derive new honour from its permanent connexion with productions which justly add to the scientific reputation of his country. Our mine agents, and their employers, *must* have recourse to documents like these;—they are the book of Nature rendered intelligible to every reader; and no person having to deal with the facts they present can henceforth be excused, if he does not make himself acquainted with them.

Iron Ore.—Although *Iron*, in the form of an impure carbonate, ('the *mine*' of the colliers), is very generally found to occur in coal districts, its presence is not universal, and it begins to be scarce both in America and in this country. It may, therefore, be worth while to examine again some of our neglected coal-tracts, with a view to the discovery of this valuable ore; since, although now deficient in *coal*, they may still contain the *mine*. In this view the wealds of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, might, perhaps, repay an attentive examination—iron having formerly been manufactured in considerable quantities in those counties, and ore of excellent quality existing there in greater abundance than has generally been suspected. We know that the opinion of some manufacturers of experience in the iron trade is in favour of such an inquiry; which could be made with ease on the coasts of Sussex and of the Isle of Wight, as well as in the interior. If the ore were found in the counties above mentioned, the consumption of fuel in the manufacture of iron has been so much reduced by recent improvements, that it would probably be less expensive to bring coal to the country supplying *ore*, than to take the ore to the coal districts. It is not familiarly known that the representative of our 'Wealden,' (which is in England an *unproductive* coal formation,) affords excellent coal in the North of Germany, and supplies the manufactories of Hanover and other places.

Temperature of Mines.—It was ascertained by Prof. M. D. Rogers, from observation in the mines of Eastern Virginia, that the temperature augmented at the rate of 1° of Fahrenheit for every 60 feet of depth, 'from the invariable plane' downwards. (*Reports of Association of American Geologists*, 1843. p. 533.) And Professor T. Phillips deduced the very same rate of increase, from his own observations, in the mine at Monk Wearmouth, in Durham, nearly 1600 feet deep. (*Philos. Magazine*, Dec. 1844.)

Steam Navigation in the Pacific.—Among the places of interest connected with this subject, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands, Vancouver's Island, and Kerguel-

len's Land, are among the most prominent; and under each of these heads the author has given such information as he could collect: we shall mention, however, one or two points, upon which we have recently been favoured with information, correcting or modifying some of his statements.

New South Wales. — The total extent of the coal tract in the vicinity of Newcastle, Port Hunter, has not been ascertained; but the sales by the Australian Agricultural Company in 1840 amounted to 20,000 tons. In 1845 the Company had usually 10,000 tons ready on hand, the price being 11*s.* per ton delivered at the works, and at Sidney 22*s.* per ton. The sales in 1847 amounted to 40,000 tons. The monopoly by the Company having been surrendered in 1847, several works have since been opened by private speculators; and a seam of ten feet in thickness has recently been discovered within two miles of the place of shipment, so that the Company are now enabled to meet a demand of 300 or 400 tons per day, if required. There is no reason, therefore, to apprehend any deficiency of supply for the use of steamers upon this coast; and it is even supposed that the copper of South Australia might be smelted near Port Hunter with advantage—as vessels of 3 or 400 tons can lie in the port of Newcastle in perfect safety, under the end of the coal slips.

Van Diemen's Land.—Count de Strzelecki, in his valuable work*, showed the existence in this island of two deposits of coal, — 1. the South Esk Basin, supposed to agree in character with the Newcastle Basin of New South Wales; 2. the Jerusalem Basin, not far from Hobart Town on the east, which is said to afford *anthracite*; 3. in addition to these deposits previously made known, excellent coal is reported to have been recently discovered at Schouten Island on the east coast of Van Diemen's Land.†

New Zealand.—The extracts with which we have been favoured from official documents prove that coal has been found in so many places on the coast of the Middle Island, or New Munster, that the existence of some important coal-fields there seems to be far from improbable. The quality of the coal first obtained is of small importance, as it seldom happens that specimens near the surface are in such condition as fairly to represent the seams. A list of such names of places as we could find upon

* 'Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.' 8vo., 1845.

† It is mentioned in a dispatch from the Governor to the Home Office, Nov. 6. 1848, printed in Parliamentary Papers, May 25. 1849.

the map is subjoined.* Two of the places in which the coal is stated to have been most abundant are in the vicinity of Massacre Bay and of Otago. But in the hills near Wanganui, on the west coast of the North Island, or New Ulster, one very thick bed has been seen.

So much money has been wasted by injudicious attempts at mining, and so much mischief done by the accumulation of water in deserted and unknown works, that it may deserve consideration whether it would not be expedient to introduce at once—in the incipient stage of coal mining in this colony, some system by which a *registration of maps and sections* of coal mines should be ensured, and some control by proper inspection retained over the works. This will become especially necessary, if, as is not improbable, the natives be employed in mining;—in which case the well-known dangers of coal mines would be still more formidable, to them and to their employers.

No part of this volume has given us more satisfaction, and does more honour to the author, than that which relates to the

* The Map here referred to is that of 'The Diocese of New Zealand,' connected with Bishop Selwyn's 'Letters and Visitation Journal.' 3d edition: 1847.

I. MIDDLE ISLAND (OR NEW MUNSTER).

East Coast:—1. Lookers-on Bay, or Kaikora. 2. Vicinity of *Port Otago*; skirts of the *Saddle Hill*, and within a mile of the navigable river *Taieri*; Coal Point. 3. Matou, Molyneux, or Clutha river.

West Coast:—4. *Milford Haven*,—'coal exceedingly abundant, and limestone.' 5. *Bluff Point* (or *Bold Head*). 6. (South) *Wanganui Harbour* and *Cape Farewell*,—'very large beds of coal.'

North Coast:—7. *Massacre* (or *Coal*) *Bay*,—'coal crops out every where on the beach of the Promontory at *Hamahini*' (quere exact site?); *Motupipi River*—'coal abundant'; *Tata* and *Taupo*, near *Separation Point* (between *Massacre* and *Blind Bays*).

II. SOUTH ISLAND: Stewart's Island (or New Leinster):—

8. *Port William*,—'coal very abundant.' 9. *Port Mason*, or *Fenoucho-Inlet*.

III. NORTH ISLAND (or New Ulster):—

West Coast:—10. Hills between *Wanganui* and *Ahuriri*.

11. *New Plymouth*,—'suburban section close to the town.'

12. *Mokau*, about forty miles north of *New Plymouth*.

East Coast:—13. Lignite is said to abound in the *frith* of the *Thames River*.|

condition of coal miners and their families, — the accidents and maladies to which their occupation is exposed. The explosions of gas in collieries, which form one section of this subject, are so dreadful, both in their immediate effects and their consequences, and they have, of late especially, been so frequent in the British mines, that we shall devote the remaining pages which we have at our disposal, to the consideration of the means of obviating them.

The miner is a quarryman, who, in addition to the wants which are incident to all hard labour on the surface, must be supplied with light and fresh air by artificial means. And, besides the ordinary sources of danger, the collier is exposed to instant death from explosions of the inflammable gas which issues from the walls and roof of the caverns that surround him on every side; or, if he survives the stroke of that dreadful power, — which burns by its flame, as well as poisons those who respire it, — he is often suffocated by the carbonic acid and other gases produced or left by the explosion. Both the coal itself, and the adjacent strata, give out continually — and, in some mines, in great quantity — that fatal gas, one part of which diffused in eight of atmospheric air, renders the whole powerfully explosive; and, the heat thus evolved, again acting on the coal, a train of explosions, progressively increasing, is produced, of such force as to bear down all resistance. The following statement, given by Mr. Taylor from Burat*, a French geologist and miner, tells the results: —

‘The chemical effects are the direct production of the vapours of water and carbonic acid, and the separation of azote. The physical effects, a violent dilatation of gas and of the surrounding air, followed by a re-action through contraction. The workmen who are exposed to this explosive atmosphere are burned, and the fire is even communicated to the wood and to the coal. The force of the wind produced by the explosion is so great, that even at considerable distances from the site, the labourers are thrown down, or dashed against the sides of the excavations; the walls, the timbering, are shaken, broken, and crushed, — they fall in. And these effects extend even to the mouths of the pits, from which fragments of wood and stone are projected with a thick tempest of coal in the form of dust.

‘But the evil does not rest there — vast quantities of carbonic acid and azote, produced by the combustion of the gas, become stationary in the works; and those who may have escaped the immediate action of the explosion perish by suffocation. The ventilating currents of the mine, suddenly arrested by this disturbance, are now much more difficult to re-establish, because the doors which served to regulate them are partly destroyed. The fires are extinguished, and often the par-

titions fixed at the mouths of the shafts to regulate the course of the air are damaged and displaced to such an extent, that it becomes impossible to convey any help to the bottom of the works.' (P. vii.)

The British collieries appear to suffer especially, from explosions; and, so far as natural causes are concerned, they cannot be expected to be less frequent in future; for, as the demand for coal increases, our most valuable seams must be followed down to greater depths from the surface. Nor can our Government, as in many of the continental states, take a lead in the reformation of our mines, which are here the private property of individuals. Nevertheless, it is here, we are satisfied,—in England, and in our Parliament,—that the battle must be fought with this Demon of the mine,—and with that still more formidable spirit with which he seems too often to have allied himself—the love of gain.

Looking, therefore, to the probability that measures will, at last, be brought before Parliament early in the next session, we shall briefly make known to our readers some of the points at issue; for we believe, most sincerely, that many of the lives destroyed in our coal mines, during the last ten years, might have been saved, if the measures pressed on the attention of Parliament had been judiciously acted upon. We are convinced that at this moment the general feeling of the country is directed to this subject with peculiar interest.

1. As any portion of the gas, with from about five to fifteen portions of atmospheric air, forms an explosive compound, danger must always be apprehended where only a limited quantity of the latter can be introduced into a mine. If we could open out the mine to the atmosphere, and convert it into an ordinary quarry, the gas, from its lightness, would immediately ascend, and all danger would disappear. And although this most perfect ventilation is unfortunately impracticable, we should endeavour to *approach* it, in the ventilation of our mines, by the largest possible dilution of the noxious gas.

2. This dilution, and airing of the mine, by large supplies of air fresh from the atmosphere, is not less necessary to the health of the workman, than for the prevention of explosion, and the safety of his life. Men cannot breathe, in an atmosphere containing one sixth of the gas, without great injury to their health.

3. The Shafts, then, are intended—first, to give the workmen air to breathe; and, secondly, when the mine is dangerous, to make it unexplosive, and to expel the gas.*

* Ventilation is necessary also in deep mines to *cool the air*. The mean temperature increases with the depth at the rate of 5° for every 300 feet; so that in a mine of 1200 feet, the mean temperature

4. But Shafts have also other important purposes to fulfil: they are the channels through which the coal must be raised to the surface; and by which the workmen habitually gain access and egress to and from the mine. These objects, unfortunately, in too many cases, have been so combined with the function of ventilation, that the latter process is often rendered ineffectual or null.

5. It is believed, by many of the best informed persons, that *a greater number of Shafts*—with passages below, well arranged and well executed, for diffusing fresh air throughout the mine, would, in a great majority of cases, remove or greatly diminish the risk of explosion; and would most essentially contribute to the comfort and good health of the miner.

6. The *only* objection to the multiplication of *Shafts* is, that they are costly; though there is reason to believe that the estimate of the expense attending their construction has been exaggerated.

7. But even if the estimated expense were quite as great as has been represented, the serious alternative remains, — Are the mine-owners to encounter that expense?—or are the lives of the miners to be sacrificed as they have been?

8. To lessen the chance of explosion, the safety-lamp was introduced; the object being to enable the workmen to carry an imperfect light through an explosive atmosphere without setting it on fire: the lamp, of course, not expelling the gas, nor rendering the mixed atmosphere less injurious to health.

9. But experience has now proved, beyond doubt, that no lamp is a complete security against explosion. It may assist the miner in guiding himself through an old or dangerous work, by giving him warning; but, in extreme danger, his only resource is, to extinguish his lamp—and to fly! The lamp cannot be used in *working* without risk of injury from accidents; and when exposed to currents charged with gas or coal-dust, the flame is communicated to the mixed air beyond the lamp, and causes explosion.

10. The light afforded by lamps of the most improved construction is often inadequate to the purposes of the miner. It is in evidence, on the best authority, that the thicker seams of coal cannot be worked without the light of candles.

11. An unfounded, — but we cannot say with truth a disinterested confidence in the lamp, has been productive of great loss of life. First, by causing work to be carried on in dangerous mines, without other measures of security against explo-

is 20° greater than that of the surface. The workmen complain and suffer much from the heat in such cases.

sion; and, still more unfortunately, by leading to a vicious limitation in the number of shafts, thus '*lowering the standard of good ventilation.*' Where there is only one shaft, — or even two shafts if in *close* proximity, — explosion at once puts an end to ventilation, rendering the death of those who remain, by after-damp, (carbonic acid) almost inevitable. While the effective relief of those who have been injured, by prompt removal to the surface, is impossible.

12. The obvious remedy for the evils thus naturally existing or artificially produced, — repeatedly pointed out by the earnest memorialists of the miners, and by the concurrent testimony of numberless well-informed and impartial persons, — is, first, the multiplication of SHAFTS, — which ought to be spacious, not too near each other, and so placed as to favour the escape of the lighter noxious and adulterated airs, by channels quite distinct from those by which fresh air is brought into the mine; — and unencumbered, also, as far as possible, by the apparatus for pumping, and for bringing up the coal.

13. But shafts *alone* do not insure good ventilation. The passages or air-ways connected with them, should be direct, uniform in dimensions, air-tight when communication is not desired; — and, above all, should have a considerable clear space *above* the workmen; for the reception and conveyance of the lighter gas to an appropriate upcast.

14. The '*goafs*,' or exhausted wastes of the mine, should be objects of particular attention, their free ventilation being *specially* provided for, and carefully watched: the air passing through or proceeding from them should not linger in the works, but be immediately and separately carried outwards.

15. As special cases of difficulty in ventilation may arise from various causes, it would be important to have at command some additional (or, so to speak) external power of exhausting or injecting air into the mine; and for this purpose, the Steam Jet of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, if it answers to the descriptions given of its efficacy, offers an obvious and powerful ally. But as the great and primary resources to be relied upon are the Shafts and well-managed air-ways, we should be careful — in this case, as in the use of lamps — not to allow the accessory, to call off attention from the indispensable requisite of *thorough ventilation, by Shafts.*

16. The permanent efficiency of all the provisions for ventilation of the mine, and the safety and health of the workmen, should be maintained by the diligent inspection of well-informed men; — of knowledge sufficient to deserve attention, courage to assert, and firmness to maintain, their just and real opinions.

Lastly. However reluctant to introduce any thing like com-

pulsion into the superintendence of mines, we yet can hardly conceive that the business of inspection can be practically effective, unless there exist, *somewhere*, (and the higher the quarter, the better) a power to stop the working of a dangerous or ill-constructed mine, after due representation to the proper authority by the Inspector. Taking into account the great variety which must be expected to exist in the structure of mines, and the great diversity of temper, disposition, and of pecuniary circumstances, especially among the smaller proprietors,—difficulties must from time to time present themselves which no *unsupported* recommendations of improvement can overcome. Upon this point there may, perhaps, be a difference of opinion; and we are content to leave the question to our readers;—having suggested nothing else, that we cannot sustain by facts, and by the evidence of living witnesses, — and nothing, we most conscientiously believe, that does not give fair promise of being practically useful.

To return to the volume immediately before us. We do not apologise to the author for devoting so many pages to the consideration of a subject which forms an important section of the statistics of coal, though we are thus prevented from advert- ing to several points in his valuable book which we had intended to notice. We agree with Mr. Taylor most cordially as to the necessity of change in our system of coal mining, and in our treatment of the workmen; and are convinced that he will rejoice with us at the prospect of improvement which, we trust, is now approaching.

The miners in our collieries, we verily believe, have been an injured and misrepresented body of men. In our earlier history they were treated as slaves,—transferred, like beasts of burden, along with the ground under which they laboured, and deprived of the benefit of the *habeas corpus*.* The laws sanctioning these enormities were only finally repealed, in so far at least as Scotland was concerned, in 1799. They have been too commonly regarded as brutal and barbarous; and but a few years have passed since we consented to release their wives and daughters from the most oppressive and indecent labour in the mines. We gave them no education; we did not impart to them the comforts of social life; we tempted them to expose their lives to an enemy whose grasp is instant death; and did not enforce the use of the only feeble protection which,—as we asserted—it was in our power to supply. We still neglect

their, complaints,—the just and reasonable demands which, from one end of this island to the other, they have repeatedly and respectfully brought forward; and yet we tell them, even in the face of Parliament, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they are the authors of their own destruction!*

A stain already rests upon the reputation of our country, for the past neglect of this large portion of our fellow subjects. We may hope by promptitude to lighten, though we cannot entirely remove it. But it will darken, and become indelible, if another session of Parliament be allowed to pass by, without a strenuous effort to protect their lives and improve their social condition.

ART. VIII. — *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F. R. S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., with a Life and Notes.* By RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. 3d Edition, considerably enlarged. 5 vols. London: 1848-9.

A VARIETY of circumstances have combined to diffuse a more general knowledge of these agreeable volumes than can usually be anticipated by the reviewer of a new publication. Though they really contain, in their present complete form, much attractive novelty, yet the substance of their contents has been long before the public. Even the series now before us appeared in a succession of single volumes; each of which naturally revived the consideration so deservedly due to the whole. Nor can we well omit to mention that the admirable parodies of a popular periodical have familiarised every English reader with those peculiarities of style, sentiment, and character which necessarily furnish the distinctive features of such a book as this. Notwithstanding, however, these forestalments of our functions, we are loth to be altogether deprived of so pleasant a subject of disquisition: and we indulge our inclinations the more readily, from the conviction we feel that the volumes in question will supply not only ourselves, but many a successor, with inexhaustible materials for reflection, reference, parallels, and observation.

Who and what Mr. Samuel Pepys was, has been often heretofore related, and will appear, we trust, more particularly as we proceed. Dying in his seventy-second year, on the 26th of May, 1703, he bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, an

extraordinary accumulation of literary treasures. Of these the most conspicuous portion was his private library of books, and manuscripts; collected, as tradition says, by no very scrupulous means, and certainly with no inconsiderable expenditure of pains and money. The circumstances of the collection and the bequest were equally curious. There is no reason to believe that Pepys, at least in the early part of his life, had any strong tendency to what is called 'book-learning.' He was, it is true, of sedentary habits, of a most inquisitive disposition, and gifted besides with many of those tastes or fancies which lead to the acquirement of a good deal of multifarious knowledge. But he certainly was not, in our sense of the word, either a scholar or a student. He neither was nor pretended to be deeply or accurately read in any branch of learning or science. He was an admirable man of business, an excellent accountant, endowed, as is evident, with a prodigious faculty of methodical arrangement, and probably as efficient a public servant, in this respect, as ever lived. But of his literary capacities there remain few records more substantial than the diary now under review. All the duties of his pretensions and station he discharged, on the whole, with great liberality and zeal. If not a learned man, he was a 'patron of literature and the fine arts,' and, as his noble editor most truly remarks, 'the numerous books dedicated to him furnish ample testimony of his munificence.' He was besides a virtuoso, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a short-hand writer. He was reputed of a good fancy, in architecture, in hangings, in jewellery, in costume, and in pictures. He subscribed fifty plates to Willeughby's *Historia Piscium*, as many pounds to the new buildings of Magdalene College, and a handsome cup to the Clothworkers' Company. He played a pocket flageolet wherever he found an echo, sang catches in public gardens to the admiration of the promenaders, and criticised the performances in the Chapel Royal, with the authority not merely of an amateur, but an artist. He attended at the representation of every new play, and at the exhibition of every new philosophical experiment. He bought all the new mathematical instruments as they were invented, and occupied himself for a reasonable time with each successive novelty. While we are upon the subject of his personal qualifications, we may just record one fact—in exemplification of our own care in perusing his diary. His features have been perpetuated by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in what we must presume to be a striking portrait—though we make bold to say that, unless great allowance is due to the levelling effects of full-bottomed wigs and laced cravats, the individual specimens of the human race must have all resembled each other much more, in

those days than at present. Such as he was depicted, however, on canvass, he is now to be seen, in the very front of Lord Braybrooke's first volume; but we are not aware that any person has yet discovered his exact height. We have now, therefore, to state that since, on the 4th of Jan. 1669, he 'could, just stand under the arm of the tall woman in Holborne,' which said woman appears, by a subsequent entry, to have been 'exactly six feet five inches high,' Mr. Pepys, in the 37th year of his age, could not greatly have exceeded the stature of five feet three! If any reader should think the fact thus elicited of small importance, we can assure him that it is just such a one as the ingenious author of the Diary would have been most anxious to see recorded.

With all these qualifications, however, Mr. Pepys was certainly not a bookworm. We rarely find him engaged in the same study for three weeks together; and though his cursory remarks upon the publications which he did read, often show considerable acuteness and judgment, yet his selection of books for perusal was not very discriminating, and seems to have savoured a good deal of that taste which is still catered for in the drawing-room of a London club-house. But, fortunately for posterity, he was something of a bibliomaniac: And certainly contrived to form a remarkably good and interesting library; comprising not only many curiosities of early typography, but copious specimens of the fugitive literature of his day. Six large folio volumes, for instance, are filled with broadsides, songs, and ballads of every description, each of which is now almost unique; while the marketable value of the whole has been computed by thousands of pounds sterling. In addition to these treasures is an admirable library of the choicest books, bound after the choicest fashion, of the days of the Stuarts. These volumes were selected with infinite care and deliberation, and the reader of the Diary will frequently meet with a record of the precise time and price at which Mr. Pepys secured particular prizes. Thirty years, at least, before his death we find that he had resolved on no account to fill more than a certain number of 'presses;' and accordingly, as he acquired any new or valuable publication fitted for a place on his shelves, he weeded his library of its least dignified or considerable specimens, to make way for the new comers. At the beginning of each year, too, with the help of his wife and maid, he was wont to 'set them up' afresh; and we are favoured with particular records of the appearance which the 'presses' made at any one period, compared with the show of the previous year. The 14th of January, 1668, seems to have been devoted to this amusement.

‘To my chamber, having a great many books brought me home from my bookbinder, and so I to the new setting of my books against the next year—which costs me more trouble than I expected, and at it till two o’clock in the morning.’ Even this, however, did not content him; for on the 2nd of the next month we again find him ‘all the morning setting my books in order in my presses for the following year,—their number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better—being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain.’ After this exercise he adjourns to ‘a very good dinner, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted.’

This library, thus perfected by thirty years’ rectification and refinement, Mr. Pepys at length bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge; on conditions which included its preservation for ages to come in the selfsame plight in which he had left it. The ‘presses’ were to remain unmutilated and undefaced, and were to be kept in an apartment exclusively devoted to themselves. Their contents were neither to be increased nor diminished by a single volume, but were to remain exactly in their original state and form. As he willed, so it has been. In a certain room of what was once called ‘the new building’ of Magdalene College, and on the exterior wall of which may still be deciphered the inscription BIBLIOTHECA PEPEYSIANA, was this collection for many years deposited; until, at a recent period, it was removed to an apartment in the new lodge lately erected for the Master of the College. There it now remains,—the ‘presses’ and their contents being just as they were left, the former in all the glory of black mahogany and glazed doors,—the latter in their original bindings, and, probably enough, in their original order.

But the most precious specimen of this treasury was that with which we are now concerned. Amongst the books in the presses were six large volumes filled with writing in short-hand; which remained undeciphered, if not unnoticed, for a century and a quarter. At length, some twenty or thirty years ago, they attracted the attention of persons competent to estimate their value, and the cipher was soon after submitted to a gentleman of St. John’s College for interpretation. The problem proved not very difficult of solution: the cipher employed being but slightly varied from one commonly in use in those times, and even regularly taught in certain schools, for the purpose of enabling students to write rapidly from dictation. The contents of the mysterious volumes were, accordingly, soon translated into the vulgar tongue; and they were found to be nothing less than a faithful and particular Diary of Mr. Pepys’s

life and conversation from the 1st of January, 1660, to the 31st of May, 1669. This Diary, or rather, a large selection from it, was first published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825; and the speedy sale of two large editions proved how accurately its interest had been estimated by its noble editor. For reasons, however, to be hereafter noticed, it was not then thought proper to publish the journal in full,—its records being subjected to an expurgatorial process, which is now shown to have been conducted with rather excessive severity. When, therefore, a third edition of the Diary was determined upon, it became a question of some interest to decide whether the original scheme should or should not be abandoned, for a more unreserved communication of the author's thoughts. Fortunately for the reading portion of the public, this question was decided in the affirmative; and the result now finally appears in the five volumes specified at the head of this paper.

Trite as the biography has become, the convenience of our readers may, perhaps, be consulted by such a recapitulation of the leading facts of Mr. Pepys's life as will conduce to the ready appreciation of the Diary he left behind him. He was born on the 23rd of February, 1632; but whether at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, or in London, appears to be now only ascertainable from the internal evidence supplied by his journal. It is plain that he was in very early youth familiarised with the Metropolis and its suburbs; but on the other hand Brampton was the residence of his father, and he was undoubtedly first sent to school at Huntingdon. Subsequently he went to St. Paul's, and received the completion of his education at Cambridge, where he was originally entered at Trinity; but having been attracted, apparently by a scholarship, to Magdalene, he commenced his academical residence at that college in 1651. Concerning his exploits at this seat of learning his biographers have unhappily been able to rescue only a single fact from oblivion,—and that, too, not particularly to his honour. In the Registrar's book of Magdalene is recorded the following:—*'Memorandum, Oct. 21, 1653. That Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, for having been scandalously overserved with drink y^e night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident, in Mr. Hill's chamber. JOHN WOOD, Registrar.'* Whether this admonition produced any permanent effects is, we fear, rather doubtful. We do not, it is true, meet with many confessions of his absolute intoxication, which certainly would not, had it occurred, have been omitted from his records:—and he even remarks once that his father did, *'for the first time in his life, discern that I had been drinking.'* On the other hand, the

notices of protracted and rather outrageous merry-makings are so frequent, that we suspect a scientific faculty of resisting the effects of liquor must have been among the endowments or academical attainments of Mr. Pepys. At least, he speaks with the air of a critic in such matters. 'April 10, 1660. Did see Mr. Creed make the strangest emotiens to shift his drink, that ever I saw!'

Mr. Pepys, however, must certainly have proceeded through the regular university course, for we find mention of his M. A. degree and its cost (9*l*. 15*s*.); and in 1662, being at Cambridge on his way to Huntingdonshire, he exercised his franchise as a member of the senate. 'Oct. 10. Dr. Fairbrother telling me that this day there is a congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a cap, gowne, and hood, and carries me to the Schooles, where Mr. Pepper, my brother's tutor; and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M. A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did vote by subscribing papers thus, *Ego SAMUEL PEPYS eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton alterum e Tutoribus hujus Academiae, in annum sequentem.*' Our Cambridge readers will not fail to observe how much has been abolished, and how much retained; in the corresponding ceremonies of the present day. It is a great pity that Pepys did not leave some record of the state of the University during the Protectorate, which was the period of his attendance: as such a notice from such a hand would have been in the highest degree edifying. He visited the old place more than once in after times, but only in his journeys to the north or east; nor does he speak of it with half the interest he professes for the localities round about London. He happened, however, to be there in 1661, just at the restoration of the old régime; and although it was mid-July the students seem to have been all in residence and the colleges full. 'July 15. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock; when, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John, at eight o'clock, in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College Chappel, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs—which is a strange sight to what it used, in my time, to be here.' It was certainly clear enough that things were altered in respect of ceremonies; for when, a few days afterwards, he went to church at Impington, 'At our coming in, the country people all rose with much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins "*Right Worshipfull and dearly beloved*" to us.' Presently he is informed 'how high the old' (*i. e.* the restored) 'doctors are in the University over those they found there—though a great deal better

‘scholars than themselves—for which I am very sorry.’ It should be borne in mind, however, in estimating any little touches of this sort, that the sympathies of Pepys, for many years after the Restoration, are clearly with the vanquished party.

Though Mr. Pepys’s father was a tailor by trade, yet he was connected by descent with the Earl of Sandwich; and in the house of this relative our hero found refuge and occupation, when an early marriage had rendered both these advantages unusually desirable. In 1658 he attended his patron, then Sir Edward Montague, upon his expedition to the Sound; and was appointed on his return to a subordinate clerkship in the Exchequer. Two years afterwards he was made clerk of the Acts of the Navy—a place which he filled with great credit during the whole of the period embraced in the Diary. Nor was this the end of his promotion in the state; but as his subsequent career is less materially connected with the volumes before us, we need not enter into its particulars.

This brings us at length to his famous Journal. The dates of its commencement and termination (Jan. 1660—May, 1669) have been already specified, and these would of themselves suffice to apprise the reader of the general Historical information to be expected from its contents. Its essential character, however, depends in a very slight degree on such matters as these. Without making any exception in favour either of the published memoirs of Fletcher, Lord Byron’s valet, or of any other production of ancient or modern diarists, we unhesitatingly characterise this Journal as the most remarkable production of its kind which has ever been given to the world. It is difficult to add much, beyond example, in the way of illustration. We can hardly yet satisfy ourselves of the description properly due to such a development of human nature. Of one point, however, we entertain little doubt;—that its contents were never compiled with the remotest view to publication. No eyes but those of Samuel Pepys could have ever been intended to scan the entries of his journal. Nor do we think, upon a general retrospect, that these daily records were made with any idea of subsequently reducing them to any publishable form—for their substance has certainly little reference to the political, and but incidentally to the social, history of the country. It is true that Mr. Pepys undoubtedly contemplated, *inter alia*, a connected history of matters relating to that department of the administration in which he spent so many years of his life; but for this purpose we know that he made an entirely separate collection of materials. Indeed, the internal evidence of the volumes themselves is hardly reconcilable with any other supposition than that they were written from a me-

chanical habit acquired by the author of committing daily to paper, under the protection of a cipher, his every action, motive, and thought; and with the sole view, apparently, of recurring to them in after times, for his own amusement and information. In this respect nothing that has ever been compiled in the shape of autobiography makes any perceptible approach to the fulness and genuineness of Mr. Pepys's Diary. Rousseau's Confessions will bear no kind of comparison; nor will any of the French essays by which that seductive tale has been followed. Perhaps the reflections of Silvio Pellico in his prison supply a somewhat nearer match; but the two productions are hardly homogeneous enough to be compared. But little information is discoverable in the Diary itself of the motives which led to its compilation. Once, on visiting Sir W. Coventry in the Tower, he found him alone 'writing down his journall, which, he tells me, he 'now keeps of 'the material things; upon which I told him, '(and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think,) that I kept 'it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry 'almost that I told it him—it not being necessary, nor may be 'convenient, to have it known.' This entry shows that the precaution of a cipher had some reference to the political perils of the times; although, as far as Mr. Pepys's memoranda go, 'the material things' assuredly form but a small portion of their substance. Many of our readers will probably be able to tax their own recollections for the motives which suggest the keeping of a temporary journal; and we are inclined to think, upon the whole, that the ideas which resulted in the relic now before us, differed but very little from those of the most ordinary school-girl, tourist, or idle recluse.

As regards the historical value of this production, we have already rated it rather low: though this opinion must be taken with a certain qualification. It is according to the definition which the term 'history' receives that it must rise or fall in the reader's estimation. If history is to be characterised by that 'dignity' which precedents have sanctioned, or composed with that grave formality which some quarterly reviewers demand, the journal of Mr. Pepys will be next to useless. It tells us comparatively little of wars, treaties, speeches, proclamations or debates; and this little is told in a sorely undignified spirit, and with an accuracy of detail by no means unimpeachable. Every now and then, indeed, we are able to detect errors in dates, Christian names, and even records of appointments, which would infallibly ruin the author in the eyes of modern critics. In fact, the very style in which such information is communicated precludes the possibility of giving it an unconditional acceptance. It is mostly *merè* gossip, retailed at second or even at third hand. 'Comes

'my lord so and so to me, and tells me that he has seen Mr. so and so, who does say,' &c. The facts therefore which would be available for such histories as were written in the last century are few in number, and not extraordinary in value. But the picture wholly changes, if History is considered, in the light of a science which is to inform us, besides the great events of the period, of the customs, habits, and opinions of our forefathers; to give us a real and lively notion of the days in which they lived, and to teach us the relative civilisation of the age in question, as compared with that which preceded and those which have followed it. These five volumes, in short, would be every thing to a Macaulay, but nothing to a Smollett. We doubt even if Hume would have availed himself of the Diary, to add or change half a dozen lines in his reign of Charles II.; for although Mr. Pepys paints the court, the monarch, and the times in more vivid colours than any one else, yet the general lights and shades of the picture were correctly enough known before, and could hardly have been amplified or deepened without a departure from that sententious 'dignity' which opinion prescribed.

Even, however, when thus liberally viewed, the character of Mr. Pepys's Journal is far more personal than historical. The entries have an almost exclusive reference to himself—his family, his position, his prospects, his most secret motives, and his most inward thoughts. It is therefore as the picture of a single mind that the monument is most perfect—although, in point of fact, the mind thus portrayed is one of the most ordinary and commonplace imaginable. Certain intellectual qualities of a common enough kind, Mr. Pepys doubtless possessed in an unusual degree; but his moral and religious stature might be well matched out of any company numbering a score of individuals. The little dirty motives, the more generous impulses, the secret reservations, the half-formed hopes, and the private confessions which he so faithfully chronicles, reveal nothing but the commonest operations of the commonest conscience; the only singularity being in the incredible *naïveté* and candour with which these feelings and reflections are committed to writing. Nineteen men out of twenty might make a journal as edifying as that before us, if they would but describe their own sentiments with equal fidelity. The secret cipher must have marvellously aided in giving that confidence which the practice required; for certainly no person who ever yet lived would have recorded such facts for any information but his own—and this is the peculiarity which distinguishes the Diary before us from all others. We have known persons of respectable abilities who kept a careful record of the most ordinary transactions of their

daily lives — their company, their dinners, the party round the table, and even the dishes upon it. In this as in other practices, accidental beginnings may easily beget permanent habits. But no example, to the best of our knowledge, has ever been elsewhere known of an individual who, without prickings of conscience or persuasions of creed, deliberately sate down every evening, and put upon record, not only all the most insignificant events, but all the childish, sneaking, ludicrous, or miserly thinkings and doings which had characterised the past day of his life.

It is this predominant personality of the Diary which renders it so difficult to give a satisfactory view of its contents, in any form but that of a complete and unreserved transcript of the whole. The present edition is, in this respect, incomparably superior to the others, and, from the same cause, inferior still to what it might be made. We do not say that its absolutely literal or unreserved publication would be consistent with the reasonable requirements of public decency; on the contrary, we are well enough inclined to believe, from the specimens which have now been allowed to pass, that those rejected upon the second scrutiny were indeed inadmissible. But the fact nevertheless remains, that the Journal in our hands is still incomplete; and the misgivings thus naturally created are strengthened by the involuntary observation that in the former instance, the most valuable and characteristic portion of the Diary was often that which was suppressed. The cases, it is true, are not exactly parallel; for in the former the guiding motive of the noble editor was a well-intended regard for the public patience; whereas in the present he has been solely actuated by the observances due, even above the truth of history, to public decorum; but in such a publication as this, complete satisfaction is not to be expected where any thing is known to be behind. With respect to the 'historical value' of the two editions, there can, as we have already remarked, be no comparison between them. If the phrase be taken in its most formal import, at least forty-nine fiftieths of the whole Journal might have been suppressed without loss on this score; so that the original edition retained comparatively little which was worth preserving, while it utterly demolished the instruction which it might have been made to convey. For, although we regret to see that the additions and insertions are not marked in the new issue, yet the reader who will trouble himself to compare the two will find that, in the old edition even the published extracts were not given *verbatim*, but that sentences and paragraphs were so curtailed and condensed as wholly to ruin that true portraiture of the author's own character and thoughts which

was the most striking feature of the Diary. Moreover, notwithstanding the risk incurred by omissions, when the information desired by the student is to be picked and gleaned from incidental allusions and involuntary disclosures, we are yet ready to grant that two volumes out of the five might have been spared even in this view of the subject, were it not for the loss in credibility and faithfulness which would thus be suffered by the remainder. But, taking the whole composition for what it is, and for what it may teach us, it is scarcely possible to suppress a single passage without serious detriment; and if we want to be satisfied with what we now possess, we must endeavour to persuade ourselves that the statements of the noble editor imply on this occasion no prudish or unscrupulous use of his privilege.

'I found,' says Lord Braybrooke, 'after once more carefully reading over the whole of the MS., that a literal transcript of the Diary was absolutely inadmissible. I determined, therefore, in preparing the forthcoming edition, to insert in its proper place every passage that had been omitted, *with the exception only of such entries as were devoid of the slightest interest*, and many others of so indelicate a character, that no one with a well regulated mind will regret their loss; nor could they have been tolerated even in the licentious days to which they relate.' With these assurances we suppose we must be content; but the 'interest' of a passage is what every inquisitive reader likes to determine for himself; and we cannot forbear recollecting that on a previous occasion Lord Braybrooke suppressed as 'uninteresting' the particulars of a dinner which included a *boiled* haunch of venison!

There is one very remarkable characteristic of this Diary which we do not remember to have ever seen noticed, and that is the prodigious faculty of memory in the writer which its entries discover. That this was in some degree artificially aided is probable enough. We know from the Journal itself that its composition involved two stages. The events of the day were first jotted down with great brevity, and with the use of no more words than would serve to recall them; after which these notes were expanded into the entries which we now see. No doubt, too, the operation was greatly facilitated by daily practice; but even after all allowances are made on these scores, the results to an attentive observer will appear very extraordinary. Page after page retails with seeming accuracy the particulars of conversations which must necessarily have lasted through several hours, and which it would be thought almost impossible to take down except by the aid of shorthand. That these details are generally accurate we are very willing to believe;

but the circumstances should be remembered, in estimating¹ the information so conveyed. After such specimens, however, of his method and diligence we can no longer wonder at the value set on the official services of the Clerk of the Acts.

We have said that Mr. Pepys's character and disposition were of an ordinary cast; but we hardly know whether such an assertion does not set the average merits of human nature somewhat too high. Considering how unreservedly and minutely he has anatomised and exposed his own qualities, and what a respectable share of our sympathies he carries off after all, it may, perhaps, be doubted whether many characters would bear the same exposure with as much security. If his generosity was somewhat qualified by selfish considerations, yet the blemish would certainly never have been detected but for his own miraculous candour. Did ever monk or penitent write like this? 'Nov. 11. 1668. By coach to my cosen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with 500*l*. this term, and 500*l*. the next, for two years upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father—which I did agree to, *trusting to his honesty* and ability, and am resolved to do it for him; *that I may not have all I have lie in the king's hands!*'—Dec. 13. 1667. Comes to me Mr. Moore, and he and I alone awhile, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of 200*l*. be not paid to-morrow; and that, if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with 150*l*. in their straits, and that this is no bigger sum, *I am very willing to serve my lord*, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavour to get this done for them, and *the rather because of some plate* which was lodged the other day with me by my lady's order.' This plate, which Pepys forthwith carried off to a goldsmith's to be valued, turned out to be worth 100*l*.—no bad security for the 50*l*. which he advanced in his patron's need. Unluckily, however, Lady Sandwich shortly afterwards reclaimed it, and our hero lost his pledge, 'which troubled him.' A less imperative call on his gratitude was one day made by the necessitous monarch himself. The hint was not very pleasantly received, 'there being,' as our journalist observes, 'no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the king two years hence.' However, he went to Westminster, to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people lend upon the Act, and find of all sizes, from 1000*l*. to 100*l*., nay to 50*l*. and to 20*l*. and to 5*l*., for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them 20*l*., which is a poor thing methinks

'that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole I do think to lend, since I must lend, 300*l*.—though, God knows, it is much against my will to lend my money . . . but I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, *before any of my fellows begin—and lead to a bigger sum!*'

To appreciate these and similar entries, it is necessary to be acquainted with the gradual progress of Mr. Pepys's circumstances; and, indeed, this little financial history supplies a very good illustration of several characteristics of the age. Our hero was in the habit of making up 'monthly balances' of his property and effects, so that we are enabled to trace his worldly advancement with unusual precision. He began life with that stimulative capital—nothing. His first record of his plight gives 'My own private condition very handsome—and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office (not the Clerkship of the Acts), which is at present somewhat certain.'—'June 3. 1660. At sermon in the morning: after dinner into my cabin to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near 100*l*., for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon—being, I believe, not clearly worth 25*l*. when I came to sea, besides my house and goods.' This, however, soon improves by the gettings of his new office. A year afterwards, 'To my father's. There I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert concerning my buying of land—that I could pay ready money 600*l*. and the rest by 150*l*. per annum, to make up as much as will buy 50*l*. per annum; which I do, though I am not worth above 500*l*. per annum, that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am.' About this time (1662) his expenses seem to have been, rather to his disquiet, about 500*l*. a year. 'March 2nd. Talking long in bed with my wife about our frugal life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth 2000*l*.; that is, *be a knight* and keep my coach—which pleased her.' This desirable consummation, however, was some time in coming. Through the year 1663 he barely kept his '700*l*. beforehand with the world,' and could show but twice as much in April 1665. Thereafter, however, he 'did rapidly gather,' and in the same month of the year following was worth 5200*l*. 'One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come (Christmas, 1666) to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.' His 'gathering' indeed is nothing strange, considering that his clerkship brought him 3560*l*. in 1665, and 2986*l*. in 1666, though, in this latter year his expenditure made a clear jump from 500*l*. to 1000*l*.

There were evidently pretty pickings in the Admiralty; nor did many things come amiss even to our conscientious clerk. 'April 3. 1663. I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it; and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home, *not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper*, if ever I should be questioned about it! There was a piece of gold and 4*l.* in silver.' — 'Oct. 27. 1667. After dinner, I down to Deptford, to look upon the Maybolt which the king hath given me; and I did meet with Mr. Braithwayte, who do tell me that there are new sails ordered to be delivered her and a cable, which I did not speak of at all to him. So thereupon I told him I would not be my own hindrance so much as to take her into my custody before she had them, which was all I said to him.' Yet, after all this, it was not until the eighth year of his lucrative office that he thought himself qualified to set up a coach and a footman, though the price of the vehicle, when brought home, was but 53*l.* — less than he had often given for a necklace or jewel for his wife — and but a few months before, when seen in so handsome a hackney that it was taken for a private coach, he was 'somewhat troubled.' The launch of the new equipage will tend greatly to the edification of any reader inclined to moralise. Nothing could exceed the pains lavished on the turn-out. The wheels were blue, the horses black, and the reins green; — the boy's livery, green lined with red. But after all these preparations and anticipations, the day proved dirty and stormy, the reins were splashed, the coach befouled, and all the trouble lost for lack of spectators and admirers.

Such, in those days, was the housekeeping of a gentleman of 3000*l.* a year; though of course Mr. Pepys's management is not to be taken as an average specimen of economy. The current prices of household articles are constantly specified and commented on. Coals fetched from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a chaldron, though 'during the (Dutch) war poor people were forced to give 45*s.*, 50*s.*, and 3*l.*;' indeed, 'such is the despair of having any supply from the enemy's being abroad, and no fleet of ours to secure them, that they are come this day (26th June, 1667) to 5*l.* 10*s.* per chaldron.' Dinners at an ordinary — such at least as Mr. Pepys ordered — were rather costly, running from 7*s.* to a guinea. A 'hundred of sparrowgrass,' brought home from Fenchurch Street, cost 18*d.* We had them, and a 'little bit of salmon my wife had a mind to; cost 3*s.* So to supper.' The first dish of green peas tasted by Mr. Pepys in

the year 1668 was on the 22nd of May—‘extraordinary young and pretty.’ The same year a pound of cherries, on the 2nd of June, cost 2s. The theatre was perhaps not an advantageous market for the purchase of fruit; but oranges, when retailed by Nell Gwynn’s sisterhood, fetched 6s. a dozen—‘there I sat, with my wife and Deb. and Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, it costing me 8s. upon them in oranges, at 6d. a piece.’ The general character of the meals particularised in the Diary is decidedly solid. Mr. Pepys and his wife, for instance, often sit down alone to two substantial joints of meat. One noticeable fact is the constant occurrence of venison, at tables which it would scarcely reach now-a-days; and, what is more, the substitution of the coarser parts of the buck for the haunch is noted, even in the case of thrifty households, as a censurable piece of parsimony; while a pasty made of mutton instead of venison scandalises the journalist beyond all measure. The current histories of the East India Company mention the first order for tea as having been given in 1668—100 lbs. weight—a circumstance which gives an interest to the following entry of the previous year. ‘June 28th, 1667. Home, and there find my wife making of tea—a drink which Mr. Peffing, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.’

The expenses of dress bore a considerably greater proportion to the rest of the year’s outgoings than in later times. A night-gown for Mrs. Pepys is mentioned as a great bargain at 24s.; ‘the very stuff’ of a cloak for her lord and master cost 6l., and ‘the outside’ of a coat, 8l. Nay, a gratifying result, discovered on making up a certain year’s balance, is set down especially to an ‘abatement of outlay’ in coats, bands, periwigs, &c. At this time 80l. was not thought an extravagant price for ‘a necklace of pearl’ for Mrs. Pepys, so that we can the less wonder at the valuation subsequently set upon her stock of jewellery. ‘A fairing’ to Knipp, stood our hero in five guineas, but then ‘he had not given her any thing for a great while.’ Altogether, what with theatres, gardens, and the incidental demands on the purse of so gallant a gentleman, we suspect that pocket-money must have formed a large item in Mr. Pepys’s expenditure. Furniture, too, was decidedly dear. ‘A set of chairs and a couch’ are set ‘at near 40l.’; and ‘three pieces of hangings for my room’ at ‘almost 80l.’ In this matter, however, he was very fastidious, and no doubt proportionately extravagant. The tapestry at Audley End he condemns as poor, and takes general delight in comparing other houses with his own. ‘Oct. 16. To my aunt Wights; the first time, I think; these two years; and there mighty kindly used, and had a

'barel of oysters; and so to look up and down their house, they 'having hung a room since I was there—but with hangings, not 'fit to be seen with mine.' A cabinet, 'very pretty, of walnutt 'tree,' cost 11*l.*, and 'a looking glass for the dining room,' 6*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Pictures must have told largely in the list of out-goings. The painter had 30*l.* for Mrs. Pepys's miniature, and 8*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* were further expended upon the case. One of our hero's fancies in this matter was highly characteristic. 'Aug. '29. 1668. After dinner Harris and I to Chyrurgeons' Hall, 'where they are building it new, very fine, and there to see their 'theatre which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, 'their great picture of Holbeins; thinking to have bought it, 'by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money; I did think to 'give 200*l.* for it, it being said to be worth 1000*l.*' This was the famous picture, still preserved by the company, of the grant of their charter by Henry VIII. So went the world, in the way of earnings and spendings, with Mr. Samuel Pepys. Upon the whole, considering his various tastes for books, prints, paintings, and other rarities, it may be concluded that what he terms in his yearly accounts the 'goods of his house' bore a very large proportion to the more convertible part of his property.

As might have been expected from his character and station, the Clerk of the Acts was a regular and devout attendant at church, where few sermons escaped his comments. That either the discourse, however, or the prayers were the chief object of attraction to him he never pretends. His curiosity was excited by the organs, and his interest by a certain class of the congregation. 'April 21. 1667. To Hackney church, where very 'full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton 'money, and he could not help me. So my wife and mercer *ventured* into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady 'very civil to me when they came, being Sir George Viner, and 'his lady, rich in jewels, but most in beauty; almost the finest 'woman that I ever saw. That which I went chiefly to see was 'the young ladies of the schools, whereof great store, very 'pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome and tunes the 'psalm, and plays, with the people; which is mighty pretty.' The next Sunday, 'to Barn Elms by water, and there took one 'turn alone, and then back to Putney church, where I saw the 'girls of the schools, few of which pretty. Here a good sermon 'and much company; but I sleepy and a little out of order, at 'my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit—which, 'however, after sermon, by a stick and the help of the clerk I 'got up again.' Here follows a still more explicit record: 'Aug. 18. I walked towards White Hall, but being wearied,

‘ turned into St. Dunstan’s church, where *I heard an able sermon* of the minister of the place; and, *stood by* a pretty modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design! And then I fell to gaze on another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. *So the sermon ended.*’ It is difficult to cap such a story—but we will make a trial with the adventures of the next succeeding Sabbath. ‘ Aug. 25. *Myself* to Westminster, and to the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell, and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, *by the end of a nose that I saw*, that it had been her! but at last the head turned toward me and *it was her mother*—which vexed me.’ The reader should recollect that the recorder of these passages was a distinguished public servant of grave repute, and with an income of three thousand pounds a year.

Few men, indeed, have ever surpassed Mr. Samuel Pepys in his constant and extensive attachment to the opposite sex. ‘ He would quit his office and go any distance for the sight of a comely woman; and the wives of half the citizens of London under Charles II. have been immortalised in his memoranda. He was not averse to any style of beauty in its turn, having recorded on that score only one mighty objection. The effect, however, which a certain head-dress produced upon him was singularly powerful. ‘ May 11th, 1667. My wife being dressed this day in *fair hair* did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park and walked—a most pleasant evening; and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, surprised at it, and made me no answer all the way home, but there we parted; and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed. 12th. (Lord’s Day.) Up and to my chamber to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear *white locks no more in my sight*—which I, like a severe fool thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of my

'keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying that if I would
 'promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason
 'to suspect than I had heretofore of Pemberton—she would
 'never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained
 'myself from saying anything—but do think never to see this
 'woman—at least to have her here any more—and so all
 'very good friends as ever.' Whether Mrs. Pepys kept her
 part of this bargain we cannot ascertain, but the reader will
 very soon discover how far the connexion was interrupted
 between her husband and Mrs. Knipp. The 'poor wretch's'
 jealous fits occupy no unsubstantial portion of the concluding
 years of the Journal, and not without evident reason. One of
 these took a form somewhat extraordinary. 'Jan. 12. 1669.
 'This evening observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself not
 'mighty fond—because of some hard words she did give me at
 'noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning,
 'which, God knows, it was upon the business of the office
 'unexpectedly; but I to bed, not thinking but that she would
 'come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber,
 'which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the
 'bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh
 'candles and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold too.
 'At this, being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to
 'bed; so after an hour or two, she silent and I now and then
 'praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury that I was
 'a rogue, and false to her. I did as I might truly (!) deny it,
 'and was mightily troubled—but all would not serve. At last,
 'about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew
 'my curtaine open, and with *thr tongs red hot at the ends!* made
 'as if she did design to pinch me with them; at which, in
 'dismay I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down,
 'and did by little and little very sillily let all the discourse
 'fall. . . . I cannot blame her jealousy, poor wretch—though
 'it do vex me to the heart.' The Diary, however, prematurely
 as it terminates, does not end without giving us a glimpse of
 the hour of retribution. There is a certain gentleman whose
 visits sorely 'trouble' Mr. Pepys, 'and the more so as I do
 'perceive my wife take pleasure in his company.' All this, it
 has been said, betokens merely such a participation in the
 current humours of the day as was necessarily to be expected in
 a gentleman of Mr. Pepys's estate. Perhaps so; but surely in
 this case our hero's grave strictures on the deportment of his
 sovereign are a little misplaced. King Charles was a very
 shameless monarch; but not many of his servants had a right to
 be scandalised at his doings—and amongst the number certainly

not Mr. Pepys. A *great many* entries of this journal, it should be remembered, are still concealed; and it is hardly too much to suppose that the omissions would not augment the writer's credit for morality.

We have given these personal matters a precedence in our review, not only for interest's sake, but because they really form the staple of the Diary; and have yet nevertheless been less prominently introduced to public notice than other less curious subjects. There is, however, no lack of more purely historical topics—for some of which curious enough parallels may be found in our own time. Only twelve months ago, or thereabouts, the British Isles were troubled with serious, though not very definite, alarms respecting a foreign invasion. Now in the days when Mr. Pepys was Clerk of the Acts a descent upon our coast did actually take place; and as the phenomenon has never since occurred, perhaps the reader may like to know how Londoners really did feel, and how Government really did act, when an enemy's fleet was not only in the Channel, but abreast Chatham Yard in the Medway. On the 10th of June, 1667, 'news was brought us that the Dutch were come up as high as the Nore.' Upon this all the energies of the Government, or, we should rather say, all the frantic endeavours of the Admiralty, were exerted to procure and despatch some fireships wherewith to burn the enemy's vessels. By a most extraordinary windfall, Mr. Pepys and his colleagues actually found themselves at this juncture possessed of a little ready money; But this good fortune was so astonishing, that they could hardly either believe it themselves, or persuade others of the fact. And so, 'partly we, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us,' so that, in the end, they were little the better for their store. Next day they received intelligence that 'Sheerness was lost, after two or three hours dispute, and the enemy in possession of that place—which is very sad, and puts us in great fears of Chatham.' However, an order from Council was issued, empowering them 'to take any man's ships,' and indeed some statesmen went further, and argued that 'under an invasion, as this is owned to be, the king might take any man's goods.' Meantime the 'soldiers' were drawn off to Chatham and elsewhere, and all night long the drums beat up for the trainbands, every man of which was to appear on the morrow, 'with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight' under pain of death.

All, however, availed but little; for presently the sad tidings came that '*the Dutch did brake the chayne!*' This was the

very next day; and 'some lacquies' told Pepys that 'hardly any body in the court but do look as if they cried.' Next morning the mischief thickened; the 'Royall Charles' had been captured and manned by the Dutch, and another fleet of theirs had been signalled in the Hope. At this intelligence our Clerk of the Acts gave all up for lost; and forthwith busied himself about bestowing his family, and, above all, his savings, in some place of security. 'So I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and at two hours' warning they did go by the coach this day, with about 1300*l.* in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, — all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24*s.* and 25*s.* apiece.' So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office; but then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office most of the day about the fireships that are to be suddenly fitted out; and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham, *so that we are wholly in the dark.* About noon I did resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1000 pieces, *under colour of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith, who is I hear with some ships at Newcastle, which (the express) I did really send to him, and may possibly prove of good use to the king, for it is possible in the hurry of business they may not think of it at court, — and the charge of an express is not considerable to the king!*' Was there ever such a case of conscience stated before!

Meantime the rulers of the country characteristically displayed their wisdom and courage. The king harangued the city militia; and the duke of York followed him. 'At the council table, D. Gauden did tell me yesterday the council were ready to fall together by the ears, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships.' The city again was 'troubled at their being put upon duty, summoned one hour and discharged two hours after, and then again summoned two hours after that, to their great charge as well as trouble.' And at the Admiralty, 'the people that come hither to hear how things go make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them, for I am left alone here at the office. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and navy at this day, is not

‘to be expressed, otherwise than by the condition the citizens were in when the city was on fire—nobody knowing which way to turn themselves.’ In this strait it was at last determined to protect the capital by sinking some ships below Woolwich and Blackwall, — a measure which was executed in this wise. ‘Strange our confusion! among them that are sunk *they have gone and sunk without consideration* the Francklin, one of the king’s ships, with stores to a very considerable value *that hath long been loaden for the supply of the ships*—and the new ship at Bristol, and much wanted there—and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship loaden to the value of 80,000*l.* sunk with the goods in her—or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship that had the faith of the nation for her security. And it is a plain truth that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have *many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fireships at a great charge.*’ As to the seamen, ‘several come this morning to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch: *but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they have already fought for.* . . . And, indeed, the hearts as well as the affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, “This comes of you not paying our husbands! and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not.”’ Another redoubtable expedient was one which has recently been rather lordly advocated—the taking up merchants’ ships for the occasion to do the duty of ships of war; ‘but, Lord, to see how against the hair it is with these men, and every body else, to trust us and the king—and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships and lay out 200*l.* or 300*l.* a man to fit their ships for the new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for the old services!’

As might be anticipated, a ‘parliamentary inquiry’ followed upon all this; and the curious reader may here again find an amusing parallel to some corresponding proceedings of more recent date. Mr. Pepys, indeed, was not without some apprehension of popular violence. ‘I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me 300*l.* in gold about my body; that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised; for I think in any nation but ours, people that appear, for we are not indeed so, so faulty as we, would have their throats cut!’ By-and-by he was actually summoned before a large committee

of the council to explain the measures taken in his department,—an ordeal which he passed, pretty safely. ‘So I away back, with my books and papers; and when I got out into the court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me—that I thought myself obliged to salute people and smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too.’ He was, in fact, in so great dread of such a fate, that when going to attend the court he left behind him directions where to find some gold which he had hidden against misfortune. ‘Guinnys,’ it will be observed, which were seldom procurable except at a considerable premium, formed the favourite portion of Mr. Pepys’s substance; and these were either concealed or hidden upon the first rumour of disturbance. The ‘diggings’ down at his father’s house are a match for any stories from San Francisco. At the first sound of the Dutch guns, he despatched, as we have seen, his wife and his ‘guinnys’ into the country to be buried—or at least the latter. The news of the clumsy way in which this had been managed ‘did drive him mad;’ so, three or four months afterwards, he went down himself to reconnoitre; and, ‘it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work,—to dig up the gold. But Lord! what a loss I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was, that I begun heartily to sweat and be angry; but by and by poking with a spit we found it, and then began with a spudd to lift the ground.’ It seems that the coin had been buried in iron headpieces, the ‘notes’ being inclosed in bags, and placed with them. But both bags and notes now proved to be rotter; and the earth had got in amongst the gold, and the deposit itself was within sight of a neighbour’s window, and not half a foot under ground! These things ‘all put together did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the headpieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candlelight, and carry them into my brother’s chamber; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash all the dirt off the pieces and parted the pieces and the dirt. . . and afterwards with pails and a sieve did lock ourselves in the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses—just as they do for diamonds in other parts of the world.’

The staunchest Tory would hardly decry the funding system, after reading how people were put to it, to invest their money, in the reigns of the last Stuarts. There was, it was true, the resource always open of lending it to his Sacred Majesty; but the

alternative could not be described as highly eligible; The destitution to which the Court had reduced itself was inexpressibly scandalous. The Admiralty was soon penniless again after its unexpected piece of luck. On the 20th of August there was, 'no money to be heard of—nay not 100*l.* on the most pressing service that can be imagined, of bringing in the king's timber from Whittlewood, while we have the utmost want of it.' The king offered ten per cent. for a loan; and the proposition suggested a pleasant joke in the city, that 'the Dutch themselves would send over money and lend it—upon our publick faith, and the Act of Parliament!' Even the king's personal service, notwithstanding his daily profusion, was liable to shameful deficiencies. We are accustomed to look at the Spanish Court of this period as an example of what royal households might possibly come to; but such a story as the following was never, we do believe, reported from Madrid or Aranjuez, though we recollect a legend of the whole contents of the royal larder being taken one morning to furnish a scant and insufficient breakfast for their Catholic Majesties. 'April 22. 1667. The king was vexed the other day for having *no paper laid for him at the Council Table*, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne did tell his Majesty he would call the person whose work it was to provide it, who being come did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was already out 400*l.* or 500*l.* for it; which was as much as he is worth, and that he cannot provide it any longer without money—*having not received a penny since the king's coming in.* So the king spoke to my Lord Chamberlain, and many such mementos the king do now-a-days meet withall—enough to make an ingenuous man mad.'

Enough indeed—though all this was not exactly the fault of Charles II. As to buying and selling places and pardons, and such like matters, every page will give the most scandalous examples. Indeed we cannot but think that these volumes will, in the opinion of every impartial reader, supply the most conclusive evidence on a question which, we understand, has been lately mooted. A great historian has recently drawn a picture of England as it stood at the close of this reign—the accuracy of which has been impeached in some quarters—chiefly on the ground of its giving too unfavourable a view of the morality, happiness, and civilisation of our society at that time. Now there are very few of the propositions maintained by the historian which do not receive the most complete and thorough confirmation from the contents of the extraordinary chronicle before us: and we would willingly peril the final issue upon

the conclusions to which these unconscious records must inevitably lead. Let any person desirous of ascertaining the truth by his own observation, attentively study the contents of these five volumes. He will not find the task in any respect a disagreeable one; and if he exerts only an average amount of judgment and sagacity, he will need little aid in deciding the question at issue between Mr. Macaulay and his censors.

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